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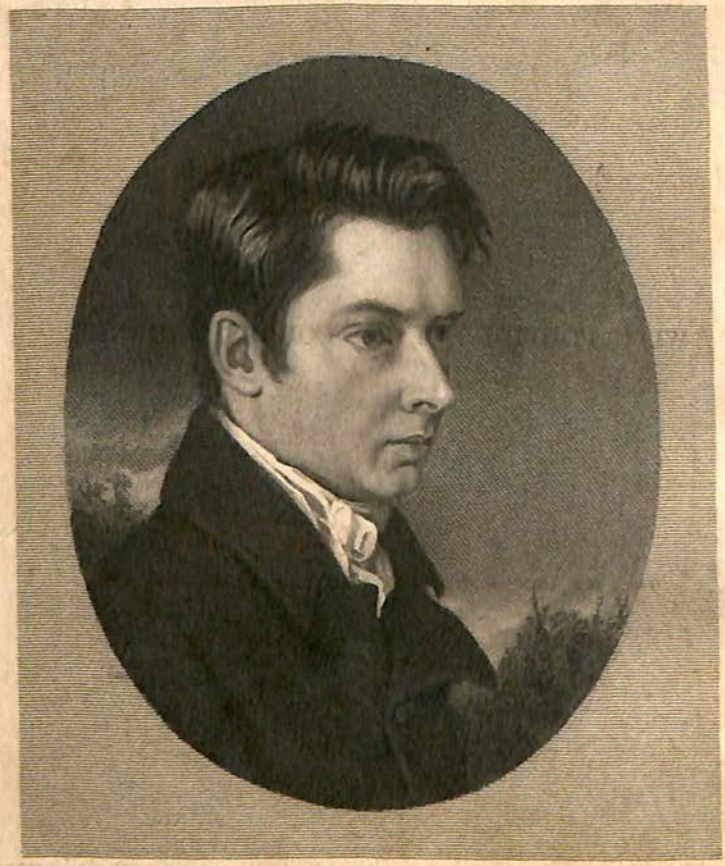

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Aged 30]

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE ON IVORY PAINTED BY HIS BROTHER

MEMOIRS

OF

B 2376

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WITH PORTIONS OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

XXg15
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"Quidquid ex Agricolâ amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum. Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet. Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit."—TACITUS, *in Vitâ Agricolæ.*

LONDON:
RICHARD PENLEY,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1867.

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MEMOIRS, &c.

Book II.—*Continued.*

CHAPTER I.

1821.

Specimens of Mr. Hazlitt's correspondence — Letters from various persons—Publications of the year.

By some extraordinary *casualty* a few of the letters addressed to Mr. Hazlitt in one particular year, 1821, have escaped the destruction which has been almost the invariable fate of this class of papers in his case. I could desire that those which we still have were more important, but their scarcity must be my apology for inserting them. I regard them as salvage from the waste-basket.

The first is from New York, and introduces Mr. Greenhow. It also forwards for Mr. Hazlitt's acceptance a portion of the liver of a departed dramatic celebrity, George Cooke.

"Dear Sir,

"I trust time has not entirely erased my name from the tablet of your memory, and that you will pardon a moment's intrusion.

"Mr. Greenhow, the gentleman who will present this, is a warm admirer of your talents; and finding occasion to brave the world of waters which lie between this vast continent and the emporium of learning and genius, wished an opportunity of seeing you. I have therefore taken the liberty of introducing him, in the hope of double gratification. He is a gentleman of good mind, extensive reading, and well acquainted with the history and all particulars relative to this country. He is, too, a profound lover of the drama; he will be happy to inform you of its state in this country—which with other matter may while (*sic*) away an hour—and perchance amuse you. Your society and converse will on his part be highly valued. I learn that poor 'Ogilvie' has passed that 'bourne whence no traveller returns' —his troubled spirit now finds rest. In the confidence that you do not think me presuming, and that your literary labour may ever be crowned by a golden harvest, I remain, yours with great respect,

"R. C. MAYWOOD.

"New York, April 29th, 1821.

"W. Hazlitt, Esq., London.

"P.S. I feel assured that any part of so great a being as George Cooke will be esteemed a curiosity, and richly valued. The bearer of this will offer a morsel of the liver of this wondrous man.—R."

The next which presents itself is a communication from Canterbury, from Mr. Pittman, urging my grand-

father to come down to the racket-court there, and try his hand. Mr. Hazlitt was very attached to rackets and fives, and seems to have been a very fair player:—

[July 16, 1821.]

"In the old palace of King Ethelbert, in the ancient monastery of St. Augustine are—two Racket-Players! who have found the true city of God, the court in respect whereof St. James's with the approaching ceremony is nought. A massy stone wall of thirteen hundred years' duration, even as a board placed by the hand of modern art, fair and smooth as Belphœbe's forehead, forms its point. No holes or crannies throw out the well-directed ball. No jutting rocks or pendent precipices spoil the hit and the temper. All is smooth. Eleven yards from each other are two abutments, round which monks formerly prayed or seemed to pray, and courtiers lied, and seemed to speak the truth. These bound the court, and form delicious side walls; but alas! they terminate abruptly before they have proceeded five yards. Endless, however, is the variety these quickly-ending walls occasion. Of chalky foundation, firm, even, and hard is the ground; eighty-six feet in length, ever widening as it recedes from the wall. Close behind the court, but not too close, and down a slight descent, is a large square bowling-green, encompassed by old cloister walls covered with vines and trees, and edged with flowers of all sorts, the rose being one. Immense arches, ivy-covered towers, time mutilated, at magnificent distances—the house itself, like one of those chapels

which we see adjoining cathedrals—all show the real forte of a monk to have been architecture, not divinity. The keep, the straggling abutments, all, all declare that—

> The way they still remembered, of King Nine,
> Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.
> But nothing gloomy, all cheerful, lively, pleasing, gay,
> In spot more delicious, though but feigned,
> Long or Joe Davis never played, or Spines
> Or Hazlitt vollied.

"The inhabitants are not altogether unworthy of the place. For country people they are excellent. Racket is a great humanizer of the species, and ought to be encouraged.

> Tonbridge is decent, Cooper hath a heart,
> And Austin ale, the which he will impart
> With liberal hand to all who pay.

"They are, in fact, very civil. Our coming has revived the game, stirred up the ashes of a cheerful fire, inspirited the players. Many matches are in embryo, and the coronation is forgotten.

"Many Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover coaches go from the Bricklayers' Arms at a quarter before eight every morning—and all through Canterbury, to which the fare on the outside is only 14*s*.

"Do come. You never saw so pretty a place. It beats Netley Abbey, and is older. The court is really admirable, and has the property of drying in two hours after the longest succession of hard rains. Good chalk has no fellow. The only false hops are in the beer,

which is damnable; everything else is fair. Do come, and inquire for 'John Austin, at *The Old Palace*;' he is our landlord, where we have bed and board, and he keeps the court. That ever I should live in a Fives Court! Come, and you will see fine play from

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS PITTMAN.

"One of the old racket-players here says: 'Jack Davis was the finest player I ever saw; and, by God, there is nobody can come near him.'

"William Hazlitt, Esq.,
"No. 9, Southampton Buildings,
"Chancery Lane, London."

Here is a note from Mr. Colburn about 'Table Talk,' of which a volume was to come out on June 1st, if possible. That it should, was *very important*:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I send herewith all the 2nd vol., except the end of the 16th essay on the 'Fear of Death.' We want one essay yet to make out the volume of a tolerable size—which one it is desirable to bring in before the present 16th. Let me beg you will send me presently one of the essays you mentioned as being just ready, otherwise I shall not be able to publish by the 1st June, which is very important.

"Yours truly,

"H. COLBURN."

[1821]

I follow up with a series of notes from Mr. Baldwin, the publisher, respecting the 'London Magazine.'

"My dear Sir,

"I must not any longer neglect to avail myself of your kind offer to assist in filling up the chasm, made by the death of our lamented friend,* in the Magazine; and I know not any subject which would be thought more interesting than a continuation of the living authors, nor any pen so fitted for the subject as yours. Pray select any one you may think most fit, and render us your powerful assistance towards making our next number equal to its predecessors.

"In a day or two I shall probably request an interview with (you) on the subject of an editor.

"I am always, my dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"Robert Baldwin.

"P. N. Row,

"March 5th, 1821.

"William Hazlitt, Esq.,

"9, Southampton Buildings."

"My dear Sir,

"The portion of your capital article on Mr. Crabbe, which I enclose herewith, will, if inserted as it now stands, place us in a very awkward dilemma. Mr. Croly had communicated some articles during Mr.

* Mr. John Scott.

Scott's life, which he highly valued, and he is likely now to become a more frequent correspondent. There is also an article prepared on his second part of Paris for the present number, which will not altogether harmonize with your remarks in the paper on Crabbe. All this I should not so much care for, if it were not that the series of 'Living Authors' ought to be as from the editor, not from a casual correspondent, and ought not, therefore, to want harmony with other parts of the Magazine.

"Now I think the difficulty may be easily got over by omitting Croly's name, and contrasting the poetry of Crabbe with that of *another school.* Almost every line, except the first three or four, may then be retained, and instead of ringing the change on *Crabbe* and *Croly*, it will be *he* and *they*. Indeed this is done at the bottom of page six. Thus we shall avoid personality, yet hit the mark.

"Wishing to make this article the first of the number, I have given the rest to the compositors, but I do not venture to make myself, or suffer any other person to make the desired alteration.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT BALDWIN.

"P. N. Row,

"April 17, 1821.

"William Hazlitt, Esq."

"P. N. Row, May 9, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The arrangement with Messrs. Taylor and Hessey is completed, and Mr. Taylor will take an early opportunity of calling on you, unless you should think proper to look in upon them in a day or two. I sincerely hope that such an arrangement will be made as shall be quite satisfactory to yourself; I am sure it is to their interest that it should be so. I should have much at heart the welfare of the Magazine, even if we had no pecuniary interest remaining; but upon their success depends greatly the sale of a considerable quantity of back stock, and of course we shall do all in our power to promote that success.

"You will have the kindness to send me the article on Pope at your earliest convenience.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT BALDWIN.

"William Hazlitt, Esq.,
"Southampton Buildings."

Mr. Hessey's letter does not divulge what the business was on which Mr. Hazlitt and he were to confer, but it illustrates the obsolete usage of authors going to their booksellers, and discussing matters comfortably over tea and toast:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Taylor was all this morning on the point of setting out to call upon you, as he wanted much to have some conversation with you, but a constant succession

of callers-in prevented him. Will you do us the favour to take your breakfast with us in the morning, between nine and ten, when we shall have a chance of being uninterrupted for an hour or two.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. A. HESSEY.

"Fleet Street, May 29th.

"W. Hazlitt, Esq.,
"9, Southampton Buildings."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The enclosed cheque is made out, deducting the discount (2*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*), on 70*l.* If there is any part of that time expired, we shall be your debtors for the difference.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN TAYLOR.

"Fleet Street, 23rd July, 1821.

"Wm. Hazlitt, Esq.,
"9 Southampton Buildings."

Mr. Landseer probably overrated a little Mr. Hazlitt's influence with the 'London Magazine,' when he wrote the note with which I must conclude my specimens:*—

* But I suspect that at one moment there was some arrangement contemplated by which Mr. Hazlitt would have taken the management of the L. M. Several passages in these letters point to this, and can refer to nothing else. But that he ever actually officiated as editor is more than I have been able to learn. Mr. Landseer evidently had reason to suppose his influence there was considerable.

"33, Foley Street, Tuesday evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"I wish you would be at the trouble of informing me, by post, if my letters can *not* appear in your next magazine—that is to say—as soon as you get another from Mr. Baldwin. I have this additional reason for wishing to know soon, that perhaps now, while there are no parliamentary debates, I might be able to get them into a morning paper in case Mr. B. should decline them.

"Yours, dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"J. LANDSEER.

"Mr. Hazlitt,

"9, Southampton Buildings."

The volume of 'Table Talk,' reprinted from the 'London Magazine,' with some additions, was published by Mr. Colburn in 1821. The dramatic criticisms, which Mr. Hazlitt had contributed between 1814 and and 1817 to the *Morning Chronicle* and other journals, were at last collected into a volume this year, under the title of 'A View of the English Stage.' The last article is a notice of Mr. Kemble's retirement, June 25, 1817.

CHAPTER II.

1821-1822.

Domestic incompatibilities—Advice to a Schoolboy.

"I WANT an eye to cheer me, a hand to guide me, a breast to lean on; all which I shall never have, but shall stagger into my grave without them, old before my time, unloved and unlovely, unless ——. I would have some creature love me before I die. Oh! for the parting hand to ease the fall!"

The passage above cited is in the autograph MS. of an 'Essay on the Fear of Death,' written in 1821, but it was omitted in the printed version in 'Table Talk.'

"How few," he says again, "out of the infinite number that marry and are given in marriage, wed with those they would prefer to all the world; nay, how far the greater proportion are joined together by mere motives of convenience, accident, recommendation of friends; or, indeed, not unfrequently by the very fear of the event, by repugnance, and a sort of fatal fascination. . . . ."

These lines came about the same period from the same pen and the same heart. My grandfather had

been united to Miss Stoddart for thirteen years; but the marriage, as I had as well confess at once, was not a happy one. I should even go so far as to say that he had his individual case and fate in view, where he speaks of marriages being brought about sometimes "by repugnance and a sort of fatal fascination."

Never, I suppose, was there a worse-assorted pair than my grandfather and grandmother. If they had not happened to marry, if they had continued to meet at the Lambs', as of old, or at her brother's, they would have remained probably the best of friends. She would have appreciated better his attainments and genius; while in her, as Miss Stoddart, or as the wife of anybody else but himself, he would have admired and recognized many of the qualities which endeared to him the society and conversation of Mrs. Montagu. Mrs. Hazlitt was capitally read, talked well, and was one of the best letter-writers of her time. She was a true wife to William Hazlitt, and a fond mother to the only child she was able to rear; but there was a sheer want of cordial sympathy from the first set-out.

They married after studying each other's characters very little, and observing very little how far their tempers were likely to harmonize; or, more properly speaking, how far his was likely to harmonize with any woman's, or hers with any man's.

She might have been a blue-stocking, if she could have set the right value on her husband's talents, and entered into his feelings; she might have been undomestic, if she had been more like his *Madonna*. But,

MISS RAILTON.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE ON IVORY PAINTED BY JOHN HAZLITT.

unluckily for them both, she was intellectual, without reverence for his gifts; and homely, without any of those graces and accomplishments which reconcile men to their homes.

I believe that Mr. Hazlitt was physically incapable of fixing his affection upon a single object, no matter what it might be, so that it was but one. He might worship Miss Railton, or Miss Wordsworth (if De Quincey is to be believed), or anybody else in his mind's eye, but not in his body's eye, which was at all events as potent an organ.

He comprehended the worth of constancy, fidelity, chastity, and all other virtues as well as most men, and could have written upon them better than most; but a sinister influence or agency was almost perpetually present, thwarting and clouding a superb understanding —that singular voluptuousness of temperament, which we find at the root of much that he offended against heaven and earth in, as well as of many of the fine things we owe to his pen.

Mr. Hazlitt's moral constitution supplies, or seems to supply, an illustration of the differences between the two words *sensuousness* and *sensuality*. He was not a sensualist, but he was a man of sensuous temperament. A sensualist is a person in whom the animal appetite obscures and deadens all loftier and purer instincts. In the sensuous man an intense appreciation of the beautiful in Nature and Art is associated and intimately blended with those potent instincts which endanger virtue.

His wife had not much pretence for quarrelling with him on the ground of former attachments of his still lingering in his thoughts, and keeping his affection in a state of tangle; for she, too, had had her little love affairs, and accepted him only when her other suitors broke faith. But in truth, she was not the sort of woman to be jealous; it was not her "way of looking at things," as Mary Lamb used to say of her. She used, however, to tax him from time to time with having had a sweetness once for Sally Shepherd. Who Sally Shepherd was, is more than I can tell, unless she was a daughter of Dr. Shepherd of Gateacre, whose portrait he painted in 1803. There was Miss Railton, too, of whom enough has been said; but upon the whole I do not believe that this disappointment preyed so heavily on his spirits as some other, the history of which is wanting.

It was before his final settlement at Winterslow that he became in some manner acquainted with the Windhams of Norman Court, near Salisbury. It was the Hon. Charles Windham who lived there at that time, with an only daughter, who was his heiress.

This lady was very handsome, but pitted with the small-pox. A lady said to him once, without special reference to Miss W., that it was a terrible disfigurement—the small-pox. But he thought not. He said that he looked at the question with the eye of a painter, who could admire the roughnesses in the lines of a picture. The most beautiful woman he ever knew, he added, was so marked; and he lowered

his voice to a whisper, as he finished with — Miss Windham.

The family, it seems, were unfavourable to any closer intimacy, whatever the lady's inclination may have been, and Miss Windham was married, I believe, to the late Charles Baring Wall, Esq., M.P., who inherited through his wife Norman Court and the Windham property.

How little this excellent and amiable man understood my grandfather's character may be inferred from the circumstance that he once, with the kindest meaning in the world, offered to place at Mr. Hazlitt's free and entire disposal an apartment or two at Norman Court. The offer, as it may be supposed, was not accepted.

But ever after he was accustomed to eye wistfully those woods of Tuderley, and thus once he invoked them:—

"Ye woods, that crown the clear lone brow of Norman Court, why do I revisit ye so oft, and feel a soothing consciousness of your presence, but that your high tops, waving in the wind, recal to me the hours and years that are for ever fled; that ye renew in ceaseless murmurs the story of long-cherished hopes and bitter disappointment; that in your solitudes and tangled wilds I can wander and lose myself, as I wander on and am lost in the solitude of my own heart; and that, as your rustling branches give the loud blast to the waste below, borne on the thoughts of other years, I can look down with patient anguish at the cheerless desolation which I feel within! Without that face, pale as the primrose, with hyacinthine locks,

for ever shunning and for ever haunting me, mocking my waking thoughts as in a dream; without that smile, which my heart could never turn to scorn; without those eyes, dark with their own lustre, still bent on mine, and drawing the soul into their liquid mazes like a sea of love; without that name, trembling in fancy's ear; without that form, gliding before me like Oread or Dryad in fabled groves, what should I do? how pass away the listless, leaden-footed hours? Then wave, wave on, ye woods of Tuderley, and lift your high tops in the air; my sighs and vows, uttered by your mystic voice, breathe into me my former being, and enable me to bear the thing I am. . . . ."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt remained tenderly devoted to their little son. It was a trait in their characters which must always be admired; it was a feature in my grandfather's which excited even the applause of Mr. Haydon.

The child was often a peacemaker between his parents when some unhappy difference arose; and when it came to Mr. Hazlitt frequently taking up his residence, after 1819, at Winterslow Hut, my father usually spent part of his time with one, and part with the other. In 1822 he was put to school at a Mr. Dawson's, in Hunter Street, London; and it was just before he was going to start for this new scene that my grandfather addressed to him the 'Advice to a Schoolboy,' a letter full of admirable suggestion and counsel, and strongly stamped with that impress of the writer's personal sentiments and sufferings

which has individualized so large a proportion of his works.

In this letter to a boy of ten, he *speaks at* the circumstances by which he was surrounded at the moment, and points obliquely to his own frustrated hopes—of the hopes which he nourished in his "sublime" youth, of happiness with a Railton, or a Wordsworth, or a Windham, or a Shepherd.

He says:—

"If you ever marry, I would wish you to marry the woman you like. Do not be guided by the recommendation of friends. Nothing will atone for or overcome an original distaste. It will only increase from intimacy; and if you are to live separate, it is better not to come together. There is no use in dragging a chain through life, unless it binds one to the object we love. Choose a mistress from among your equals. You will be able to understand her character better, and she will be more likely to understand yours. Those in an inferior station to yourself will doubt your good intentions, and misapprehend your plainest expressions. All that you swear is to them a riddle or downright nonsense. You cannot by possibility translate your thoughts into their dialect. They will be ignorant of the meaning of half you say, and laugh at the rest. As mistresses, they will have no sympathy with you; and as wives, you can have none with them.

"Women care nothing about poets, or philosophers, or politicians. They go by a man's looks and manner. Richardson calls them 'an eye-judging sex;' and I

am sure he knew more about them than I can pretend to do. If you run away with a pedantic notion that they care a pin's point about your head or your heart, you will repent it too late."

He was afraid that he might be taken from the little fellow, and that he might be left alone in the world. "As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else."

He wished him to know what he knew, and to learn what he had learned, that there might be no "bar of separation between them." "I would have you, as I said, make yourself master of French, because you may find it of use in the commerce of life; and I would have you learn Latin, partly because I learnt it myself, and I would not have you without any of the advantages or sources of knowledge that I possessed—it would be a bar of separation between us—and secondly, because there is an atmosphere round this sort of classical ground to which that of actual life is gross and vulgar."

He used to give his little boy money when he went away in the morning, to spend while he was away. The great hall at York Street was his playground; and on these occasions a rather promiscuous circle of acquaintances from the neighbourhood used to be invited in to assist in the outlay of the silver, which papa had given with a strict injunction, like the old French

gentleman in the story-book, that it should be gone before he came back—a bidding which Mr. W. H. jun., with the help of his young friends, executed as a rule without difficulty. My grandfather wished his son to grow up with generous notions, and this was the way, in *his* opinion, to set about inculcating the principle and feeling upon his mind.

He thought of his own failures in painting, but the art was still as dear to him as ever. He desired to see his son select that calling which he himself had renounced, not without many pangs; and he depicted to him the charms of an artist's life, and then set before him the pleasures of an artist's old age.

"Yet if I were to name one pursuit rather than another, I should wish you to be a good painter, if such a thing could be hoped. I have failed in this myself, and should wish you to be able to do what I have not—to paint like Claude, or Rembrandt, or Guido, or Vandyke, if it were possible. Artists, I think, who have succeeded in their chief object, live to be old, and are agreeable old men. Their minds keep alive to the last. Cosway's spirits never flagged till after ninety; and Nollekens, though nearly blind, passed all his mornings in giving directions about some group or bust in his workshop. You have seen Mr. Northcote, that delightful specimen of the last age. With what avidity he takes up his pencil, or lays it down again to talk of numberless things! His eye has not lost its lustre, nor 'paled its ineffectual fire.' His body is a shadow: he himself is a pure spirit. There is a kind of immortality about this

sort of ideal and visionary existence that dallies with Fate and baffles the grim monster, Death. If I thought you could make as clever an artist, and arrive at such an agreeable old age as Mr. Northcote, I should declare at once for your devoting yourself to this enchanting profession; and in that reliance, should feel less regret at some of my own disappointments, and little anxiety on your account!"

I have said enough to make it clear that the relations between Mr. Hazlitt and his wife were far from satisfactory about 1821. But it was not the want of harmony in their characters and dispositions alone which produced this unfortunate approach to a breach, and threatened a severance of the mutual tie. Another agency of a very extraordinary nature, to which I now advert with reluctance, had been for some time past at work.

CHAPTER III.

1821-1822.

Mr. Walker, tailor and lodging-house keeper, 9, Southampton Buildings — His daughter Sarah — History of the 'Liber Amoris'—Correspondence with Patmore and K——— — Mrs. Hazlitt's diary.

In the year 1820 Mr. Hazlitt had first taken apartments at No. 9, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. His landlord was a Mr. Walker, a tailor by trade, and a lodging-house keeper. Walker was Mr. J. P. Collier's tailor. Whether he was Mr. Hazlitt's tailor also, and it was thus he was led to go there, I know not.

He had two daughters, Sarah and Betsy; and it happened on the 16th August, 1820, that Mr. Hazlitt saw Sarah Walker for the first time, and was smitten by her personal attractions. Betsy Walker afterwards married a gentleman named Roscoe, and made him an excellent wife, it is said.

To him Sarah Walker was perfect loveliness. He was infatuated. He thought that he saw in her features a likeness to the old paintings of the Madonna. The girl herself must have been, at any rate, of somewhat superior breeding, if not looks. She felt, or pretended

to feel, an interest in Mr. Hazlitt's works, of some of which she had copies, given to her by himself. He gave her other books, but she said that his *own* were those she chiefly prized! She admired a statuette of Napoleon which he possessed, and he gave that to her. But she declined to receive it, and returned it to him afterwards, with the remark that she fancied he only meant she was to take care of it while he was away. In one of his conversations with Miss Walker, Mr. Hazlitt took occasion to describe to her the nice points of difference between the French, English, and Italian characters, and Miss W. pretended to feel an interest in the subject, and to express a wish to see foreign countries, and to study foreign manners, if the opportunity should ever present itself.

"*H.* But I am afraid I tire you with this prosing description of the French character, and abuse of the English? You know there is but one subject on which I should ever like to talk, if you would let me.

S. I must say you don't seem to have a very high opinion of this country.

H. Yes, it is the place that gave you birth ——.

S. Do you like the French women better than the English.

H. No: though they have finer eyes, talk better, and are better made. But they none of them look like you. I like the Italian women I have seen much better than the French. They have darker eyes, darker hair, and the accents of their native tongue are so much richer and more melodious. But I will give

you a better account of them when I come back from Italy, if you would like to have it.

S. I should much. It is for that I have sometimes had a wish for travelling abroad, to understand something of the manners and characters of different people. . . . ."

Even an honest hallucination has its respectability to recommend or excuse it. Mr. Hazlitt's was complete and sincere as any man's ever was. As to dishonourable views, I unhesitatingly affirm, once for all, that he had them not. A careful perusal of the book in which his passion is told will convince anybody of so much, who goes to the task of reading it with a correct knowledge of the writer's character.

Take another episode from this book, that of the *flageolet.* She has one, but he is not sure it is good enough for her.

"*S.* It is late, and my father will be getting impatient at my stopping so long.

H. You know he has nothing to fear for you; it is poor I that am alone in danger. But I wanted to ask about buying you a flageolet. Could I see that you have? If it is a pretty one, it wouldn't be worth while; but if it isn't, I thought of bespeaking an ivory one for you. Can't you bring up your own to show me?

S. Not to-night, sir.

H. I wish you could.

S. I cannot, but I will in the morning.

H. Whatever you determine I must submit to. Good night, and bless thee!"

"[The next morning S. brought up the tea-kettle, on which, and looking towards the tea-tray, she said, 'Oh, I see my sister has forgot the teapot.' It was not there, sure enough; and tripping down-stairs, she came up in a minute, with the teapot in one hand and the flageolet in the other, balanced so sweetly and gracefully. It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet on the tea-tray, and she could not go down again on purpose to fetch it. Something therefore was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch!]"

It appears that my grandfather was not the first person of position whom this "exquisite witch" had entranced. There *must have been* a good deal in her, surely?

She confessed to my grandfather the existence of another attachment, one day, when he pressed her.

"*H.* . . . Is there not a prior attachment in the case? Was there any one else that you *did* like?

S. Yes; there was another.

H. Ah! I thought as much. Is it long ago, then?

S. It is two years, sir.

H. And has time made an alteration, or do you still see him, sometimes?

S. No, sir; but he is one to whom I feel the sincerest affection, and ever shall, though he is far distant.

H. But did he return your regard?

S. I had every reason to think so.

H. What, then, broke off your intimacy?

S. It was the pride of birth, sir, that would not permit him to think of our union.

H. Was he a young man of rank, then?

S. His connections were high.

H. And did he never attempt to persuade you to anything else?

S. No; he had too great a regard for me.

H. Tell me; how was it? Was he so very handsome? Or was it the fineness of his manners?

S. It was more his manner; but I can't tell how it was. It was chiefly my fault. I was foolish to suppose he could ever think seriously of me. But he used to make me read with him—and I used to be with him a good deal, though not much, neither—and I found my affections engaged before I was aware of it.

H. And did your mother and family know of it?

S. No, I have never told any one but you; and I should not have mentioned it now, but I thought it might give you some satisfaction.

H. Why did he go at last?

S. We thought it better to part.

H. And do you correspond?

S. No, sir. But, perhaps, I may see him again some time or other, though it will only be in the way of friendship. . . ."

I have thought it desirable to bring forward these passages, as I shall have to do others, in order to throw a little light on the character of Miss Walker. The difficulty is that we can only get at that through one who, though his love of truth was so great as to lead him often to speak it to his own disadvantage and dis-

paragement, was in this case the dupe of one of the most extraordinary illusions recorded in biography. The passion "led him like a little child" (to use his own phrase), and if it was satisfied, he augured that his "way would be like that of a little child." What is peculiarly striking is, that when he found that she had a second admirer, for whom though absent, and almost hopelessly lost to her, she entertained, as she told him, a sincere and unalterable fondness, he declared that he could bear to see her happy with this other, and would promote that object if he could! But what he dreaded was, the feeling that she had a repugnance to him, independently of this. He began, perhaps, to fear that some of the Blackwood's people had been to her and had told her that he was *pimpled* Hazlitt, and the author of the books of which some account had been given in their magazine and in the 'Quarterly!'

When Mr. Hazlitt went to 9, Southampton Buildings, he was living separate from his wife. He had been doing so for some little time before the autumn of 1819, but I cannot supply the precise dates. The reason for this rupture has been already referred to, and it has been also shown that Mr. Hazlitt was not without his cause of complaint and dissatisfaction.

I am also without exact information as to the period when Mr. Hazlitt proposed a formal separation under the Scottish law; it must have been late in 1820, or early in 1821, at all events, some time in the latter year. There were delays and postponements from some cause or other, and Mr. Hazlitt himself does not seem

to have gone to Scotland till the beginning of 1822. In January of that year he was still at Stamford, and wrote while there an account of his conversations with Miss Walker, which he afterwards called 'Liber Amoris.' The original MS. is dated "Stamford, January 29th, 1822."

In a letter to a friend he says, "I was detained at Stamford and found myself dull, *and could hit upon no other way of employing my time so agreeably.*"

He seems to have taken his departure very shortly after the commencement of the new year (1822); for on the 17th of the month I find a letter addressed to him by Miss Walker from London (Southampton Buildings), in answer to one she had received. It was as follows:—

"London, January 17th [1822].

"SIR,

"Doctor Read sent the 'London Magazine,' with compliments and thanks; no letters or parcels, except the one which I have sent with the 'Magazine,' according to your directions. Mr. Lamb sent for the things which you left in our care, likewise a cravat which was sent with them. I send my thanks for your kind offer, but must decline accepting it. Baby is quite well. The first floor is occupied at present; it is quite uncertain when it will be disengaged.

"My family send their best respects to you. I hope, sir, your little son is quite well.

"From yours respectfully,

"S. WALKER.

"W. Hazlitt, Esq."

The following is a business note from Mr. Hessey the publisher. I surmise that it was forwarded to him in the country, as it is evident that he had left town a week before:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure to send you, enclosed, a cheque for twenty pounds. I have not had time to make out the account; but from a slight glance of it, I think the paper on the 'Marbles,'* just received, will pretty nearly balance it. Shall we put your signature, *W. H.* or *I.*, at the foot of the paper? Please to send a line by bearer to answer this question, and to say you have received the cheque—a pleasant journey to you.

"Yours very truly,

"J. A. Hessey.

"Jan. 23, 1822.

"We shall be glad to receive the remainder of the essay as soon as it is ready. I think Vinkebooms will have no objection to play his part in the controversy.

"W. Hazlitt, Esq."

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh he opened a correspondence with a friend, whom he had made the repository of his confidence and his secrets—at present, the sole repository, I imagine. He wrote to Mr. Patmore† when he had been in Scotland three weeks

* The 'Essay on the Elgin Marbles,' contributed to the 'London Magazine.'

† If Mr. Patmore had not avowed himself in 'My Friends and Acquaintance' to be the person to whom the corre-

nearly, and told him that he had written twice to Miss Walker, and had had only one note from her, couched in very distant terms. Mr. Hazlitt's letter (or one of them rather) was written in February 1822; he sent Mr. Patmore a copy of it.

"You will scold me for this," he began, "and ask me if this is keeping my promise to mind my work. One half of it was to think of Sarah; and besides, I do not neglect my work either, I assure you. I regularly do ten pages a day, which mounts up to thirty guineas' worth a week, so that you see I should grow rich at this rate, if I could keep on so. . . . I walk out here in an afternoon, and hear the notes of the thrush, that come up from a sheltered valley below, welcome in the spring; but they do not melt my heart as they used: it is grown cold and dead. As you say, it will one day be colder. . . . Do not send any letters that come. I should like you and your mother (if agreeable) to go and see Mr. Kean in 'Othello,' and Miss Stephens in 'Love in a Village.' If you will, I will write to Mr. T—— to send you tickets. Has Mr. Patmore called? . . . ."

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spondence was addressed, I should have felt it my duty to suppress his name. As it is, I do not see that there can be any object in doing so.

CHAPTER IV.

1822.

The subject continued.

The following was the reply received :—

"SIR,

"I should not have disregarded your injunction not to send you any more letters that might come to you, had I not promised the gentleman who left the enclosed to forward it at the earliest opportunity, as he said it was *of consequence.* Mr. Patmore called the day after you left town. My mother and myself are much obliged by your kind offer of tickets to the play, but must decline accepting it. My family send their best respects, in which they are joined by

"Yours truly,

"S. WALKER."

It appears that this letter was franked, and Mr. Hazlitt could not make out the writing. He had asked her whether the apartments occupied by him were let yet, and she took no notice of the question. He confessed to Mr. Patmore in this letter that he half sus-

pected her to be "an arrant jilt," yet he "loved her dearly." The evening before he left for Scotland, he had broken ground on the subject of a *platonic attachment*, but she did not quite know whether that could be. "Her father was rather strict, and would object."

The next letter to Patmore is of the 30th March, 1822. He was still alone at or near Edinburgh: nor was he quite sure yet, whether Mrs. Hazlitt was coming there to have the business settled, or not. He had written to 9, Southampton Buildings, once more, but his letter remained without an answer. I shall not enter into the merely rhapsodical portions of this correspondence, because their committal to paper and appearance in print *once* must ever form a subject of regret. They are the unconnected and inconsequent outpourings of an imagination always supernaturally vivid, and now morbidly so. But he was not drawn away entirely from other matters. These letters occasionally contain miscellaneous items of news.

"It is well," says he, "I had finished Colburn's work,* before all this came upon me. It is one comfort I have done that. . . . I write this on the supposition that Mrs. H. may still come here, and that I may be left in suspense a week or two longer. But, for God's sake, don't go near the place *on my account.* Direct to me at the post-office, and if I return to town directly, as I fear, I will leave word for them to forward the letter to me in London—not in S. B. . . . .

* The second volume of 'Table Talk.'

I have finished the book of my conversations with her, which I call 'Liber Amoris.'

"Yours truly,

"W. H.*

"Edinburgh, March 30.

"P. S. I have seen the great little man,† and he is very gracious to me. *Et sa femme aussi!* I tell him I am dull and out of spirits. He says he cannot perceive it. He is a person of an infinite vivacity. My Sardanapalus‡ is to be in. In my judgment Myrrha is most like S. W., only I am not like Sardanapalus.

"P. G. Patmore, Esq.,
"12 Greek Street, Soho, London."

I have no letter between March 30th and April 7th. Mrs. Hazlitt was still expected, but had not yet arrived.

[April 7, 1822.]

"My dear Friend,

"I received your letter this morning with gratitude. I have felt somewhat easier since. It showed your interest in my vexations, and also that you knew nothing worse than I did. I cannot describe the weakness of mind to which she has reduced me. I am come back to Edinburgh about this cursed business, and Mrs. H. is coming down next week. . . . . A thought has struck me.

* I am quoting from the original autograph letter: in the printed copy the text differs.

† Jeffrey.

‡ The review of Byron's 'Sardanapalus,' in the 'Edinburgh.'

Her father has a bill of mine for 10*l.* unhonoured, about which I tipped her a *cavalier epistle* ten days ago, saying I should be in town this week, and 'would call and take it up,' but nothing reproachful. Now if you can get Colburn, who has a deposit of 220 pp. of the new volume, to come down with 10*l.*, you might call and take up the aforesaid bill, saying that I am prevented from coming to town, as I expected, by the business I came about. . . . .

"W. H.

"P.S. Could you fill up two blanks for me in an essay on Burleigh House in Colburn's hands,—one, Lamb's Description of the Sports in the Forest:—see *John Woodvil,*

To see the sun to bed, and to arise, &c.;

the other, Northcote's account of Claude Lorraine in his Vision of a Painter at the end of his life of Sir Joshua? . . . .

"FINAL. Don't go at all. . . . . To think that I should feel as I have done for such a monster!

"P. G. Patmore, Esq.,
"12, Greek Street, Soho, London."

On Sunday the 21st April, 1822, Mrs. Hazlitt landed at Leith. She had left London on the previous Sunday in the smack *Superb*, at 3 p.m. So it had been a week's voyage. She experienced fine, dry weather. In her Diary, which she entitled the 'Journal of my Trip to Scotland,' she gives the following account of her arrival:—

Sunday, 21*st* [April].—At 5 a.m. calm. At 1 p.m. landed safe at Leith. A laddie brought my luggage with me to the Black Bull, Catherine Street, Edinburgh. Dined at three on mutton chops. Met Mr. Bell at the door, as I was going to take a walk after dinner. He had been on board the vessel to inquire for me. After he went, I walked up to Edinburgh. . . . . Returned to tea. . . . . Went to bed at half-past twelve.

Mr. Hazlitt casually heard of her arrival from Mr. Bell, but they did not apparently meet, though Mr. H. was at the Black Bull that Sunday, as will be seen presently. He wrote off to Mr. Patmore on the same day:—

[Edinburgh, April 21, 1822.]

"My dear Patmore,

"I got your letter this morning, and I kiss the rod not only with submission but gratitude. Your rebukes of me and your defences of her are the only things that save me. . . . . Be it known to you that while I write this I am drinking ale at the Black Bull, celebrated in Blackwood. It is owing to your letter. Could I think the *love* honest, I am proof against Edinburgh ale. . . . Mrs. H. is actually on her way here. I was going to set off home . . . . when coming up Leith Walk I met an old friend come down here to settle, who said, 'I saw your wife at the wharf. She had just paid her passage by the *Superb*.' . . . This *Bell* whom I met is the very man to negotiate the business between us.

Should the business succeed, and I should be free, do you think S. W. will be Mrs. ——? If she *will* she *shall;* and to call her so to you, or to hear her called so by others, will be music to my ears such as they never heard [!]. . . . . How I sometimes think of the time I first saw the sweet apparition, August 16, 1820! . . . I am glad you go on swimmingly with the N[ew] M[onthly] M[agazine]. I shall be back in a week or a month. I won't write to *her.*

[No signature.]

"I wish Colburn would send me word what he is about. Tell him what I am about, if you think it wise to do so.

"P. G. Patmore, Esq.,
"12, Greek Street, Soho, London."

The letters in the printed volume are very apt to mislead such readers as they may find, for they are not printed faithfully, even as regards the sequence of events. We must therefore go back to Mrs. Hazlitt's Diary, which is, I believe, perfectly accurate, and certainly most minute :—

Monday, 22nd [*April*]. . . . . Mr. Bell called about twelve, and I went with him to Mr. Cranstoun, the barrister, to consult him on the practicability and safety of procuring a divorce, and informed him that my friends in England had rather alarmed me by asserting that, if I took the oath of calumny, and swore that there was no collusion between Mr. Hazlitt and myself to procure the divorce, I should be liable to a prosecu-

tion and transportation for perjury. Mr. Hazlitt having certainly told me that he should never live with me again, and as my situation must have long been uncomfortable, he thought for both our sakes it would be better to obtain a divorce, and put an end to it. . . . .

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Consulted Mr. Gray [a solicitor]. . . . . The case must be submitted to the procurators to decide whether I may be admitted to the oath of calumny. If they agree to it, the oath to be administered, then Mr. Hazlitt to be cited in answer to the charge, and if not defended [I told him I was sure Mr. Hazlitt had no such intention, as he was quite as desirous of obtaining the divorce as me], he said then, if no demur or difficulty arose about proofs, the cause would probably occupy two months, and cost 50*l*., but that I should have to send to England for the testimony of two witnesses who were present at the marriage, and also to testify that we acknowledged each other as husband and wife, and were so esteemed by our friends, neighbours, acquaintances, &c. He said it was fortunate that Mr. and Mrs. Bell were here to bear testimony to the latter part. And that I must also procure a certificate of my marriage from St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. I took the questions which Mr. Gray wrote . . . . . to Mr. Bell, who added a note, and I put it in the penny post. Sent also the paper signed by Mr. Hazlitt securing the reversion of my money to the child, which Mr. Bell had given me, by the mail to Coulson, requesting him to get it properly stamped and return it to me, together with the certificate of my marriage. . . . .

Thursday, 25th April [1822].—Mr. Bell called to ask if he could be of any assistance to me. I had just sent a note to Mr. Hazlitt to say that I demurred to the oath, so there was no occasion to trouble Mr. Bell. In the afternoon Mr. Ritchie, of the *Scotsman* newspaper, called to beg me, as a friend to both (I had never seen or heard of him before), to proceed in the divorce, and relieve all parties from an unpleasant situation. Said that with my appearance it was highly probable that I might marry again, and meet with a person more congenial to me than Mr. Hazlitt had unfortunately proved. That Mr. Hazlitt was in such a state of nervous irritability that he could not work or apply to anything, and that he thought that he would not live very long if he was not easier in his mind. I told him I did not myself think that he would survive me. . . . . In the evening Mr. Bell called. . . . . I then told him of Mr. Ritchie's visit, at which he seemed much surprised, and said if Mr. Hazlitt had sent him, as I supposed, he acted with great want of judgment and prudence. . . . .

Saturday, 27th April.—Gave Mr. Bell the stamp for the 50*l.* bill, and the following paper of memorandum for Mr. Hazlitt to sign:—

"1. William Hazlitt to pay the whole expense of board, clothing, and education, for his son, William Hazlitt, by his wife, Sarah Hazlitt (late Stoddart), and she to be allowed free access to him at all times, and occasional visits from him.

"2. William Hazlitt to pay board, lodging, law, and all other expenses incurred by his said wife during her

stay in Scotland on this divorce business, together with travelling expenses.

"3. William Hazlitt to give a note-of-hand for fifty pounds at six months, payable to William Netherfold or order. Value Received."

Mr. Bell said he would go that day to Mr. Gray . . . . . then go on to Mr. Hazlitt's, and call on me afterwards; but I saw no more of him.

Sunday, 28th April, 1822.—Wrote to Mr. Hazlitt to inform him I had only between five and six pounds of my quarter's money left, and therefore, if he did not send me some immediately, and fulfil his agreement for the rest, I should be obliged to return on Tuesday, while I had enough to take me back. Sent the letter by a laddie. Called on Mr. Bell, who said that Mr. Gray was not at home when he called, but that he had seen his son, and appointed to be with him at ten o'clock on Monday morning. Told me that Mr. Hazlitt said he would give the draft to fifty pounds at three months instead of six, when the proceedings had commenced (meaning, I suppose, when the oath was taken, for they had already commenced) but would do nothing before. Told me he was gone to Lanark, but would be back on Monday morning. . . . .

Tuesday, 30th April.—Went to Mr. Bell after dinner, who did not know whether Mr. Hazlitt was returned or not. . . . . In the evening, after some hesitation, went to Mr. Hazlitt myself for an answer. He told me he expected thirty pounds from Colburn on Thursday, and then he would let me have five pounds for present

expenses; that he had but one pound in his pocket, but if I wanted it, I should have that. That he was going to give two lectures at Glasgow next week, for which he was to have 100*l.*, and he had eighty pounds beside to receive for the 'Table Talk' in a fortnight, out of which sums he pledged himself to fulfil his engagements relative to my expenses: and also to make me a handsome present, when it was over (20*l.*), as I seemed to love money. Or it would enable me to travel back by land, as I said I should prefer seeing something of the country to going back in the steamboat, which he proposed. Said he would give the note-of-hand for fifty pounds to Mr. Ritchie for me, payable to whoever I pleased: if he could conveniently at the time, it should be for three months instead of six, but he was not certain of that. . . . . Inquired if I had taken the oath. I told him I only waited a summons from Mr. Gray, if I could depend upon the money, but I could not live in a strange place without: and I had no friends or means of earning money here as he had; though, as I had still four pounds, I could wait a few days. I asked him how the expenses, or my draught, were to be paid, if he went abroad, and he answered that, if he succeeded in the divorce, he should be easy in his mind, and able to work, and then he should probably be back in three months; but otherwise, he might leave England for ever. He said that as soon as I had got him to sign a paper giving away a 150*l.* a year from himself, I talked of going back, and leaving everything. . . I told him to recollect that it

was no advantage for myself that I sought . . . it was only to secure something to *his* child as well as mine. He said he could do very well for the child himself; and that he was allowed to be a very indulgent, kind father—some people thought too much so. I said I did not dispute his fondness for him, but I must observe that though he got a great deal of money, he never saved or had any by him, or was likely to make much provision for the child; neither could I think it was proper, or for his welfare that he should take him to the Fives Court, and such places . . . . it was likely to corrupt and vitiate him. . . . He said perhaps it was wrong, but that he did not know that it was any good to bring up children in ignorance of the world. . . . He said I had always despised him and his abilities. . . . He said that a paper had been brought to him from Mr. Gray that day, but that he was only just come in from Lanark, after walking thirty miles, and was getting his tea. . . . .

Thursday, 2nd May [1822].—Mr. Bell called to say Mr. Hazlitt would sign the papers to-morrow and leave [them] in his hand. And that he should bring me the first five pounds. When he was gone, I wrote to Mr. Hazlitt, requesting him to leave the papers in Mr. Ritchie's hands, as he had before proposed.

Friday, 3rd May.—Received the certificate of my marriage, and the stamped paper transferring my money to the child after my death, from Coulson, the carriage of which cost seven shillings. Called on Mr. Gray, who said, on my asking him when my presence would

be necessary in the business, that he should not call on me till this day three weeks. . . . .

Saturday, 4th *May*, 1822.—Mr. Ritchie called, and gave me 4*l.*, said Mr. Hazlitt could not spare more then, as he was just setting off for Glasgow. . . . .

Tuesday, 7th *May*.—Wrote to my little son. . . . .

Tuesday, 21st *May*.—Wrote to Mr. Hazlitt for money. The note was returned with a message that he was gone to London, and would not be back for a fortnight.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Called on Mr. Ritchie to inquire what I was to do for money, as Mr. Hazlitt had gone off without sending me any: he seemed surprised to hear he was in London, but conjectured he was gone about the publication of his book, took his address, and said he would write to him in the evening.

Mr. Hazlitt gave two lectures at the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow. The first, which took place on Monday, May 6, was on Milton and Shakespeare. In the *Glasgow Herald* of May 3, 1822, is the following notice:—

Andersonian Institution.

Mr. Hazlitt Lectures on Monday evening, May the 6th, on Milton and Shakespeare.

Tickets, five shillings. To Commence at 8 o'clock.

This lecture was thus noticed in the same paper for Friday, May 10:—*

* There are a few lines alluding to this lecture in the *Examiner* for May 12, 1822.

"Mr. Hazlitt's lecture on Monday night last was numerously attended, and made a powerful impression upon an audience composed of some of the most distinguished characters and most respectable inhabitants of our city. His perception of the beauties and faults of our great dramatist was vivid and accurate, and the sublimities of Milton were developed with kindred enthusiasm."

The second lecture was advertised for Monday the 13th, at the same hour, the tickets five shillings, as before. The subject was to be BURNS; but the plan was subsequently altered, and the *Herald* of May 13 announced that Mr. Hazlitt would treat of THOMSON AND BURNS.

The following notice of this second and farewell lecture appeared in the *Scotsman* of Saturday, May 18, 1822, as an extract from the *Glasgow Chronicle*:—

"Mr. Hazlitt delivered his second and last lecture on Monday evening to a numerous and respectable audience. Nothing could exceed the marked attention with which he was heard throughout. 'He concluded,' continues a correspondent, 'amidst the plaudits of highly-raised and highly-gratified expectation.'"

While he was at Glasgow he attended St. John's Church, for the sake of hearing Dr. Chalmers preach. "We never saw," he says, "fuller attendances or more profound attention—it was like a sea of eyes, a swarm of heads, gaping for mysteries, and staring for elucidations."

CHAPTER V.

1822.

The subject continued.

It is necessary now to shut up the Diary, and to resume our examination of the correspondence with Patmore, where we shall find (what the Diary does not tell us) an account of Mr. Hazlitt's temporary return to town. The letter which follows the last from which I extracted the pertinent and illustrative parts, was written, it should be recollected, on the 21st April, 1822, on the very day of Mrs. Hazlitt's arrival at Leith in the *Superb*. The next has no date, but from an expression in the letter which succeeds, it may be securely assigned to the 2nd of June. It was posted at Scarborough, where the steamboat put in by which Mr. Hazlitt had taken his passage to London.

[Off Scarborough,
in the steamboat for London.]

"Dear Patmore,

"What have I suffered since I parted with you! A raging fire is in my heart and in my brain, that never

quits me. The steamboat (which I foolishly ventured on board) seems a prison-house, a sort of spectre-ship, moving on through an infernal lake, without wind or tide, by some necromantic power—the splashing of the waves, the noise of the engine, gives me no rest, night or day—no tree, no natural object, varies the scene—but the abyss is before me, and all my peace lies weltering in it! . . . The people about me are ill, uncomfortable, wretched enough, many of them—but to-morrow or next day they reach the place of their destination, and all will be new and delightful. To me it will be the same. . . . . The people about me even take notice of my dumb despair, and pity me. What is to be done? I cannot forget *her*; and I can find no other like what *she seemed*. . . . .

"W. H."

The arrangement of the letters in the 'Liber Amoris' is again incorrect and unfaithful to the order of time. In the series of the original autographs, from which I quote, the next letter is of the 3rd June. Nothing had yet been settled, and Mrs. Hazlitt had started on a tour to the Highlands and to Ireland. She was in tolerably active correspondence during the interval with her son, Miss Lamb, Mr. Walter Coulson, and her sister-in-law, Peggy Hazlitt.

The 3rd of June letter, however, contains only one passage which is at all to the purpose, and even that perhaps might be not disadvantageously omitted. It demonstrates the overwhelming force of the infatuation

as well as the nervous shock, and is so far worth a place.

"Do you know," he says to his correspondent, "the only thing that soothes or melts me is the idea of taking my little boy, whom I can no longer support, *and wandering through the country as beggars!* . . . . ." He finishes by saying that if he could find out her [S. W.'s] real character to be different from what he had believed, "I should be no longer the wretch I am, or the god I might have been, but what I was before, poor, plain W. H."

The next is a note, which does not occur in the printed book:—

[Between June 3 and June 9, 1822, but undated.]

"My only Friend,

"I should like you to fetch the MSS., and then to ascertain for me whether I had better return there or not, as soon as this affair is over. I cannot give her up without an absolute certainty. Only, however, sound the matter by saying, for instance, that you are desired to get me a lodging, and that you believe I should prefer being there to being anywhere else. You may say that the affair of the divorce is over, and that I am gone a tour in the Highlands. . . . . Ours was the sweetest friendship. Oh! might the delusion be renewed, that I might die in it! Test her through some one who will satisfy my soul I have lost only a lovely frail one that I was not likely to gain by true love. I am going to see K——, to get him to go with me to the High-

lands, and talk about *her*. I shall be back Thursday week, to appear in court *pro formâ* the next day. . . .

"Send me a line about my little boy.

"W. H.

"10, George Street,
"Edinburgh."

He found out K——, as he had said he should do, and induced him to accompany him to the Highlands. Their conversations appear to have been, for the most part, a mere repetition of what we are already, to confess the truth, a little too familiar with. In a letter, which he addressed to K—— afterwards, or which at least is thrown in the 'Liber Amoris' into an epistolary shape, he reminds him of what they talked of and what they saw during this remarkable trip together.

"You remember," he says to him, "the morning when I said, 'I will go and repose my sorrows at the foot of Ben Lomond'—and when from Dumbarton Bridge its giant-shadow, clad in air and sunshine, appeared in view? We had a pleasant day's walk. We passed Smollett's monument on the road (somehow these poets touch one in reflection more than most military heroes)—talked of old times. You repeated Logan's beautiful verses to the cuckoo, which I wanted to compare with Wordsworth's, but my courage failed me; you then told me some passages of an early attachment which was suddenly broken off; we considered together which was the most to be pitied, a disappointment in love where the attachment was mutual, or one where there has been no return; and

we both agreed, I think, that the former was best to be endured, and that to have the consciousness of it a companion for life was the least evil of the two, as there was a secret sweetness that took off the bitterness and the sting of regret. . . . . One had been my fate, the other had been yours!

"You startled me every now and then from my reverie by the robust voice in which you asked the country people (by no means prodigal of their answers) 'if there was any trout-fishing in those streams?' and our dinner at Luss set us up for the rest of our day's march.

"The sky now became overcast; but this, I think, added to the effect of the scene. The road to Tarbet is superb. It is on the very verge of the lake—hard, level, rocky, with low stone bridges constantly flung across it, and fringed with birch-trees, just then budding into spring, behind which, as through a slight veil, you saw the huge shadowy form of Ben Lomond. . . . . The snow on the mountain would not let us ascend; and being weary of waiting, and of being visited by the guide every two hours to let us know that the weather would not do, we returned, you homewards, and I to London. . . . ."

He did not hear from Patmore, whom he had requested to let him know how matters were going on at Southampton Buildings, and he returned to Scotland without going to London at all. On the 9th of June he wrote to Mr. Patmore from an inn in Berwickshire:

"Renton Inn, Berwickshire.
[June 9, 1822.]

"MY DEAR PATMORE,

"Your letter raised me for a moment from the depths of despair, but not hearing from you yesterday or to-day, as I hoped, I am gone back again. . . . . I grant all you say about my self-tormenting madness, but has it been without cause? When I think of this, and I think of it for ever (except when I read your letters), the air I breathe stifles me. . . . . I can do nothing. What is the use of all I have done? Is it not this thinking beyond my strength, my feeling more than I ought about so many things, that has withered me up, and made me a thing for love to shrink from and wonder at? . . . . My state is that I feel I shall never lie down again at night nor rise up of a morning in peace, nor ever behold my little boy's face with pleasure, while I live, unless I am restored to her favour. . . . . I wander, or rather crawl, by the sea-side, and the eternal ocean, and lasting despair, and her face are before me. . . . . Do let me know if anything has passed: suspense is my greatest torment. Jeffrey (to whom I did a little unfold) came down with 100*l.*, to give me time to recover, and I am going to Renton Inn to see if I can work a little in the three weeks before it will be over, if all goes well. Tell Colburn to send the 'Table Talk' to him, 92, George Street, Edinburgh, unless he is mad, and wants to ruin me. . . . . Write on the receipt of this, and believe me yours unspeakably obliged,

"W. H."

The next letter hardly requires a preface :—

[Renton Inn, Berwickshire,
June 18, 1822.]

"My dear Friend,

"Here I am at Renton, amid the hills and groves which I greeted in their barrenness in winter, but which have now put on their full green attire, that shows lovely in this northern twilight, but speaks a tale of sadness to this heart, widowed of its last and its dearest, its only hope. For a man who writes such nonsense, I write a good hand. Musing over my only subject (Othello's occupation, alas! is gone), I have at last hit upon a truth that, if true, explains all, and satisfies me. You will by this time probably know something, from having called and seen how the land lies, that will make you a judge how far I have stepped into madness in my conjectures. If I am right, all engines set at work at once that punish ungrateful woman! Oh, lovely Renton Inn! here I wrote a volume of Essays; here I wrote my enamoured follies to her, thinking her human, and that below was not all the fiends. . . . . By this time you probably know enough, and know whether this following solution is *in rerum naturâ* at No. 9, S. B. . . . . Say that I shall want it [the lodging] very little the next year, as I shall be abroad for some months, but that I wish to keep it on, to have a place to come to when I am in London. . . . . If you get a civil answer to this, take it for me, and send me word. . . . . Learn first if the great man of Penmaen-Mawr is still there.

You may do this by asking after my hamper of books, which was in the back parlour. . . . . Tell her that I am free, and that I have had a severe illness.

"W. H.

"I would give a thousand worlds to believe her anything but what I suppose. . . . .

"W. H.

"P. G. Patmore, Esq.,
"12, Greek Street, Soho,
"London."

So runs this letter, crossed and crossed again, of June 18th; there is a good deal in it which I have withheld, as irrelevant and foreign to the purpose. By comparing it with the version given in the 'Liber Amoris,' very important discrepancies present themselves, probably introduced by the writer subsequently, when the correspondence was returned to him for the purposes of the book. I have strictly adhered to the text as it was originally composed.

Mrs. Hazlitt's Diary resumed.

Sunday, 9th June, 1822.—Sent a letter to Mr. Hazlitt to remit the money he had promised.

Monday, 10th June.—. . . . . Received a note from Mr. Ritchie, to say he would come the next day and explain about money matters to me. Had also a letter from the child. . . . .

Tuesday, 11th June.—. . . . Mr. Ritchie came. . . . Told me that Mr. Hazlitt only got 56*l.* from Glasgow,

and nothing from Colburn, so that he could not give me the money I asked, but that he had told him whatever small sums of money I wanted to go on with, he would let me have by some means or other.

Thursday, 13th June [1822].—Mr. Bell called, and said that Mr. Hazlitt had gone to Renton Inn, but that he would remit me some money, which he showed him he had for the purpose, as soon as the oath was taken, which he said he was to give him due notice of. . . . . Asked if I did not take the oath to-morrow? I said I had not heard from Mr. Gray, but was in hourly expectation of it. . . . . The note came soon after, appointing the next day. . . . .

Friday, 14th June.—Mr. Bell called, and said he was going to Mr. Gray's, and would come back for me. Returned, and said Mr. Gray informed him he could not be admitted, as he would be called on with Mrs. Bell the next Friday as witnesses. So I undertook to let him know when the ceremony was over. [Here follows the description of the taking of the oath.] . . . . On the whole, with the utmost expedition they can use, and supposing no impediments, it will be five weeks from this day before all is finished. Went down and reported this to Mr. and Mrs. Bell: dined there. They told me that Mr. Hazlitt took 90*l.* to the Renton Inn with him. . . . . Mr. Bell undertook to send him a parcel that night with the joyful intelligence of the oath being taken, as he would get it sooner that way than by the post. . . .

Saturday, 15th June.—Mr. Bell called, and wrote a

letter to Mr. Hazlitt here, and made it into a parcel, not having sent to him last night, as he promised. Wrote to Peggy. Feel very faint to-day.

Sunday, 16th June [1822].—. . . . . Adam Bell called, while I was at breakfast, to say that Mr. Hazlitt was come back, and had been at their house the night before. . . . .

Monday, 17th June.—Went to Mr. Bell as soon as I had breakfasted. He told me that Mr. Ritchie was to bring me 20*l.* that day in part of payment, and that the rest would be paid me as Mr. Hazlitt could get it. That he had proposed only ten now, but that Mr. Bell had told him that *that* would not do, as I proposed taking some journey, and had no money. Said he did not know anything about the child. Went home very uneasy about him, as his holidays were to begin this day; and I fretted that he should be left there, and thought he would be very uneasy if they had not sent him to Winterslow, and feel quite unhappy and forsaken; and thought on his father's refusing to tell me where he was to be, till I was so nervous and hysterical I could not stay in the house.

Went down to Mr. Bell's again at one, as they told me he [Mr. H.] would be there about that time, that I might see him myself, and know where the child was. He was not come, and Mr. Bell did not like my meeting him there. I told him if I could not gain information of the child, I would set off to London directly, and find him out, and leave the business here just as it was. He then gave me a note to send him

[Mr. H.] about it, but I carried it myself, and asked to see him.

They said he was out, but would return at three o'clock. I left the note, and went at three. They then said he would be back to dinner at four. I wandered about between that and Mr. Bell's till four; then, going again, I met him by the way: he gave me 10*l.*, and said I should have more soon by Mr. Bell. I said I did not like Mr. Bell; I had rather he sent by Mr. Ritchie, which he said he would.

I asked about the child, and he said he was going to write that night to Mr. John Hunt about him; so that the poor little fellow is really fretting, and thinking himself neglected. . . . .

Mr. Bell said that he seemed quite enamoured of a letter he had been writing to Patmore; that in their walk the day before he pulled it out of his pocket twenty times, and wanted to read it to them; that he talked so loud, and acted so extravagantly, that the people stood and stared at them as they passed, and seemed to take him for a madman. . . . .

[The next twelve days were spent by Mrs. H. in the tour to the Highlands and to Dublin. She returned on the 28th June.]

CHAPTER VI.

1822.

The subject concluded.

MR. HAZLITT, upon the conclusion of the affair, with the exception of certain formalities, wrote to Mr. Patmore :—

"10, George Street, Edinburgh.
[June 18 or 19, *received* June 20, 1822.]

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The deed is done, and I am virtually a free man. Mrs. H. took the oath on Friday. . . . . What had I better do in these circumstances? . . . . She [Miss W.] has shot me through with poisoned arrows, and I think another winged wound would finish me. It is a pleasant sort of balm she has left in my heart. One thing I agree with you in, it will remain there for ever, but yet not very long. It festers and consumes me. If it were not for my little boy, whose face I see struck blank at the news, and looking through the world for pity, and meeting with contempt, I should soon settle the question by my death. That is the only thought that brings my wandering reason to an anchor, that

excites the least interest, or gives me fortitude to bear up against what I am doomed to feel for the *ungrateful.* Oh, answer me, and save me, if possible, for her and *from* myself.

"W. H.

"Will you call at Mr. Dawson's school, Hunter Street, and tell the little boy I'll write to him or see him on Saturday morning. Poor little fellow! See Colburn for me about the book. The letter, I take it, was from him."

[Edinburgh, June 25, 1822.]

"MY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND,

"I am afraid that I trouble you with my querulous epistles; but this is probably the last. To-morrow decides my fate with respect to *her;* and the next day I expect to be a free man. There has been a delay *pro formâ* of ten days. In vain! Was it not for her, and to lay my freedom at her feet, that I took this step that has cost me infinite wretchedness? . . . . You, who have been a favourite with women, do not know what it is to be deprived of one's only hope, and to have it turned to a mockery and a scorn. There is nothing in the world left that can give me one drop of comfort—*that* I feel more and more. . . . . The breeze does no cool me, and the blue sky does not allure my eye. I gaze only on her face, like a marble image averted from me—ah! the only face that ever was turned fondly to me!

"I shall, I hope, be in town next Friday at furthest. . . . . Not till Friday week. Write, for God's sake, and let me know the worst.

"I have no answer from her. I *wish* you to call on Roscoe* in confidence, to say that I intend to make her an offer of marriage, and that I will write to her father the moment I am free (next Friday week), and to ask him whether he thinks it will be to any purpose, and what he would advise me to do. . . . . You don't know what I suffer, or you would not be so severe upon me. My death will, I hope, satisfy every one before long.

"W. H."

A very important letter, so far as regards this very delicate and painful subject, was received from Mr. Patmore in reply to the above. He had made inquiries, and the result was that there was the best authority for supposing Miss Walker to be a person of good character and conduct, but that she was not disposed to entertain any proposal on the part of Mr. Hazlitt, of whom, to say the truth, after what she had seen and heard, she stood in considerable awe. Nothing could be more candid and blunt than the tone of Mr. Patmore's letter, and I think that this candour and bluntness operated beneficially in the end. But the effect was not immediate.

While Mr. Hazlitt was in correspondence with Mr. Patmore and the Walkers about this unfortunate

* The gentleman who had married the sister, and was said to be very happy in his choice.

and extraordinary business, his wife, as she was still, till sentence was pronounced, was occupied in her tour. On her return to Edinburgh, she found letters from Mr. Coulson, from Peggy Hazlitt, and from her son, waiting for her.

Mrs. Hazlitt's Diary resumed.

Saturday, 29th June, 1822.—Sent the child's letter to his father with a note, telling him that I was just returned from Dublin with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket, and I wanted more money. He came about two o'clock, and brought me ten pounds, and said he did not think he was indebted to me my quarter's money, as he had supplied me with more than was necessary to keep me. . . . . He had been uneasy at not hearing from the child, though he had sent him a pound and ordered him to write. I remarked that the letter I sent him was addressed to him, and I supposed the child did not know how to direct to him. He said he would if he had attended to what he told him. That he wrote to Patmore, and desired him to see for the child, and convey him to Mr. John Hunt's, and that in his answer he said, "I have been to the school, and rejoiced the poor little fellow's heart by bringing him away with me, and in the afternoon he is going by the stage to Mr. Hunt's.* He has only been detained two days after the holidays begun." . . . . That Mr. Prentice had told him last night it [the business] was again

* At Taunton.

put off another fortnight; requested me to write to Mr. Gray, to know whether I should be called on next Friday, and if it would be necessary for me to remain in Scotland after that time; if not, he thought I had better go on the Saturday by the steamboat, as the accommodation was excellent, and it was very pleasant and good company. That he intended going by it himself, as soon as he could, when the affair was over, and therefore I had better set out first, as our being seen there together would be awkward, and would look like making a mockery of the lawyers here. Wished I would also write to the child in the evening, as his nerves were in such an irritable state he was unable to do so. Both which requests I complied with.

Monday, 1st July.—Received a note from Mr. Gray, to say I should not be called on for two or three weeks, but without telling me how long I must remain in Scotland.

Saturday, 6th July [1822].— . . . . Met Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Henderson, who had just arrived [at Dalkeith Palace] in a gig. Mr. H. said he had heard again from Patmore, who saw the child last Tuesday, and that he was well and happy. I told him of my last letter and its contents. . . . . [He] adverted again to the awkwardness of our going back in the same boat. I told him I had some thoughts of going by boat to Liverpool and the rest by land, as I should see more of the country that way; which he seemed to like. Asked me if I meant to go to Winterslow? Said, yes, but that I should be a week or two in London first. He said he

meant to go to Winterslow, and try if he could write,* for he had been so distracted the last five months he could do nothing. That he might also go to his mother's† for a short time, and that he meant to take the child from school at the half-quarter, and take him with him; and that after the holidays at Christmas he should return to Mr. Dawson's again. Said he had not been to town [London], and that we had better have no communication at present, but that when it was over he would let me have the money as he could get it. Asked if I had seen Roslin Castle, and said he was there last Tuesday with Bell, and thought it a fine place. Mr. Henderson shook hands, and made many apologies for not recollecting me, and said I looked very well, but that from my speaking to Mr. H. about the pictures, he had taken me for an artist. . . . . The two gentlemen passed me in their gig as I was returning.

These extracts may appear needlessly full and lengthy, but they are so abundant in characteristic touches that it is difficult to deal with them more succinctly. They show, what there is nothing else to show, Mr. Hazlitt's peculiar temperament as developed by the present transaction, my grandmother's practical turn and dismissal of all sentimentality, and, at the same time, the strong affection of both of them for their child—*he* made the only common ground there was ever to be again, perhaps that there ever had been,

* Mrs. H. had a house in the village, but Mr. H. put up at the Hut. A strangely close juxtaposition!

† At Alphington, near Exeter.

between the husband and the wife. In the next entry there is more about the "money."

Wednesday, 10th July [1822].—Called on Mr. Ritchie, to ask if he thought I should finish the business on Monday? I told him that I wanted to know what was to be done about my own payment, as Mr. Hazlitt now seemed to demur to the one quarter that he had all along agreed to, and there was also the 20*l.* that I was to have as a present. He said that he was at present very much engaged in some business which would end in two days more, and that then, if I was at all apprehensive about it, he would write to, or see, Mr. Hazlitt on the subject.

Thursday, 11th July.—Met Mr. Hazlitt in Catherine Street, and asked him what I was to do if Mr. Gray sent in my bill to me, and he said I had nothing to do with it, for that he had paid Mr. Prentice 40*l.*, which was nearly the whole expense for both of them. I said that was what Mr. Ritchie, to whom I had spoken about it, thought. He said Mr. Ritchie had nothing at all to do with it, and I remarked that he was the person he had sent to me about it, and that he did not think it would finish on Monday; and [I] asked if he had heard anything more? He said no, but he thought it would be Monday or Tuesday; and as soon as it was done, he wished I would come to him to finally settle matters, as he had some things to say, and I told him I would. I was rather flurried at meeting him, and totally forgot many things I wished to have said, which vexed me afterwards.

Friday, 12*th July*.—On my return [from a walk to Holyrood House] I found a note from Mr. Gray, appointing next Wednesday for my attendance, and desiring a "payment of 20*l*. towards the expense." I took it to Mr. Bell's; he and Mr. Hazlitt went out at the back door as I went in at the front. I gave the message to Mrs. Bell, who told me Mr. Hazlitt had been to Mr. Gray's. . . . .

Saturday, 13*th July*.—Met Mr. Hazlitt at the foot of my stairs, coming to me. He said that Mr. Gray was to have the money out of what he had paid Mr. Prentice. . . . . I told him he need not be uneasy about meeting me in the steamboat, for I did not intend to go that way. Asked him if he thought it a good collection of pictures at Dalkeith House [this is so characteristic!]; he said no, very poor. . . . .

Wednesday, 17*th July*.—Mr. Bell called between ten and eleven. . . . . He had come, by Mr. Gray's desire, to accompany me to the court, and was himself cited as a witness. [Mrs. H. then describes going to the court, but the proceedings were *pro formâ*, as the depositions had been arranged to be taken at Mr. Bell's private residence.] Returned, and wrote a note to Mr. Hazlitt, to have in case he was out, saying that I would call on him at two o'clock. I left it. . . . . Saw Mr. Hazlitt at four o'clock; he was at dinner; but I stopped and drank tea with him. [!] He told me that all was done now, unless Mrs. Bell should make any demur in the part required of her. . . . . Said he would set off to London by the mail that night, though he thought he

should be detained by illness or die on the road, for he had been penned up in that house for five months . . . . unable to do any work; and he thought he had lost the job to Italy, but to get out of Scotland would seem like the road to paradise. *I told him* he had done a most injudicious thing in publishing what he did in the* [New Monthly] *Magazine about Sarah Walker, particularly at this time, and that he might be sure it would be made use of against him, and that everybody in London had thought it a most improper thing, and Mr. John Hunt was quite sorry that he had so committed himself.*

He said that *he* was sorry for [it], but that it was done *without his knowledge or consent.* That Colburn had got hold of it by mistake, with other papers, *and published it without sending him the proofs.* He asked me where I should be in town, and I told him at Christie's. He inquired what kind of people they were. I told him a very respectable quiet young couple lately married. He desired me to take care of myself, and keep up a respectable appearance, as I had money enough to do so. *He† wished he could marry some woman with a good fortune, that he might not be under the necessity of writing another line; and be enabled to*

* The italics are mine. This passage must find room here, in spite of my scruples. The affair was well known, and was soon in print in the 'Liber Amoris.' To conceal it would be useless; and all that I can do is to place it in its true light before the world. Mrs. H. was a plain-spoken woman, without any false delicacy about her. She was perfectly acquainted with the whole history of the matter.

† The italics are mine. The *John* referred to presently was, of course, his brother. This passage is very remarkable.

provide for the child, and do something for John; and that now his name was known in the literary world, he thought there was a chance for it, though he could not pretend to anything of the kind before. . . . . I left Mr. Henderson with him, pressing him to accompany him to the Highlands; but he seemed, after some hesitation, to prefer going to London, though I left the matter uncertain. He [Mr. Henderson] had been dawdling backward and forward about it for three weeks, wishing to have the credit of taking him there, but grudging the money, though he was living upon us for a week together in London.

Mr. Hazlitt said that, if he went to Winterslow, he would take the child, as he wished to have him a little with him; so I thought he had better go with the first that went, as I did not think of staying in town more than two or three weeks, and then making some stay at Winterslow, and proceeding afterwards to Crediton.* He said we could settle that best in town.

Mrs. Dow [Mr. H.'s landlady] brought in the bill, which he just looked at and said, "Is that the whole, ma'am?" "Yes, sir; you had better look over it, and see that it is correct, if you please." "*That*, ma'am," he said, "is one of the troubles I get rid of. I never do it." "You are a very indolent man, sir." "There is a balance of twenty-four shillings, ma'am; can you have

* Where Mr. H.'s relations were settled! This is also a curious part of the business. My grandmother was intimate and friendly with the Hazlitts to the last, and frequently visited them here.

so much confidence in me as to let me have that?" "No, sir, I can't do that, for I have not the money." "I shall be glad then, ma'am, if you will let me have the four shillings, and you may pay the pound to Mrs. Hazlitt on Saturday, as when it comes, she will be here." "Yes, sir, and Mrs. Hazlitt may look over the bill, if she pleases."

Thursday, 18th July [1822].—She returned with the four shillings, saying she had been to two or three places to get that. . . . . Went to Mr. Ritchie, who gave me the note-of-hand for fifty pounds at six months, dated 6th May, and the copy of memorandums signed by Mr. Hazlitt. . . . . He said he had expected him and Mr. Henderson to supper last night, but they did not come. I told him he wished to go to London by the mail, and probably had done so. . . . . He said he must repeat that he thought we had taken the step most advisable for both parties. . . . . Called at his [Mr. H.'s] lodgings to inquire if he went by the mail. Mrs. Dow said yes; he left there about eight o'clock. . . . . Called at the coach-office, and they said Mr. Hazlitt did not go by the mail. Saw the waiter at the inn door, who said he went by the steamboat at eight o'clock this morning. . . . .

Carried back Mrs. Bell's book. Mr. Bell said I was a great fool to have acceded to his wish for a divorce, but that it was now done, and he thought I had better get some old rich Scotch lord, and marry here. "I was now Miss Stoddart, and was I not glad of that?" "No; I had no intention of marrying, and should not do

what he talked of." He said I must needs marry; and I told him I saw no such necessity. . . . .

This is the conclusion. Mrs. Hazlitt sailed on the following day, at 2 p.m., in the smack *Favourite* from Leith. I have also done with the Patmore correspondence, of which I have only two other letters, postmarked July 3 and July 8, 1822, but both destitute of interest and illustration.*

* Yet there is a passage in one of them—where he tells Mr. P. he thinks he shall come home by the mail, and asks him to come in and see him, about eight o'clock—which I shall quote, because it demonstrates his deep affection and respect for one of the most worthy men that ever lived—John Hunt. He says: "I wish much to see you and her, *and John Hunt and my little boy* once more; and then, if she is not what she once was to me, I care not if I die that instant."

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

1822-3.

Publication of the 'Liber Amoris'—The 'Liberal'—Going to the Fight.

Upon his return from Scotland, Mr. Hazlitt superintended through the press his book of 'Conversations with the Statue,' adding his correspondence with Mr. Patmore and Mr. S—— K——. Certain alterations, in my opinion hasty and ill-considered very often, were introduced into the text, and here and there a comparison with the MSS. shows that insertions were made. Occasionally even the matter was transposed; and, altogether, the volume, as it stands, seems to me, looking at it simply in a literary point of view, perplexing, ill-digested, and unsatisfactory.

The title attached to it was 'Liber Amoris; or, the New Pygmalion.' The vignette which accompanies it was engraved by Mr. Reynolds of Bayswater, from the original, which is particularly alluded to in the first 'Conversation.'

Mr. John Hunt was the publisher; but the copyright was purchased by Mr. C. H. Reynell, of Broad Street, for 100*l.* from the author himself.

What De Quincey said of the 'Liber Amoris' was eloquently, yet strictly and religiously true. He writes on this matter as follows:—

"It was an explosion of frenzy. He threw out his clamorous anguish to the clouds and to the winds and to the air; caring not *who* might listen, *who* might sympathize, or *who* might sneer. Pity was no demand of his; laughter no wrong; the sole necessity for *him* was—to empty his over-burdened spirit."

The divorce was a separation *a mensâ et thoro*, and my grandfather had accomplished what he desired, the severance of his connection with a lady who, he conceived, did not understand or value him, and who had her independent means of support. But it was not a parting for ever. Strangely enough, there does not seem to have been any ill-will on either side in the matter. They were to meet again.

It should be remembered that they had a strong tie remaining, which they could not or would not cut. It was my father—their only surviving child. They were both fondly attached to him, Mr. Hazlitt in his way, and Mrs. Hazlitt in hers, and he was often a channel of communication between his disunited parents.

Let me leave this subject of the 'Liber Amoris' for good, with one observation, that it does not seem that the passion left a very deep or lasting impression on his mind. It was a piece of Buncle-ishness, which soon eva-

porated, and we hear, fortunately, very little of it afterwards, and then only in casual and half unintelligible allusions. As for the dissolution of that marriage-bond, it was decidedly the best course to have taken, and it was a mere piece of diplomacy after all. There were no tears shed on either side. It was *a stroke of business.* Let it pass. *Majora canemus.*

He was all this time at work upon a second series of 'Table Talk' for Mr. Colburn, to be published in one volume, uniform with the last; and of this the greater part, if not all, was completed in Edinburgh or at Renton Inn, Berwickshire, in the presence of a great anxiety, and in an indifferent state of bodily health, between January and March, 1822.

At the end of one of his letters to Mr. Patmore, written in March, he says:—

"You may tell Colburn when you see him that his work is done magnificently, to wit:—I. 'On the Knowledge of Character,' 40 pp. II. 'Advice to a Schoolboy,' 60 pp. III. 'On Patronage and Puffing,' 50 pp. IV. and V. 'On Spurzheim's Theory,' 80 pp. VI. 'On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority,' 25 pp. VII. 'On the Fear of Death,' 25 pp. VIII. 'Burleigh House,' 25 pp. IX. 'Why Actors should not sit in the Boxes,' 35 pp.—in all 340 pages. To do by Saturday night:—X. 'On Dreams,' 25 pp. 'On Individuality,' 25 pp.—390 pages."

In this labour he found a relief and distraction from less agreeable thoughts, and the exertion was, besides, necessary as a source of ways and means. Nor was this

the full extent of his occupation. He had other essays on the stocks, that is to say, in his head, for other people.

For, in the year after his disagreement with Mr. Leigh Hunt, he received overtures from that gentleman to aid him in an undertaking which had been set on foot for Mr. Hunt's benefit under the auspices of Lord Byron. The undertaking was of course a literary one, and was a publication—now well known as the 'Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South.' The contributors were Mr. Hunt himself, Lord Byron, and Mr. Shelley; and upon Shelley's death it was proposed that Mr. Hazlitt should supply his place on the periodical, it being thought doubtless that his name would be valuable and strengthening.

In one of Byron's conversations with Medwin, he says, "I believe I told you of a plan we had in agitation for his (Hunt's) benefit. His principal object in coming out [to Italy] was to establish a literary journal, whose name is not yet fixed. I have promised to contribute, and shall probably make it a vehicle for some occasional poems; for instance, I mean to translate Ariosto. I was strongly advised by Tom Moore, long ago, not to have any connection with such a company as Hunt, Shelley, and Co.; but I have pledged myself——."

Co. was Mr. Hazlitt. I shall give Co.'s history of the 'Liberal' and its projectors.

"At the time that Lord Byron thought proper to join with Mr. Leigh Hunt and Mr. Shelley in the publication called the 'Liberal,' 'Blackwood's Magazine'

overflowed, as might be expected, with tenfold gall and bitterness; the 'John Bull' was outrageous; and Mr. Jerdan black in the face at this unheard-of and disgraceful disunion. But who would have supposed that Mr. Thomas Moore and Mr. Hobhouse, those stanch friends and partisans of the people, should also be thrown into almost hysterical agonies of well-bred horror at the coalition between their noble and ignoble acquaintance, between the patrician and the 'newspaper-man.' Mr. Moore darted backwards and forwards from Coldbath Fields Prison to the *Examiner* office, from Mr. Longman's to Mr. Murray's shop, in a state of ridiculous trepidation, to see what was to be done to prevent this degradation of the aristocracy of letters, this indecent encroachment of plebeian pretensions, this undue extension of patronage and compromise of privilege.

"The Tories were shocked that Lord Byron should grace the popular side by his direct countenance and assistance—the Whigs were shocked that he should share his confidence and counsels with any one who did not unite the double recommendations of birth and genius—but themselves. Mr. Moore had lived so long among the great that he fancied himself one of them, and regarded the indignity as done to himself. Mr. Hobhouse had lately been black-balled by the clubs, and must feel particularly sore and tenacious on the score of public opinion.

"Mr. Shelley's father, however, was an older baronet than Mr. Hobhouse's. Mr. Leigh Hunt was 'to the full

as genteel a man' as Mr. Moore, in birth, appearance, and education. The pursuits of all four were the same —the Muse, the public favour, and the public good. Mr. Moore was himself invited to assist in the undertaking, but he professed an utter aversion to, and warned Lord Byron against having any concern with *joint publications*, as of a very neutralizing and levelling description. He might speak from experience. He had tried his hand at that Ulysses' bow of critics and politicians, the 'Edinburgh Review,' though his secret had never transpired. Mr. Hobhouse, too, had written 'Illustrations of Childe Harold' (a sort of partnership concern)—yet, to quash the publication of the 'Liberal,' he seriously proposed that his noble friend should write once a week, *in his own name*, in the *Examiner*—the 'Liberal' scheme, he was afraid, might succeed: the newspaper one, he knew, could not.

"I have been whispered that the member for Westminster (for whom I once gave an ineffectual vote) has also conceived some distaste for me. I do not know why, except that I was at one time named as the writer of the famous '*Trecenti Juravimus* Letter,' to Mr. Canning, which appeared in the *Examiner*, and was afterwards suppressed. He might feel the disgrace of such a supposition: I confess I did not feel the honour.

"The cabal, the bustle, the significant hints, the confidential rumours were at the height when, after Mr. Shelley's death, I was invited to take part in this obnoxious publication (obnoxious alike to friend and foe); and when the 'Essay on the Spirit of Monarchy'

appeared (which must indeed have operated like a bombshell thrown into the *coteries* that Mr. Moore frequented, as well as those that he had left) this gentleman wrote off to Lord Byron to say that 'there was a taint in the 'Liberal,' and that he should lose no time in getting out of it.' And this from Mr. Moore to Lord Byron—the last of whom had just involved the publication, against which he was cautioned as having a taint in it, in a prosecution for libel by his 'Vision of Judgment;' and the first of whom had scarcely written anything all his life that had not a taint in it.

"It is true that the Holland House party might be somewhat staggered by a *jeu d'esprit* that set their Blackstone and De Lolme theories at defiance, and that they could as little write as answer. But it was not that.

"Mr. Moore also complained that 'I had spoken against "Lalla Rookh," though he had just before sent me his "Fudge Family."' Still it was not that.

"But at the time he sent me that very delightful and spirited publication, my little bark was seen 'hulling on the flood' in a kind of dubious twilight; and it was not known whether I might not prove a vessel of gallant trim. Mr. Blackwood had not then directed his Grub-street battery against me; but as soon as the was the case, Mr. Moore was willing to 'whistle me down the wind,' and let me prey at fortune: not that I 'proved haggard,' but the contrary. It is sheer cowardice and want of heart. The sole object of this set is not to stem the tide of prejudice and falsehood,

but to get out of the way themselves. The instant another is assailed (however unjustly), instead of standing manfully by him, they cut the connection as fast as possible. . . . ."

In another place he takes occasion to inquire whether "Mr. Moore is bound to advise a noble poet to get as fast as possible out of a certain publication, lest he should not be able to give an account, at Holland or at Lansdowne House, how his friend Lord B[yron] had associated himself with his friend L[eigh] H[unt]? Is he afraid," Mr. Hazlitt asks at the same time, "that the 'Spirit of Monarchy' will eclipse the 'Fables for the Holy Alliance' in virulence and plain speaking?"

The 'Liberal' lived into the fourth number, and Mr. Hazlitt contributed to it five papers: 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'Arguing in a Circle,' 'On the Scotch Character,' 'Pulpit Oratory,' and 'On the Spirit of Monarchy.'

I find attributed to him under 1822 an octavo volume called 'A Selection of Speeches Delivered at Several County Meetings, in the years 1820 and 1821,' but I do not believe it to be his. The advertisement, which is the only original part of the book, is not in his manner, and he was away from England from January to July, 1822.

It happened at the beginning of December the same year, within a few months after the close of the Scottish business, that his friend Mr. Patmore heard there was to

be a grand prize-fight at a place in Berkshire, on the 11th, between Hickman and Neate; and he half-jocularly suggested to my grandfather that he should run down with him, and do an account of the thing for the 'New Monthly Magazine.' But Mr. Hazlitt took him more readily at his word than he had dreamt of.

The fact was, that getting an article out of the matter was a consideration which always weighed more or less; and then he had never seen a good fight. He spoke to Colburn about it, and Colburn seemed to entertain the notion; so he determined to make a day, or rather two, of it.

But somehow or other, he and Patmore, when it came to the time—the afternoon of the 10th—missed each other, and Mr. Hazlitt had to find another companion, his friend Joseph Parkes, Esq. Fights in those days were spectacles from which even the author of 'Elia' would not have shrunk.

Nothing which I could ever put together would approach his own narrative of the adventure, as I propose to give it, divested only of certain particulars which possess no permanent interest. The incident itself, as it is related below, is intrinsically valuable, since it exhibits the writer in one of his healthier moods, when he was no longer the "poor creature" he liked occasionally, in fits of gloom, to proclaim himself (such a cry was sure never to lack a chorus); and it would have astonished Lamb's friends, Lamb and his biographer included, to have seen him step out along the road, and snuff up the country air.

"*Where there's a will there's a way.* I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery Lane, about half-past six o'clock on Monday the 10th of December [1822], to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be; and I found 'the proverb' nothing 'musty' in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description; nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. . . .

"I was going down Chancery Lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass door of the Hole in the Wall, I heard a gentleman asking the same question *at* Mrs. Randall, as the author of 'Waverley' would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentleman's question with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For, to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue ruin* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the Hole in the Wall was brought in

question, observe—'The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!' Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door; when who should issue forth but my friend Joe Toms,* and turning suddenly up Chancery Lane with the quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, 'I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him.' So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. . . . . Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and 'so carelessly did we fleet the time,' that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down. . . . .

"Joe Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now I never travel all night, and I said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Joe swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me

* The late Mr. Joseph Parkes.

to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment)—'Well, we meet at Philippi!' I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail-coach stand was bare. 'They are all gone,' said I. 'This is always the way with me—in the instant I lose the future—if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time;' and cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him—namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could; without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel; so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any

incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along; and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. . . . . If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I miss everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. 'Sir,' said he of the Brentford, 'the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty.' I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other; desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me, as I had no change; was accommodated with a great-coat; put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The milestones disappeared one after another; the rain kept off; Tom Thurtell the trainer

sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and no doubt wet through; but seated on the royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading I found Thurtell and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. . . . ."

CHAPTER VIII.

1822.

The Fight concluded.

"WE talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's; but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said that 'he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years.' This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great-coats with boisterous laughter; and Thurtell, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but his dream,' like others,' 'denoted a foregone con-

clusion.' He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he 'seriously inclined,' the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said, innocently, 'There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters.' 'Why,' said he of the lappels, 'I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note.' 'Pray, sir,' said my fellow-traveller, 'had he a plaid cloak on?'—'Why, no,' said I, 'not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one.' The plaid cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, 'Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of Toms?' —'No,' said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of

Gilpin, 'for I have just got out. Well!' says he, 'this is lucky; but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you; for,' added he, lowering his voice, 'do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said, very obligingly, she could'nt tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you; we could then have gone down for nothing. But *mum's the word.*' It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it's sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me.

"Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect—such was the greater noise within—and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Mathews in the face, and quite as great a wag)—

A lusty man to ben an abbot able—

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water—'Confound it, man, don't be *insipid!*' Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial—one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur—'standing like greyhounds in the slips,' &c. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question), and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante.* It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mincemeat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose 'he moralized into a thousand similes,' making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's. 'I'll tell you what, my friend,' says he, 'the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal.' At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth; called for another glass, swore he would not stand it; and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler)

with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this 'loud and furious fun,' said, 'There's a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakspeare were our two best men at copying life.' This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakspeare, and Nature were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, 'You read Cobbett, don't you? At least,' says I, 'you talk just as well as he writes.' He seemed to doubt this. But I said, 'We have an hour to spare: if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital 'Political Register,' I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don't know what I should have done without you.' He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that 'the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing.'

"The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests drop down from their chambers one by one—but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven); we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that

glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring, surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road. Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

"Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing; and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About two hundred thousand pounds were pending. . . . .

"The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived), were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I

enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Thurtell was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession.

"The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that within the ring itself there was a spot of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the midday sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene.

"I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. . . . . The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near; I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd; and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great-coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the

Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. . . . . All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

"In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, 'There is no standing this.' Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. . . . . They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at

full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and 'grinned horrible a ghastly smile,' yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined.

"After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened—his blows could not tell at such a distance—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maîtreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows—the fight was a good stand-up fight. . . . .

"From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful

whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. . . . . Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, 'Where am I? What is the matter?' . . . .

"When it was over I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, '*Pretty well!*' The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

"*Mais au revoir*, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms; I returned with Jack Pigott [P. G. Patmore], whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now

observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the Fancy; that is, with a double portion of great-coats, clogs, and overhauls; and just as we had agreed with a couple of country lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for

Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury); and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals. . . . . Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the 'New Héloise.' Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the Fancy is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment? We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great-coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly); and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pigtail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very

like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me, and riveted my attention. He went on—'George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, "there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's." He added, "well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man." Once,' said my unknown companion, 'I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. "I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But the fact was, that as his second

(John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough;' which," says Stevenson, "you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, 'Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all that he had had enough.'" This,' said the Bath gentleman, 'was a bit of human nature;' and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated, as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

"P.S. Toms called upon me the next day to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was."

Colburn had spoken to some of his friends of the paper on the fight between Neate and the Gas-man as forthcoming, and so had Mr. Hazlitt. Many were

looking forward to its appearance in the Magazine, and into the Magazine it went, under the signature of *Phantastes*. But Mr. Campbell, the editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and Mr. Redding, the sub-editor, disapproved of the article; and the latter gentleman has emptied himself in his 'Recollections' of some remarks upon the matter, which are not worth repeating. The article went in *because*, it would appear, "Colburn had spoken of it to several persons, and Hazlitt's friends were expecting it." The fact seems to have been that Campbell never actively interfered in the editorship, and that Mr. Colburn had more common sense than Mr. Redding.

Campbell's animosity against Mr. Hazlitt was very strong and equally notorious. Mr. Redding says that it arose from Mr. Hazlitt having charged Campbell with a plagiarism in his line about angel-visits.

CHAPTER IX.

1823.

Visit to the principal English Picture-Galleries—Publication of 'Characteristics'—Lamb's Letter to Southey.

DURING the year 1823 Mr. Hazlitt continued to contribute to the 'London Magazine,' the 'Edinburgh Review,' the *Examiner*, and the 'Liberal.' His pen was therefore in full employment.

His paper in the 'Edinburgh' was the 'Periodical Press;' and among his articles in the *Examiner* I must mention particularly an 'Essay on Rochefoucauld,' which forms, in fact, an introduction and companion to a little volume which he published this year, with Simpkin and Marshall, under the title of 'Characteristics in the Manner of Rochefoucauld's Maxims.'

Mr. Hazlitt accounts for the undertaking by saying that he had been perusing Rochefoucauld, and was inspired with a wish to attempt something on a similar plan. He succeeded pretty well in a few, and the work grew under his hands. It passed through three editions.

It came out anonymously, and the author says that Mr. Jerdan, not knowing whose it was, praised it in the 'Literary Gazette.'

The Tory writers were still very bitter in their language towards Mr. Hunt and Mr. Hazlitt. The tragical duel between Christie and Scott, in 1821, did not teach them as good a lesson as it should have done. About two years afterwards Southey, in the 'Quarterly,' attacked Mr. Hunt and my grandfather, and wondered how Mr. Lamb could associate with such men. It happened that Lamb did not relish this, and had the courage to resent it. He declined to be complimented at the expense of his friends, and after taking several months to think over it, at length he wrote that famous letter from 'Elia' to Robert Southey, Esq., which appeared in the 'London Magazine' for October, 1823. There is no necessity to quote it here, as it must be so well known. Mr. Hazlitt was much pleased with it, as it smacked of the right spirit, and was scarcely to have been expected from such a quarter. For Lamb was no politician, neither was he a partizan; and if he took up this quarrel seriously—the only time in his life that he ever did espouse a cause or choose a side—it was not because he had any idea of turning over a new leaf, or that he desired to raise the question as between Tory and Liberal, or between writers in the 'Edinburgh' and writers in the 'Quarterly;' but from a manly sense of indignation and sorrow at the outrages heaped on the heads of two of his friends by a third writer, who had been his till very lately, indeed, and theirs, too, upon a time.

How soon after 1823 the temporary difference between my grandfather and Lamb was made up is not perfectly

clear, but I apprehend that it was in the same year. In November, 1823, a letter was addressed to Mrs. Hazlitt by Lamb, in which there is a positive indication that my grandfather had expressed (indirectly) his approval of the letter to Southey; and Lamb says, "I am glad that H. liked my letter to the Laureate."

During his absence in Scotland, and, in fact, during the whole of 1822, Mr. Hazlitt seems to have discontinued his share in the 'London-Magazine;' but he resumed his articles in 1823. Lamb felt the want of those essays, which in his eyes (perhaps in the eyes of a few more) constituted not the least charm of the magazine; and in a letter to his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton, he even alludes to the 'London' as being in a declining way. "I miss Janus [Wainwright]," he says, "and oh, how it [the 'L. M.'] misses Hazlitt!"

He was soon to see the writer of the 'Table Talks' in his old place again. In the winter of 1823 Mr. Hazlitt, in company with Mr. Patmore, visited some of our principal picture-galleries—Stafford House, Dulwich, Stourhead, Burleigh, and last, *and least*, Fonthill. I am enabled fortunately to give, in his own words, an account of this, to him, most agreeable tour. And first of Dulwich:—

"It was on the 5th November [1823] that we went to see this gallery," he says. "The morning was mild, calm, pleasant: it was a day to ruminate on the subject we had in view. It was the time of year

> When yellow leaves, a few or none, do hang
> Upon the branches——

Their scattered gold was strangely contrasted with the dark-green spiral shoots of the cedar-trees that skirt the road; the sun shone, faint and watery, as if smiling his last. . . . . At the end of a beautiful little village, Dulwich College appeared in view, in modest state, yet mindful of the olden time, and the name of Alleyn and his compeers rushed full upon the memory."

Here is a touching little autobiographical sketch. He is speaking of one of the scholars of Edward Alleyn's foundation :—

"He stirs not—he still pores upon his book; and as he reads, a slight hectic flush passes over his cheek, for he sees the letters that compose the word FAME glitter on the page, and his eyes swim, and he thinks that he will one day write a book, and have his name repeated by thousands of readers; and assume a certain signature, and write essays and criticisms in a London magazine, as a consummation of felicity scarcely to be believed!

"Come hither, thou poor little fellow, and let us change places with thee, if thou wilt; here, take the pen, and finish this article, and sign what name you please to it; so that we may but change our dress for yours, and sit shivering in the sun, and con over our little task, and feed poor, and lie hard, and be contented and happy, and think what a fine thing it is to be an author, and dream of immortality, and sleep o' nights."

Thus he apostrophizes one of the celebrated pictures in the Stafford (now the Bridgewater) Gallery :—

"Thou, oh! divine 'Bath of Diana,' with deep azure dyes, with roseate hues, spread by the hand of Titian, art still there upon the wall, another, yet the same that thou wert five-and-twenty years ago. . . . . And there that fine passage stands in Antony and Cleopatra as we read it long ago with exulting eyes in Paris, after puzzling over a tragedy of Racine's, and cried aloud, 'Our Shakespeare was also a poet!'

"These feelings are dear to us at the time, and they come back unimpaired, heightened, mellowed, whenever we choose to go back to them."

Speaking of his visit to Lord Grosvenor's pictures, he says:

"We must go through our account of these pictures as they start up in our memory, not according to the order of their arrangement, for want of a proper set of memorandums. Our friend, Mr. Gummow, of Cleveland House, had a nice little neatly-bound duodecimo catalogue, of great use as a *vade-mecum* to occasional visitants or absent critics—but here we have no such advantage; and to take notes before company is a thing that we abhor: it has a look of pilfering something from the pictures. . . . .

"Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, did not answer our expectations. But Stourton, the village where it stands, made up for our disappointment. After passing the park-gate, which is a beautiful and venerable relic, you descend into Stourton by a sharp-winding declivity, almost like going underground, between high hedges of laurel trees, and with an expanse of woods

and water spread beneath. . . . . The inn is like a modernized guard-house; the village church stands on a lawn without any enclosure; a row of cottages, facing it, with their whitewashed walls and flaunting honeysuckles, are neatness itself. . . . . There is one masterpiece of colouring by Paul Veronese, a naked child with a dog. . . . . On praising this picture (which we always do when we like a thing) we were told it had been criticised by a great judge, Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, who had found fault with the execution, as too coarse and muscular. We do not wonder, it is not like his own turnery-ware! . . . .

"Burleigh! thy groves are leafless, thy walls are naked—

And dull cold winter does inhabit here.

The yellow evening rays gleam through thy fretted Gothic windows; but I only feel the rustling of withered branches strike chill to my breast; it was not so twenty years ago. Thy groves were leafless then as now; it was the middle of winter twice that I visited there before; but the lark mounted in the sky, and the sun smote my youthful blood with its slant ray, and the ploughman whistled as he drove his team afield. . . . All is still the same, like a petrifaction of the mind, the same things in the same places; but their effect is not the same upon me. I am twenty years the worse for *wear and tear*. What is become of the never-ending studious thoughts that brought their own reward, or promised good to mankind? of the tears that started welcome and unbidden? of the sighs that whispered

future peace? of the smiles that shone, not in my face indeed, but that cheered my heart, and made a sunshine there, when all was gloom around? That fairy vision —that invisible glory, by which I was once attended— ushered into life, has left my side, and 'faded to the light of common day,' and I now see what is, or has been, not what may be, hid in Time's bright circle and golden chaplet.

"Perhaps this is the characteristic difference between youth and a later period of life—that we, by degrees, learn to take things more as we find them, call them more by their right names; that we feel the warmth of summer, but the winter's cold as well; that we see beauties, but can spy defects in the fairest face, and no longer look at everything through the genial atmosphere of our own existence. . . . .

"The second time [*circa* 1803] I passed along the road that skirts Burleigh Park, the morning was dank, and 'ways were mire.' I saw and felt it not; my mind was otherwise engaged. Ah! thought I, there is that fine old head by Rembrandt; there, within those cold grey walls, the painter of old age is enshrined, immortalized in some of his inimitable works! The name of Rembrandt lives in the fame of him who stamped it with renown, while the name of Burleigh is kept up by the present owner. An artist survives in the issue of his brain to all posterity, a lord is nothing without the issue of his body lawfully begotten, and is lost in a long line of illustrious ancestors. So much higher is genius than rank, such is the difference between fame and

title! A great name in art lasts for centuries; it requires twenty generations of a noble house to keep alive the memory of the first founder for the same length of time. So I reasoned, and was not a little proud of my discovery.

"In this dreaming mood, dreaming of deathless works and deathless names, I went on to Peterborough, passing, as it were, under an archway of Fame,

> —— And still walking under,
> Found some new matter to look up and wonder.

I had business there, I will not say what.* I could at this time do nothing. I could not write a line, I could not draw a stroke. . . . . In words, in looks, in deeds, I was no better than a changeling. . . . .

"Why then do I set so much value on my existence formerly? Oh God! that I could be but one day, one hour, nay, but for an instant (to feel it in all the plenitude of unconscious bliss, and take one long last lingering draught of that full brimming cup of thoughtless freedom) what then I was, that I might, as in a trance, a waking dream, hear the hoarse murmur of the bargemen, as the Minster tower [of Peterborough] appeared in the dim twilight, come up from the willowy stream, sounding low and underground like the voice of the bittern; that I might paint that field opposite the window where I lived, and feel that there was a green,

* I believe that the Loftus family were originally from Peterborough, and that my grandfather's motive was a desire to see his mother's birthplace. He alludes to this a little farther on.

dewy moisture in the tone, beyond my pencil's reach, but thus gaining almost a new sense, and watching the bustle of new objects without me; that I might stroll down Peterborough bank (a winter's day) and see the fresh marshes stretching out in endless level perspective (as if Paul Potter had painted them), with the cattle, the windmills, and the red-tiled cottages, gleaming in the sun to the very verge of the horizon, and watch the fieldfares in innumerable flocks, gambolling in the air, and sporting in the sun, and racing before the clouds, making summersaults, and dazzling the eye by throwing themselves into a thousand figures and movements; THAT I MIGHT GO, AS THEN, A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOWN WHERE MY MOTHER WAS BORN, AND VISIT THE POOR FARM-HOUSE WHERE SHE WAS BROUGHT UP, AND LEAN UPON THE GATE, WHERE SHE TOLD ME SHE USED TO STAND, WHEN A CHILD OF TEN YEARS OLD, AND LOOK AT THE SETTING SUN! I could do all this still, but with different feelings.

"I had at this time, simple as I seemed, many resources. I could in some sort 'play at bowls with the sun and moon,' or, at any rate, there was no question in metaphysics that I could not bandy to and fro, as one might play at cup and ball, for twenty, thirty, forty miles of the great North Road, and at it again, the next day, as fresh as ever. I soon get tired of this now, and wonder how I managed formerly."

Mr. Patmore, in his Recollections of this trip, says:—
"In going through the various apartments at Sir Richard

Colt Hoare's, I shall never forget the almost childish delight which Hazlitt exhibited at the sight of two or three of the chief favourites of his early days.

"On another day, while at Fonthill, we walked over to Salisbury (a distance of twelve miles) in a broiling sunshine; and I remember, on this occasion in particular, remarking the extraordinary physical as well as moral effect produced on Hazlitt by the sight and feel of the 'country!'"

CHAPTER X.

1824.

Second Marriage—Tour in France and Italy—Autobiography.

Mr. Patmore opens a notice of Charles Lamb with these words:—"My first introduction to Charles Lamb took place accidentally at the lodgings of William Hazlitt, in Down Street, Piccadilly, in 1824."

Mr. Hazlitt's first London abode was, as we know, 19, York Street, Westminster. He remained there from 1812 to about 1819. In the autumn of 1820 he removed to 9, Southampton Buildings; and now, in 1824, we find him migrated to the more fashionable locality of Piccadilly. His changes of residence after the abandonment of York Street were tolerably frequent, though not more so than Lamb's.

Wherever he was, there was sure to be no cessation of work. He was a most unpretermitting and indefatigable toiler. Mr. Patmore seems to have imagined that a couple of hours a day during a couple of days in each week was the extent of his subservience to pen-and-ink drudgery; but this writer is too fond of generalizing from particulars, and has in consequence over-

drawn and overcoloured what might have been a very life-like picture.

There was a second edition of 'Table Talk' in 1824; and Taylor and Hessey made terms with him for his 'Sketches of the Picture Galleries,' which formed a small volume of themselves, with the addition of a criticism on Hogarth's 'Marriage-à-la-Mode.' He gave an 'Essay on the Fine Arts' to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' this year; and in the July number of the 'Edinburgh Review' he had a paper on Shelley's 'Posthumous Poems,' which served to rekindle the indignation of Mr. Leigh Hunt. I have dwelt upon this subject in what appeared on the whole a more convenient place.

My grandfather had met accidentally in a stage-coach, in the course of his numerous excursions, a widow lady of the name of Bridgewater. She had gone out, as a girl, to a relation in Grenada, and was not many weeks in that place before she attracted the notice of Lieutenant-Colonel Bridgewater. They were married; but very shortly afterwards the colonel died, and his widow returned to Scotland, her native country.

"One of my earliest recollections," a gentleman writes to me, "when I was just at the age when one feels the full force of female loveliness, was a day passed in Miss Isabella ———'s charming presence, at my uncle's in Scotland, when she was about nineteen, and on her way to some relation in the island of Grenada. I believe she was of a very good family. . . . . It is so long ago that I do not remember her maiden name;

but she was connected somehow with an aunt of mine ——"

This is the most obscure period in my grandfather's whole history. All I know is that Mrs. Bridgewater became Mrs. Hazlitt; that they were married in the first half of 1824; and that, his new wife being a person of some property,* Mr. Hazlitt proposed to go with her on a tour through France and Italy, thus accomplishing what he had projected so far back as 1822, or even perhaps before Mr. Perry's† death in the previous year.

At the end of August, 1824, Mr. Hazlitt and his wife‡

* Mr. H. told Mr. Collier that she was *worth* £300 a year.

† Proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle.* Mr. H., as appears by my grandmother's diary, told her in 1822 that the journey had been planned, and he was afraid that he should lose the "job to Italy" through the delay in the proceedings at Edinburgh.

‡ My father joined them afterwards; he was at this time at school at the Rev. William Evans's, Park Wood, Tavistock. I have before me a letter from his mother to him, dated the 25th Sept., 1824. He was intrusted to the charge of Mr. John Hunt, with whom he went over to the Continent, but at what precise time he became one of the party, or where, I have no information. He was with them at Venice, however, and has not yet forgotten the silk curtains which hung in the rooms at Daniell's Hotel.

I have also a letter before me, which his grandmother addressed to him in July, while at Park Wood; it is the only specimen of her hand and composition I know; and I shall, for one or two reasons, subjoin it entire:—

"Alphington, July 21, 1824.
"My birthday, aged 78.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,*

"WE were all very glad to hear from you that you were well and happy; and also that your Father and Mrs. Hazlitt†

* My father.

† My grandfather and his second wife.

left London by the coach, and proceeded to Brighton, and from Brighton they took the boat to Dieppe. He

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were comfortable together. I wish your cousin Will * had a Father and Mother to take care of him, for *she* has left him at lodgings to take care of himself, and what they are about I cannot guess, for they have not written a line for some time to him or me, nor has Mary† written to Harriet‡ or Will, from Plymouth, where her visit must be nearly ended. Your Aunt met Mrs. Upham in Exeter, and she took her arm and inquired how I was. He made a bow, but spoke not, He remains very fond of the Child,§ which is very fortunate, and indeed every one must who has a feeling heart, for he is a most beautifull and engaging Child.

"We are all expecting you in a fortnight, and think it better to keep at one good school than changing. You will hear from your mama before you return, I suppose; I don't think she will write to us from where she is. We expect to be travelling to Crediton this day seven weeks, where we shall be glad to see you at C.mass. You see I cannot write straight, and I am tired, so you will excuse my writing more. Your Aunt and Miss E.‖ join me in kind love to you, your Father, and Mrs. Hazlitt.

"Tell Father to write to me by you, and now and then besides, and before he goes abroad; I don't like his going; so many die there; such stagnant waters surrounding the towns, and all over the country. We are reading Mrs. Piozzi's travels in Italy.

"I remain,
"My dear Child,
"Your affecttionate Grandmother,
"GRACE HAZLITT."

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* The only son of John Hazlitt.

† Mary, second daughter of the same.

‡ Harriet Hazlitt, eldest daughter of John Hazlitt.

§ Mrs. Upham's (Harriett Hazlitt's) son James, by her first husband, Captain Stewart.

‖ Miss Emmett, sister of Robert Emmett.

had a good passage in the steam-packet: it was on the 1st of September that he crossed. He shall speak for himself:—

"We had a fine passage in the steamboat (Sept. 1, 1824). Not a cloud—scarce a breath of air; a moon, and then starlight till the dawn, with rosy fingers, ushered us into Dieppe. Our fellow-passengers were pleasant and unobtrusive, an English party of the better sort. . . . . We had some difficulty in getting into the harbour, and had to wait till morning for the tide. I grew very tired, and threw the blame on the time lost in getting some restive horses on board; but found that if we had set out two hours sooner, we should only have had to wait two hours longer. . . . . In advancing up the steps to give the officers our passport, I was prevented by a young man and woman, who said they were before me; and on making a second attempt, an elderly gentleman and lady set up the same claim because they stood *behind* me. It seemed that a servant was waiting with passports for four. . . . . After a formal custom-house search, we procured admittance at Pratt's Hotel, where they said they had reserved a bed for a lady. . . . The window looked out on the bridge and on the river, which reflected the shipping and the houses, and we should have thought ourselves luckily off, but that the bed, which occupied a niche in the sitting-room, had that kind of odour which could not be mistaken for otto of roses."

From Dieppe they proceeded to Rouen.

"The distance from Dieppe to Rouen is thirty-six

miles, and we only paid eight francs, that is, six shillings and eightpence a-piece, with two francs more to the guide and postilion, which is not fourpence a mile, including all expenses. . . . . We arrived [at Rouen*] rather late, but were well received and accommodated at the Hôtel Vatel. My bad French by no means, however, conciliates the regard or increases the civility of the people on the road. . . . .

"At Rouen the walls of our apartment were bare, being mere lath-and-plaster, a huge cobweb hung in the window, the curtains were shabby and dirty, and the floor without carpeting or matting; but our table was well furnished, and in the English taste. . . . . We had a dinner at the Hôtel Vatel, a roast fowl, greens, and bacon, as plain, as sweet, and wholesome as we could get at an English farm-house. We had also pigeons, partridges, and other game, in excellent preservation, and kept quite clear of French receipts and odious ragoûts. . . . . A Mr. James Williams acted as our English interpreter while we stayed, and procured us places in the Paris Diligence, though it was said to be quite full. We have also heard that the packet we

* I have adopted the plan of introducing Mr. Hazlitt's own narrative of his journey as far as I can. It is well known that he printed the account from time to time in the *Morning Chronicle*, and that it was afterwards published in a volume under the title of 'Notes of a Journey through France and Italy.' By W. Hazlitt, 1826, 8vo. I confine my extracts to what is purely personal and autobiographical; but not a line is omitted which has the slightest bearing on the subject which I have in view. All the remainder of the book is more or less an *excursion*.

came over in blew up two days after, and that the passengers escaped in fishing-boats. . . . .

"They vaunt much of the *Lower Road* from Rouen to Paris; but it is not so fine as that from Dieppe to Rouen. . . . . During a long day's march (for I was too late, or rather too ill to go by the six o'clock morning Diligence) I got as tired of toiling under a scorching sun and over a dusty road as if I had been in England. Indeed, I could almost have fancied myself there, for I scarcely met with a human being to remind me of the difference. I at one time encountered a horseman mounted on a *demi-pique* saddle, in a half military uniform, who seemed determined to make me turn out of the side-path, or to ride over me. This looked a little English, though the man did not. . . . .

"Within half a mile of Louviers (which is seven leagues from Rouen) a Diligence passed me on the road at the full speed of a French Diligence, rolling and rumbling on its way over a paved road, with five clumsy-looking horses, and loaded to the top like a Plymouth van. I was to stop at Louviers, at the Hôtel de Mouton, and to proceed to Paris by the coach the next day, for I was told that there was no convenience onwards that day, and I own that this apparition of a Diligence in full sail, and in broad day (when I had understood that there were none but night coaches), surprised me. I was going to set it down in 'my tables' that there is no faith to be placed in what they say at French inns. I quickened my pace in hopes of overtaking it, while it

changed horses. The main street of Louviers appeared to me very long and uneven.

"On turning a corner, the Hôtel de Mouton opened its gates to receive me; the Diligence was a little farther on, with fresh horses just put in and ready to start (a critical and provoking dilemma). I hesitated a moment, and at last resolved to take my chance in the Diligence; and seeing Paris written on the outside, and being informed by *Monsieur le Conducteur* that I could stop at Evreux for the night, I took the rest for granted, and mounted in the cabriolet, where sat an English gentleman (one of those with whom I had come over in the steamboat), solitary and silent. My seating myself in the opposite corner of the cabriolet . . . . . did not break the solitude or the silence. . . . . We pretended not to recognize each other, and yet our saying nothing proved every instant that we were not French. At length, about half way, my companion opened his lips, and asked in thick, broken French, 'How far it was to Evreux?' I looked at him, and said in English, 'I did not know.' Not another word passed. . . . .

"At Evreux, I found I had gone quite out of my road, and that there was no conveyance to Paris till the same hour the next night. . . . . I bespoke a bed, and was shown into the common room, where I took coffee, and had what the Scotch call a *brandered fowl* for supper. The room was papered with marine landscapes, so that you seemed sitting in the open air, with boats and trees and the sea-shore all around you, and Telemachus and Calypso, figures landing or embarking on

halcyon seas. . . . . I tired everybody out by inquiring my best mode of getting on to Paris next day: and being slow to believe that my only way was to go back to Louviers, like a fool as I had come, a young Frenchman took compassion on my embarrassment, and offered to be my interpreter, 'as he spoke both languages.' He said, 'I must feel great pain in not being able to express myself.' I said, 'None, but in giving others the trouble to understand me.' He shook his head, I spoke much too fast for him; he apologised for not being able to follow me, from want of habit, though he said, 'he belonged to a society of twelve at Paris, where they spoke English every evening generally.' I said, 'we were well-matched,' and when this was explained to him, he repeated the word *matched* with a ludicrous air of distress, at finding there was an English phrase which was not familiarised to him 'in the society of twelve, where they spoke the English language generally every evening.'

"We soon came to a dead stand, and he turned to my English companion in the cabriolet, on whom he bestowed, for the rest of the evening, the tediousness of any 'society of twelve.' . . . .

"I returned to Louviers the next morning under the safe conduct of my former guide, where I arrived half-an-hour before the necessary time, found myself regularly booked for Paris, with five francs paid on account; and after a very comfortable breakfast. . . . . I took my place in the *fourth* place of the Diligence. Here I met with everything to annoy an Englishman. There

was a Frenchman in the coach who had a dog and a little boy with him, the last having a doll in his hands, which he insisted on playing with; or cried and screamed furiously if it was taken from him. . . . . In the coach, coming along, a Frenchman was curious to learn of a Scotch gentleman, who spoke very respectable French, whether Lord Byron was much regretted in England? . . . . .

"The first thing I did when I got to Paris was to go to the Louvre. It was indeed 'first and last and midst' in my thoughts. Well might it be so, for it had never been absent from them for twenty years. I had gazed myself almost blind in looking at the precious works of art it contained—should I not weep myself blind in looking at them again after a lapse of half a life, or on finding them gone. . . . . There were one or two pictures (old favourites) that I wished to see again, and that I was told still remained. I longed to know whether they were there, and whether they would look the same. It was fortunate I arrived when I did; for a week later the doors would have been shut against me, on occasion of the death of the king. . . . . One or two English stragglers alone were in it. The coolness and stillness were contrasted with the bustle, the heat, and the smell of the common apartments. My thoughts rushed in, and filled the empty space. Instead of the old Republican door-keepers, with their rough voices and affectation of equality, a servant in a court-livery stood at the gate.

"On presenting myself, I inquired if a Monsieur

Livernois (who had formerly ushered me into this region of enchantment) were still there; but he was gone or dead. My hesitation and foreign accent, with certain other appeals, procured me admittance. I passed on without further question. I cast a glance forward, and found that the Poussins were there. At the sight of the first which I distinctly recollected (a fine green landscape with stately ruins) the tears came into my eyes, and I passed an hour or two in that state of luxurious enjoyment which is the highest privilege of the mind of man. . . . . One picture of his [Poussin's] in particular drew my attention, which I had not seen before. It is an addition to the Louvre, and makes up for many a flaw in it. It is the Adam and Eve in Paradise, and it is all that Mr. Martin's picture of that subject is not. . . . . A landscape with a rainbow by Rubens (a rich and dazzling piece of colouring) that used to occupy a recess half way down the Louvre, was removed to the opposite side. The singular picture (the Defeat of Goliath, by Daniel Volterra) painted on both sides on slate, still retained its station in the middle of the room. It had hung there for twenty years unmolested. The Rembrandts keep their old places, and are as fine as ever. . . . . The Vandykes are more light and airy than ever. . . . . The Cardinal Bentivoglio (which I remember procuring especial permission to copy, and left untouched, because, after Titian's portraits, there was a want of interest in Vandyke's which I could not get over) is not there.*

* It is at Florence.—*Note* by W. H.

But in the Dutch division I found Weenix's game, the battle-piece of Wouvermans', and Ruysdael's sparkling woods and waterfalls without number. On these (I recollect as if it were yesterday) I used, after a hard day's work, and having tasked my faculties to the utmost, to cast a mingled glance of surprise and pleasure, as the light gleamed upon them through the high casement, and to take leave of them with a *non equidem invideo, miror magis.* . . . .

"Look at the portrait of a man in black, by Titian (No. 1210). . . . . It was there to meet me, after an interval of years, as if I had parted from it the instant before. Its keen, steadfast glance staggered me like a blow. It was the same—how was I altered! . I pressed towards it, as it were, to throw off a load of doubt from the mind, or as having burst through the obstacles of time and distance that had held me in torturing suspense. . . . ."

[It was a pure coincidence, that when Mr. Hazlitt arrived at Paris, he found by accident that his first wife was staying there, and had been doing so since July. Her "fondness for money," with which he twitted her in 1822, was still as strong as ever, and he had to supply her with some. They met once or twice at public buildings, not at all by appointment, but casually, and exchanged civilities. How unique all this was!

She still kept up her correspondence and affectionate intercourse with the Rev. Mr. Hazlitt's family at

Crediton. In a letter to Peggy, of July 21, 1824, she says:—"I am very near the Louvre, and have been there once. But I mean to visit it often if I can, though it is at present shut up, in order to hang up some pictures of living artists. I was very sorry to find that the Transfiguration, Tancred and Clorinda, and most of those that William copied, were gone. It was quite a disappointment to me. . . . ."

In another to her son, of September 4, 1824, she writes:—"If I understand you right, your father intends remaining abroad for a year or more. . . . . God bless you, my son; be a good child, and make all the progress you can in your learning, that you may be able to make your way respectably in the world, and be a comfort to me, and every one connected with you. I would endeavour to bring you home some trifle if I knew anything you particularly wished for, but I do not. If you think of anything, mention it. . . . ."]

"The theatre is the throne of the French character, where it is mounted on its pedestal of pride, and seen to every advantage. I like to contemplate it there, for it reconciles me to them, and to myself. It is a common and amicable ground on which we meet. . . . .

"The *conducteur* of the diligence from Rouen confirmed me agreeably in my theory of the philosophical character of the French physiognomy. With large grey eyes, and drooping eye-lids, prominent distended nostrils, a fine Fénélon expression of countenance, and a mouth open and eloquent, with furrowed lines twisted

round it like whipcord, he stood on the steps of the coach, and harangued to the gentlemen within on the *bêtise* of some *voyageur Anglais* with the air of a professor, and in a deep sonorous voice, worthy of an oration of Bossuet. . . . .

"I cannot help adding here, that a French gentleman (*un Rentier*), who lodges in the hotel opposite to me, passes his time in reading all the morning—dines, plays with his children after dinner, and takes a hand at backgammon with an old *gouvernante* in the evening. . . . . This looks like domestic comfort, and internal resources. How many disciples of Rò[u]sseau's Emilius are there in France at the present day? I knew one twenty years ago. . . . .

"I remember some years ago, a young French artist in the Louvre, who was making a chalk-drawing of a small Virgin and Child, by Leonardo da Vinci; and he took eleven weeks to complete it, sitting with his legs astride over a railing, looking up and talking to those about him—consulting their opinion as to his unwearied imperceptible progress—going to the fire to warm his hands, and returning to *perfectionate himself!* . . . . Another student had undertaken to copy the Titian's Mistress, and the method he took to do it was to parcel out his canvas into squares like an engraver, after which he began very deliberately, not with the face or hair, but with the first square in the right-hand corner of the picture, containing a piece of an old table. . . . .

"A French dwarf, exhibited in London some years ago, and who had the misfortune to be born a mere

trunk, grew enraged at the mention of another dwarf as a rival in bodily imperfection, and after insisting that the other had both hands and feet, exclaimed, emphatically, '*Mais moi, je suis unique.*' My old acquaintance (Dr. Stoddart) used formerly to recount this trait of French character very triumphantly; but then it was in war-time. . . . .

"I saw three very clever comic actors at the Theatre des Varietés, on the Boulevards, all quite different from each other, but quite French. One was *Le Peintre*, who acted a master-printer; and he *was* a master-printer—so bare, so dingy, and so wan, that he might be supposed to have lived on printer's ink, and on a crust of dry bread, cut with an *oniony* knife. . . . . Another was *Odry* (I believe), who, with his blue coat, gold-laced hat, and corpulent belly, resembled a jolly, swaggering, good-humoured parish officer, or the boatswain of an English man-of-war. . . . . Monsieur Potier played an old lover, and, till he was dressed, looked like an old French cookshop-keeper. The old beau transpired through his finery afterwards. . . . . I could not help taking notice, that during his breakfast, and while he is sipping his coffee, he never once ceases talking to his valet. . . . .

"My favourite walk in Paris is to the Garden of the Tuileries. Paris differs from London in this respect, that it has no suburbs. The moment you are beyond the barriers, you are in the country to all intents and purposes. . . . . The superfluous population is pared off, like the pie-crust by the circumference of the dish;

even on the crust side—not a hundred yards from the barrier of Neuilly—you see an old shepherd tending his flock, with his dog, and his crook, and sheepskin cloak, just as if it were a hundred miles off, or a hundred years ago. It was so twenty years ago. I went again to see if it was the same yesterday. The old man was gone; but there was his flock by the road-side, and a dog and a boy, grinning with white healthy teeth, like one of Murillo's beggar-boys. It was a bright frosty morn. . . . .

"The road I speak of, frequented by English jockeys and French market-women, riding between panniers, leads down to the Bois de Boulogne on the left, a delicious retreat, covered with copsewood for fuel, and intersected with greensward paths and shady alleys, running for miles in opposite directions, and terminating in a point of inconceivable brightness.

"Some of the woods on the borders of Wiltshire and Hampshire present exactly the same appearance, with the same delightful sylvan paths through them. . . . .

"It was winter when I used to wander through the Bois de Boulogne formerly. . . . .

"I have already mentioned the Père-la-Chaise—the Catacombs I have not seen, nor have I the least wish. But I have been to the top of Montmartre, and intend to visit it again. . . . .

"I would go a pilgrimage to see the St. Peter Martyr, or the Jacob's Dream, by Rembrandt, or Raphael's cartoons, or some of Claude's landscapes;

but I would not go far out of my way to see the Apollo, or the Venus, or the Laocoon. [He is comparing painting with sculpture.] . . . .

"The French Opera is a splendid, but a comparatively empty theatre. It is nearly as large (I should think) as the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and is in a semicircular form. The pit (the evening I was there) was about half full of men in their black, dingy, *sticky*-looking dresses; and there were a few plainly-dressed women in the boxes. . . . . It was not so in Rousseau's time, for these very *Loges* were filled with the most beautiful women of the court, who came to see his 'Devin du Village', and whom he heard murmuring around him in the softest accents—'*Tous ces sons-la vont au cœur!*' . . . . .

"I found but little at the Royal Academy of Music to carry off this general dulness of effect, either through the excellence or novelty of the performance. A Mademoiselle Noel (who seems to be a favourite) made her *début* in 'Dido.' . . . . *Æneas* and *Iarbas* were represented by Messrs. Mourritt and Derivis. . . . .

"I had leisure during this *otiose* performance to look around me, and as 'it is my vice to spy into abuses,' the first thing that struck me was the prompter. Any Frenchman, who has that sum at his disposal, should give ten thousand francs a year for this situation. It must be a source of ecstasy to him. For not an instant was he quiet—tossing his hands in the air, darting them to the other side of the score which he held before him in front of the stage, snapping his fingers,

nodding his head, beating time with his feet. . . . . Not far from this restless automaton . . . . . sat an old gentleman, in front of the pit, with his back to me, a white-powdered head, the curls sticking out behind, and a coat of the finest black. This was all I saw of him for some time: he did not once turn his head or shift his position, any more than a wig and coat stuck upon a barber's block—till I suddenly missed him, and soon after saw him seated on the opposite side of the house, his face as yellow and hard as a piece of mahogany, but without expressing either pleasure or pain. Neither the fiddlers' elbows nor the dancers' legs moved him one jot. His fiddling fancies and his dancing days were flown, and had left this shadow, this profile, this mummy of a French gentleman of the old *régime*, behind.

"Of all things that I see here, it surprises me the most that the French should fancy they can dance. To dance is to move with grace and harmony to music. But the French, whether men or women, have no idea of dancing but that of moving with agility, and of distorting their limbs in every possible way, till they really alter the structure of the human form. . . . .

"I was told I ought to see 'Nina, or La Folle par Amour,' at the Salle Louvois, or Italian Theatre. If I went for that purpose, it would be rather with a wish than from any hope of seeing it better done. I went, however. . . . . It was to see the 'Gazza Ladra.' The house was full, the evening sultry, a hurry and bustle in the lobbies, an eagerness in the looks of the assem-

bled crowd. The audience seemed to be in earnest, and to have imbibed an interest from the place. . . . . Signora Mombelli played the humble, but interesting heroine, charmingly, with truth, simplicity, and feeling. Her voice is neither rich nor sweet, but it is clear as a bell. Signor Pellegrini played the Intriguing Magistrate with a solemnity and farcical drollery that I would not swear is much inferior to Liston. But I swear that Brunet (whom I saw the other night, and had seen before without knowing it) is not equal to Liston. . . . . A girl in the gallery (an Italian by her complexion, and from her interest in the part) was crying bitterly at the story of the 'Maid and the Magpie,' while three Frenchmen, in the *Troisième Loge*, were laughing at her the whole of the time. I said to one of them, 'It was not a thing to laugh at, but to admire.' He turned away, as if the remark did not come within his notions of sentiment."

[My grandfather, while at Paris, continued to transmit periodically an account of his doings to the *Morning Chronicle*. He was already in treaty for the appearance of the series of papers in a collective shape. The first Mrs. Hazlitt, writing from Paris on the 25th September, 1824, to her son (my father) at school, says:—"He did not agree with Taylor and Hessey about the book at last, so that he will sell it to the best bidder on his return. Meanwhile it is coming out in numbers in the *Morning Chronicle*." He, however, opened a negotiation with Mr. John Hunt, and in a letter of the

4th November, 1824, Mr. Henry Leigh Hunt, Mr. John Hunt's son, writes as follows:—

"My father would like much to publish your volume himself, and would endeavour to comply with the condition. He will thank you to say what sum (in all) you expect for the copyright; and he will then write to you finally on the subject."

He was also busy for the 'New Monthly,' upon a serial entitled 'The Spirit of the Age;' and Lamb, in a letter to Sir John Stoddart at Malta, says:—"Hazlitt is resident at Paris, whence he pours his lampoons in safety at his friends in England; he has his boy with him. . . . ."

He still saw Mrs. Hazlitt the First occasionally, and on her leaving for England, she found that she was short of money. "If you wish to write to your father," she says to her son, under date of September 25, 1824, "his address is, 'A Monsieur, Monsieur Hazlitt, Hôtel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne, Paris.' Your father talked of sending some money by me, but found himself rather short. He could only spare *me* two napoleons of what he owed."*

Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt also received a visit at their rooms at the Hôtel des Etrangers from the gentleman, whom I have already have had occasion to mention, as

* My grandmother returned, and went down to stop with old Mrs. Hazlitt, at Alphington, where she was after this a frequent visitor. Miss Lamb, in a letter to Lady Stoddart, written at the end of 1824, says: "I have not heard from Mrs. Hazlitt a long time; I believe she is still with Hazlitt's mother in Devonshire."

having been acquainted with Mrs. Hazlitt before she was married to Colonel Bridgewater.

This gentleman writes to me: "Having heard that she was in Paris, and married to your grandfather, I found her out, when I was passing a few weeks [there], being very desirous of renewing my acquaintance with my former *flame* of *one day*, and to see Mr. H., many of whose works I had read with much delight. *She* told me she never saw him take a fancy, such a fancy, for any one as he did for me. I suppose this was because he found me a capital listener; and perhaps talking through my tube, with which I could hear very well in those days, gave a new sort of fillip to his thoughts. Once when I dined with them, he drank three or four basins of tea, and dissertated most charmingly from six o'clock till two in the morning, and was my cicerone in the Louvre one day from ten till four. His conversation on that day I thought better than any *book* I had ever read on the *Art Pictorial*. . . . ." "He was more striking and eloquent even," my informant assures me, referring to the day in the Louvre, "than his printed pages. In the Louvre it was not a *sederunt*, but a peripatetic dissertation, and most admirable it was. . . . ."]

CHAPTER XI.

1825.

The subject pursued—From Paris to Fontainbleau, Montargis, Lyons, &c.—Autobiography *continued.*

"We left Paris in the Diligence, and arrived at Fontainbleau the first night. The accommodations at the inn were indifferent, and not cheap. . . . . We walked forward a mile or two before the coach on the road to Montargis. It presents a long, broad, and stately avenue, without a turning as far as the eye can reach, and is skirted on each side by a wild, woody, rocky scenery. . . . . The day was dull, but quite mild, though in the middle of January. . . . .

"When the Diligence came up, and we took our seats in the *coupé*, ... we found a French lady occupying the third place in it, whose delight at our entrance was as great as if we had joined her on some desert island, and whose mortification was distressing when she learnt we were not going the whole way with her. She complained of the cold of the night air; but this she seemed to dread less than the want of company. She said she had been deceived, for she had been told

the coach was full, and was in despair that she should not have a soul to speak to all the way to Lyons. We got out, notwithstanding, at the inn at Montargis, where we met with a very tolerable reception, and were waited on at supper by one of those Maritormeses that perfectly astonish an English traveller. Her joy at our arrival was as extreme as if her whole fortune depended on it. She laughed, danced, sang, fairly sprang into the air, bounded into the room, nearly overset the table, hallooed and talked as loud as if she had been alternately ostler and chambermaid. . . . . The mistress of the inn, however, was a little peaking, pining woman, with her face wrapped up in flannel, and not quite so inaccessible to nervous impressions; and when I asked the girl, 'What made her speak so loud?' she answered for her, 'To make people deaf.' . . . .

"We staid here till one o'clock on Sunday (the 16th) waiting the arrival of the Lyonnais, in which we had taken our places forward, and which I thought would never arrive. . . . . These gentlemen [the proprietors of the coach Lyonnais at Fontainebleau] came to me after I had paid for two places as far as Nevers, to ask me to resign them in favour of two Englishmen, who wished to go the whole way, and to re-engage them for the following evening. I said I could not do that; but as I had a dislike to travelling at night, I would go on to Montargis by some other conveyance, and proceed by the Lyonnais, which would arrive there at eight or nine on Sunday morning, as far as I could that night. I set out on the faith of this understanding.

"I had some difficulty in finding the office *sur la place*, to which I had been directed, and which was something between a stable, a kitchen, and a cookshop. I was led to it by a shabby *double* or counterpart of the Lyonnais, which stood before the door, empty, dirty, bare of luggage, waiting the Paris one, which had not yet arrived. It drove into town four hours afterwards, with three foundered *hacks*, with the *conducteur* and postillion for its complement of passengers, the last occupying the left-hand corner of the *coupé* in solitary state. . . .

"He seized upon me and my trunks as lawful prize: he afterwards insisted on my going forward in the middle of the night to Lyons (contrary to my agreement), and I was obliged to comply, or to sleep upon trusses of straw in a kind of outhouse. We quarrelled incessantly, but I could not help laughing, for he sometimes looked like my old acquaintance Dr. Stoddart, and sometimes like my friend A—— H ——, of Edinburgh. . . . .

"He said we should reach Lyons the next evening, and we got there twenty-four hours after the time. He told me, for my comfort, the reason of his being so late was that two of his horses had fallen down dead on the road. He had to raise relays of horses all the way, as if we were travelling through a hostile country; quarrelled with all his postilions about an abatement of a few sous; and once our horses were arrested in the middle of the night by a farmer who refused to trust him; and he had to go before the Mayor as soon as day broke. We were quizzed by the post-boys, the innkeepers, the peasants all along the road, as a shabby

concern, and our *conducteur* bore it all, like another *Candide*.

"We stopped at all the worst inns in the outskirts of the towns, where nothing was ready; or when it was, was not eatable. The second morning we were to breakfast at Moulins. When we alighted, our guide told us it was eleven: the clock in the kitchen pointed to three. As he laughed in my face, when I complained of his misleading me, I told him that he was '*un impudent*,' and this epithet sobered him the rest of the way.

"As we left Moulins, the crimson clouds of evening streaked the west, and I had time to think of Sterne's 'Maria.' The people at the inn, I suspect, had never heard of her. There was no trace of romance about the house. Certainly, mine was not a Sentimental Journey. . . . . Is the story of Maria the worse because I am travelling a dirty road in a rascally Diligence?

"At Palisseau (the road is rich in melodramatic recollections) it became pitch-dark; you could not see your hand; I entreated to have the lamp lighted; our *conducteur* said it was broken (*cassè*). With much persuasion, and the ordering a bottle of their best wine, which went round among the people at the inn, we got a lantern with a rushlight in it; but the wind soon blew it out, and we went on our way darkly; the road lay over a high hill, with the loose muddy bottom between two hedges, and as we did not attempt to trot or gallop, we came safe to the level ground on the other side.

"We breakfasted at Rouane, where we were first shown into the kitchen, while they were heating a suffo-

cating stove in a squalid *salle-à-manger*. There, while I was sitting half dead with cold and fatigue, a boy came and scraped a wooden dresser close at my ear, with a noise to split one's brain, and with true French *nonchalance*; and a portly landlady, who had risen just as we had done breakfasting, ushered us to our carriage with the airs and graces of a Madame Maintenon. . . . .

"In crossing the bridge at Rouane the sun shone brightly on the river and shipping, which had a busy, cheerful aspect; and we began to ascend the Bourbonnois under more flattering auspices. We got out and walked slowly up the winding road. I found that the morning air refreshed and braced my spirits; and that even the continued fatigue of the journey, which I had dreaded as a hazardous experiment, was a kind of seasoning to me. I was less exhausted than the first day. . . . .

"As we loitered up the long winding ascent of the road from Rouane, we occasionally approached the brink of some Alpine declivity, tufted with pine-trees, and noticed the white villas, clustering and scattered. . . . .

"Tarare is a neat little town, famous for the manufacture of serges and calicoes. We had to stop here for three-quarters of an hour, waiting for fresh horses, and as we sat in the *coupé* in this helpless state, the horses taken out, the sun shining in, and the wind piercing through every cranny of the broken panes and rattling sash-windows, the postilion came up and demanded to know if we were English, as there were two English gentlemen who would be glad to see us. I excused my-

self from getting out, but said I should be happy to speak to them. Accordingly, my informant beckoned to a young man in black, who was standing at a little distance in a state of anxious expectation, and coming to the coach-door said he presumed we were from London, and that he had taken the liberty to pay his respects to us. His friend, he said, who was staying with him, was ill in bed, or he would have done himself the same pleasure. He had on a pair of wooden clogs, turned up and pointed at the toes in the manner of the country (which he recommended to me as useful for climbing the hills if ever I should come into those parts), warm worsted mittens, and had a thin, genteel shivering aspect. I expected every moment he would tell me his name or business; but all I learnt was that he and his friend had been here some time, and that they could not get away till spring. . . . .

"Our delay at Tarare had deprived us of nearly an hour of daylight; and, besides, the miserable foundered jades of horses, that we had to get on in this paragon of diligences, were quite unequal to the task of dragging it up and down the hills on the road to Lyons, which was still twenty miles distant. The night was dark, and we had no light. I found it was quite hopeless when we should reach our journey's end (if we did not break our necks by the way), and that both were matters of very great indifference to Mons. *le Conducteur*, who was only bent on saving the pockets of Messieurs his employers, and who had no wish, like me, to see the Vatican! . . . .

"We arrived in safety at Lyons at eleven o'clock at night, and were conducted to the Hôtel des Couriers, where we, with some difficulty, procured a lodging and a supper, and were attended by a brown, greasy, dark-haired, good-humoured, awkward gipsy of a wench from the south of France, who seemed just caught; stared and laughed, and forgot every thing she went for; could not help exclaiming every moment—'*Que madame a le peau blanc!*' from the contrast to her own dingy complexion and dirty skin; took a large brass pan of scalding milk, came and sat down by me on a bundle of wood, and drank it; said she had no supper, for her head ached; and declared the English were *braves gens*, and that the Bourbons were *bons enfants;* started up to look through the key-hole, and whispered through her broad stray-set teeth, that a fine madam was descending the staircase, who had been to dine with a great gentleman; offered to take away the supper things, left them, and called us the next morning with her head and senses in a state of even greater confusion than they were over-night. . . . .

"Here is the 'Hôtel de Nôtre-Dame de Piété,' which is shown to you as the inn where Rousseau stopped on his way to Paris, when he went to overturn the French monarchy by the force of style. I thought of him as we came down the mountain of Tarare, in his gold-laced hat, and with his *jet-d'eau* playing. . . . . At Lyons I saw this inscription over a door: *Ici on trouve le seul et unique depôt de l'encre sans pareil et incorruptible*—which appeared to me to contain the whole

secret of French poetry. I went into a shop to buy M. Martine's 'Death of Socrates,' which I saw in the window, but they would neither let me have that copy, nor get me another. . . . . While I was waiting for an answer, a French servant in livery brought in four volumes of the 'History of a Foundling,' an improved translation, in which it was said the *morceaux* written by M. de la Place were restored. I was pleased to see my old acquaintance Tom Jones, with his French coat on. Leigh Hunt tells me that M. Casimir de la Vigne is a great Bonapartist, and talks of the 'tombs of the brave.' He said I might form some idea of M. Martine's attempts to be great and *unfrenchified* by the frontispiece to one of his poems, in which a young gentleman in an heroic attitude is pointing to the sea in a storm, with his other hand round a pretty girl's waist. I told Hunt this poet had lately married a lady of fortune. He said, 'That's the girl.' He also said very well, I thought, that 'the French seemed born to puzzle the Germans.' . . . .

"There was a Diligence next day for Turin, over Mont Cenis, which went only twice a week (stopping at night), and I was glad to secure (as I thought) two places in the interior, at seventy francs a seat, for 240 miles. The fare from Paris to Lyons, a distance of 360 miles, was only fifty francs each, which is four times as cheap; but the difference was accounted for to me from there being no other conveyance, which was an arbitrary reason, and from the number and expense of horses necessary to drag a heavy double coach over

mountainous roads. Besides, it was a royal messagerie, and I was given to understand that Messrs. Bonnafoux paid the King of Sardinia a thousand crowns a year for permission to run a Diligence through his territories.

"The knave of a waiter (I found) had cheated me; and that from Chambery there was only one place in the interior, and one in the *coupé*. . . . . I had no other resource, however, having paid my four pounds in advance, at the overpressing instances of the *garçon*, but to call him a *coquin* (which, being a Milanese, was not quite safe), to throw out broad hints (*à l'Anglais*) of a collusion between him and the office, and to arrange as well as I could with the *conducteur*, that I and my fellow-traveller should not be separated.

"I would advise all English people travelling abroad to take their own places at coach-offices, and not to trust to waiters, who will make a point of tricking them, both as a principle and pastime; and further to procure letters of recommendation (in case of disagreeable accidents on the road), for it was a knowledge of this kind, namely, that I had a letter of introduction to one of the professors of the College at Lyons, that procured me even the trifling concession above mentioned. . . . .

"Annoyed at the unfair way in which we had been treated, and at the idea of being left to the mercy of the *conducteur*, we took our seats numerically in the royal Diligence of Italy, at seven in the evening

(January 20 [1825]), and for some time suffered the extreme penalties of a French stage-coach. . . . .

"Not only were the six places in the interior all taken, and all full, but they had suspended a wicker-basket (like a hencoop) from the top of the coach, stuffed with fur-caps, hats, overalls, and different parcels, so as to make it impossible to move one way or other, and to stop every remaining breath of air. . . . .

"At midnight we found we had gone only nine miles in five hours, as we had been climbing a gradual ascent from the time we had set out, which was our first essay in mountain scenery. . . . . The heat became less insupportable as the noise and darkness subsided. . . . .

"At daybreak, the pleasant farms, the thatched cottages, and sloping valleys of Savoy attracted our notice, and I was struck with the resemblance to England (to some parts of Devonshire and Somersetshire in particular), a discovery which I imparted to my fellow-travellers with a more lively enthusiasm than it was received. . . . .

"At Pont Beau-Voisin, the frontier town of the King of Sardinia's dominions, we stopped to breakfast, and to have our passports and luggage examined at the Barrier and Custom House. I breakfasted with the Spaniard, who invited himself to our tea-party, and complimented madame (in broken English) on the excellence of her performance. We agreed between ourselves that the Spaniards and English were very much superior to the French. I found he had a taste for the fine arts, and I spoke of Murillo and Velasquez

as two excellent Spanish painters. 'Here was sympathy.' I also spoke of Don Quixote. 'Here was more sympathy.' What a thing it is to have produced a work that makes friends of all the world that have read it, and that all the world have read! . . . . .

"We were summoned from our tea and patriotic effusions to attend the *Douane*. It was striking to have to pass and repass the piquets of soldiers stationed as a guard on bridges across narrow mountain-streams that a child might leap over. After some slight dalliance with our greatcoat pockets, and significant gestures that we might have things of value about us that we should not, we proceeded to the Custom House. I had two trunks. One contained books. When it was unlocked, it was as if the lid of Pandora's box flew open. There could not have been a more sudden start or expression of surprise had it been filled with cartridge-paper or gunpowder.

"Books were the corrosive sublimate that eat out despotism and priestcraft. . . . . A box full of them was a contempt of the constituted authorities; and the names of mine were taken down with great care and secrecy. Lord Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning' Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' De Stutt-Tracey's 'Ideologie' (which Bonaparte said ruined his Russian expedition), Mignet's 'French Revolution' (which wants a chapter on the English government), 'Sayings and Doings,' with pencil notes in the margin, 'Irving's Orations,' the same, an 'Edinburgh Review,' some *Morning Chronicles*, the 'Literary Examiner,' a collection of

poetry, a volume bound in crimson velvet [the *Liber Amoris*], and the Paris edition of 'Table-talk' [Paris, Galignani, 1825, 8vo., a copy bound in vellum].

"Here was some questionable matter enough—but no notice was taken. My box was afterwards corded and *leaded* with equal gravity and politeness, and it was not till I arrived at Turin that I found it was a prisoner of state, and would be forwarded to me anywhere I chose to mention out of his Sardinian Majesty's dominions. . . . .

"It was noon as we returned to the inn, and we first caught a full view of the Alps over a plashy meadow, some feathery trees, and the tops of the houses of the village in which we were. It was a magnificent sight, and in truth a new sensation. Their summits were bright with snow and with the mid-day sun; they did not seem to stand upon the earth, but to prop the sky; they were at a considerable distance from us, and yet appeared just over our heads. The surprise seemed to take away our breath, and to lift us from our feet. It was drinking the empyrean.

"As we could not long retain possession of our two places in the interior, I proposed to our guide to exchange them for the cabriolet; and, after some little chaffering and candid representations of the outside passengers of the cold we should have to encounter, we were installed there to our great satisfaction, and the no less contentment of those whom we succeeded.

"Indeed I had no idea that we should be steeped in these icy valleys at three o'clock in the morning, or I

might have hesitated. The view was cheering, the air refreshing, and I thought we should set off each morning about seven or eight. But it is part of the *scavoir vivre* in France, and one of the methods of adding to the *agrémens* of travelling, to set out three hours before daybreak in the depth of winter, and stop two hours about noon, in order to arrive early in the evening.

"With all the disadvantages of preposterous hours, and of intense cold, pouring into the cabriolet like water the two first mornings, I cannot say I repented of my bargain. We had come a thousand miles to see the Alps for one thing, and we *did* see them in perfection, which we could not have done inside. . . . .

"We came to Echelles, where we changed horses with great formality and preparation, as if setting out on some formidable expedition. Six large, strong-boned horses with high haunches (used to ascend and descend mountains) were put to, the rope-tackle was examined and repaired, and our two postilions mounted and remounted more than once before they seemed willing to set off, which they did at last at a hand-gallop, that was continued for some miles. . . . .

"Night was falling as we entered the superb tunnel cut through the mountain at La Grotte (a work attributed to Victor Emanuel, with the same truth that Falstaff took to himself the merit of the death of Hotspur), and its iron floor rang, the whips cracked, and the roof echoed to the clear voice of our intrepid postilion as we dashed through it. . . . . We had nearly reached the end of our day's journey when we dismissed

our two fore-horses and their rider, to whom I presented a trifling *douceur* 'for the sake of his good voice and cheerful countenance.' . . . .

"We arrived at Chambery in the dusk of the evening; and there is surely a charm in the name, and in that of the Charmettes near it. . . . . We alighted at the inn fatigued enough, and were delighted on being shown to a room to find the floor of wood, and English teacups and saucers. We were in Savoy.

"We set out early next morning, and it was the most trying part of our whole journey. The wind cut like a scythe through the valleys, and a cold, icy feeling struck from the sides of the snowy precipices that surrounded us; so that we seemed enclosed in a huge well of mountains. We got to St. Jean de Maurienne to breakfast about noon, where the only point agreed upon appeared to be to have nothing ready to receive us. . . . .

"We arrived at St. Michelle at nightfall (after passing through beds of ice and the infernal regions of cold), where we met with a truly hospitable reception, with wood floors in the English fashion, and where they told us the King of England had stopped. This made no sort of difference to me.

"We breakfasted the next day (being Sunday) at Lans-le-Bourg. . . . . We were now at the foot of Mont Cenis, and after breakfast we set off on foot before the Diligence, which was to follow us in half-an-hour. We passed a melancholy-looking inn at the end of the town, professing to be kept by an Englishman, but there ap-

peared to be nobody about the place. . . . . We found two of our fellow-travellers following our example, and they soon after overtook us. They were both French.

"We noticed some of the features of the scenery, and a lofty hill opposite to us being scooped out into a bed of snow, with two ridges or promontories (something like an arm-chair) on each side, '*Voilà!*' said the younger and more volatile of our companions, '*c'est un trône, et la nuage est la gloire!*'—a white cloud indeed encircled its misty top. I complimented him on the happiness of his allusion, and said that Madame was pleased with the exactness of the resemblance. . . . .

"All the way as we ascended there were red posts placed at the edge of the road, ten or twelve feet in height, to point out the direction of the road in case of a heavy fall of snow, and with notches cut to show the depth of the drifts. There were also scattered stone hovels, erected as stations for the *gens-d'armes*, who were sometimes left here for several days together after a severe snow-storm, without being approached by a single human being.

"One of these stood near the top of the mountain, and as we were tired of the walk (which had occupied two hours) and of the uniformity of the view, we agreed to wait here for the Diligence to overtake us.

"We were cordially welcomed in by a young peasant (a soldier's wife), with a complexion as fresh as the winds, and an expression as pure as the mountain snows. The floor of this rude tenement consisted of the solid rock; and a three-legged table stood on it, on which

were placed three earthen bowls filled with sparkling wine, heated on a stove, with sugar. . . . . I shall not soon forget the rich ruby colour of the wine, as the sun shone upon it through a low glazed window that looked out on the boundless wastes around, nor its grateful spicy smell, as we sat round it. . . . .

"The coach shortly after overtook us. We descended a long and steep declivity with the highest point of Mont Cenis on our left, and a lake to the right, like a landing-place for geese. . . . . The snow on this side of the mountain was nearly gone. I supposed myself for some time nearly on level ground till we came in view of several black chasms or steep ravines in the side of the mountain facing us. . . . . Long after we continued to descend, and came at length to a small village at the bottom of a sweeping line of road, where the houses seemed like dove-cotes with the mountains' back reared like a wall behind them, and which I thought the termination of our journey. But here the wonder and the greatness began. . . . . It was not till we entered Susa, with its fine old drawbridge and castellated walls, that we found ourselves on *terra firma*, or breathed common air again. At the inn at Susa we first perceived the difference of Italian manners; and the next day [we] arrived at Turin, after passing over thirty miles of the straightest, flattest, and dullest road in the world.

"Here we stopped two days to recruit our strength and look about us."

CHAPTER XII.

1825.

Turin and Florence — Autobiography *continued* (January, February).

"My arrival at Turin was the first and only moment of intoxication I have found in Italy. It is a city of palaces. After a change of dress . . . . . I walked out, and traversing several clean, spacious streets, came to a promenade outside the town, from which I saw the chain of Alps we had left behind us, rising like a range of marble pillars in the evening sky. . . . . I could distinguish the broad and rapid Po winding along at the other extremity of the walk, through vineyards and meadow grounds. The trees had on that deep sad foliage which takes a mellower tinge from being prolonged into the midst of winter, and which I had only seen in pictures. A monk was walking in a solitary grove at a little distance from the common path. The air was soft and balmy, and I felt transported to another climate—another earth—another sky. The winter was suddenly changed to spring. It was as if I had to begin my life anew. . . . .

"I returned to the inn (the *Pension Suisse*) in high

spirits, and made a most luxuriant dinner. We had a wild duck equal to what we had in Paris, and the grapes were the finest I ever tasted. Afterwards we went to the opera, and saw a *ballet of action* (out-Heroding Herod), with all the extravagance of incessant dumb-show and noise, the glittering of armour, the burning of castles, the clattering of horses on and off the stage, and heroines like furies in hysterics. Nothing at Bartholomew Fair was ever in worse taste, noisier or finer. . . . .

"We were at the back of the pit, in which there was only standing room, and leaned against the first row of boxes, full of the Piedmontese nobility, who talked fast and loud in their harsh guttural dialect in spite of the repeated admonitions of 'a gentle usher, Authority by name,' who every five seconds hissed some lady of quality and high breeding whose voice was heard with an *éclat* above all the rest. . . . .

"The only annoyance I found at Turin was the number of beggars, who are stuck against the walls like fixtures. . . . .

"We were fortunate enough to find a voiture going from Geneva to Florence with an English lady and her niece. I bargained for the two remaining places for ten guineas, and the journey turned out pleasantly, I believe, to all parties; I am sure it did so to us. We were to be eight days on the road, and to stop two days to rest, once at Parma and once at Bologna, to see the pictures.

"Having made this arrangement, I was proceeding

over the bridge towards the Observatory that commands a view of the town and the whole surrounding country, and had quite forgotten that I had such a thing as a passport to take with me. I found, however, I had no fewer than four signatures to procure, besides the six that were already tacked to my passport, before I could proceed, and which I had some difficulty in obtaining in time to set out on the following morning. The hurry I was thrown into by this circumstance prevented me from seeing some fine Rembrandts, Spagnolettos, and Caraccis, which I was told are to be found in the palace of Prince Carignani and elsewhere. . . . .

"The next morning was clear and frosty, and the sun shone bright into the windows of the voiture as we left Turin, and proceeded for some miles at a gentle pace along the banks of the Po. . . . . We breakfasted at the first town we came to, in two separate English groups, and I could not help being struck with the manner of our reception at an Italian inn, which had an air of indifference, insolence, and hollow swaggering about it, as much as to say, 'Well, what do you think of us Italians? Whatever you think we care very little about the matter!' . . . . . The room smoked, and the waiter insisted on having the windows and the door open, in spite of my remonstrances to the contrary. He flung in and out of the room as if he had a great opinion of himself, and wished to express it by a *braggadocio* air.

"The partridges, coffee, cheese, and grapes, on which we breakfasted *à la fourchette*, were, however, excellent.

I said so, but the acknowledgment seemed to be considered as superfluous by our attendant, who received five francs for his master, and one for himself, with an air of condescending patronage. . . . . Such was my first impression of Italian inns and waiters; and I have seen nothing since materially to alter it. . . . .

"In Switzerland and Savoy you are waited on by women, in Italy by men. I cannot say I like the exchange. From Turin to Florence only one girl entered the room, and she (not to mend the matter) was a very pretty one. I was told at the office of Messrs. Bonnafoux, at Turin, that travelling to Rome by a vetturino was highly dangerous, and that their diligence was guarded by four carabineers, to defend it from the banditti. I saw none, nor the appearance of anything that looked like a robber, except a bare-foot friar, who suddenly sprang out of a hedge by the roadside, with a somewhat wild and haggard appearance, which a little startled me. . . . .

"We had left the Alps behind us, the white tops of which we still saw scarcely distinguishable from ridges of rolling clouds, and that seemed to follow us like a formidable enemy, and almost enclose us in a semicircle; and we had the Apennines in front, that, gradually emerging from the horizon, opposed their undulating barrier to our future progress, with shadowy shapes of danger, and Covigliaio lurking in the midst of them.

"It was late on the fourth day (Saturday) before we reached Parma. Our two black, glossy, easy-going

horses were tired of the sameness or length of the way; and our guide appeared to have forgotten it, for we entered the capital of the archduchy without his being aware of it. We went to the Peacock Inn, where we were shown into a very fine but faded apartment, and where we stopped the whole of the next day. Here, for the first time on our journey, we found a carpet, which, however, stuck to the tiled floor with dirt and age. There was a lofty bed, with a crimson silk canopy, a marble table, looking-glasses of all sizes and in every direction, and excellent coffee, fruit, game, bread, and wine at a moderate rate; that is to say, our supper the first night, our breakfast, dinner, and coffee the next day, and coffee the following morning, with lodging and fire, came to twenty-three francs. It would have cost more than double in England in the same circumstances.

"We had an exhilarating view from our window of the street and great square. It was full of noise and bustle. . . . . The women that I saw did not answer to my expectations. They had high shoulders, thick waists, and shambling feet of that *crapaudeux* shape which is odious to see or think of. . . . .

"It was at Parma that I first noticed the women looking out of the windows (not one or two stragglers, but two or three from every house), where they hang like signs or pictures, stretching their necks out, or confined, like children, by iron bars. . . . . I thought, at first, it might be one of the abuses of the Carnival; but the Carnival is over, and the windows are still

lined with eyes and heads that do not like the trouble of putting on a cap. . . . .

"Here I saw a number of pictures, and among others the Correggios and the celebrated St. Jerome, which I had seen at Paris. I must have been out of tune; for my disappointment and consequent mortification were extreme. I had never thought Correggio a god; but I had attributed this to my own inexperience and want of taste, and I hoped by this time to have ripened into that full idolatry of him expressed by Mengs and others. Instead of which, his pictures (they stood on the ground without frames, and in a bad light) appeared to be comparatively mean, feeble, and affected. . . . . I was ready to exclaim, 'Oh, painting! I thought thee a substance, and find thee a shadow!' There was, however, a Crowning of the Virgin, a fresco (by Correggio) from the church of St. Paul, which was full of majesty, sweetness, and grace; and in this, and the heads of boys and fauns in the Chase of Diana, there is a freedom and breadth of execution, owing to the mode in which they were painted, and which makes them seem pure emanations of the mind, without anything overdone, finical, or little.

"I was not a little tired of the painted shrines and paltry images of the Virgin at every hundred yards as we rode along. But if my thoughts were veering to this cheerless, attenuated speculation of nothingness and vanity, they were called back by the sight of the Farnese Theatre—the noblest and most striking monument I have seen of the golden age of Italy. . . . .

"Bologna is even superior to Parma . . . . Going along we met Professor Mezzofanti, who is said to understand thirty-eight languages, English among the rest. He was pointed out to us as a prodigious curiosity by our guide (Signor Gatti), who has this pleasantry at his tongue's end, that 'there is one Raphael to paint, one Mezzofanti to understand languages, and one Signor Gatti to explain everything they wish to know to strangers.' . . . .

"I left the gallery at Bologna once more reconciled to my favourite art. Guido also gains upon me, because I continually see fine pictures of his. . . . . There is a technical description of the chief towns in Italy, which those who learn the Italian grammar are told to get by heart. . . . . Some of these I have seen, and others not; and those that I have not seen seem to me the finest.

"We left Bologna on our way to Florence in the afternoon, that we might cross the Apennines the following day. . . . . At the first village we came to among the hills we saw, talking to her companions by the road-side, the only very handsome Italian we have yet seen. It was not the true Italian face neither, dark and oval, but more like the face of an English peasant, with heightened grace and animation. . . . . Our voiture was ascending a hill; and as she walked by the side of it with elastic step, and a bloom like the suffusion of a rosy cloud, the sight of her was doubly welcome in this land of dingy complexions, squat features, scowling eyebrows, and round shoulders.

"We slept at ———, nine miles from Bologna, and set off early the next morning, that we might have the whole day before us. . . . . One of our pleasantest employments [along the winding road] was to remark the teams of oxen and carts that we had lately passed winding down a declivity in our rear, or suspended on the edge of a precipice that on the spot we had mistaken for level ground. We had some difficulty, too, with our driver, who had talked gallantly over-night of hiring a couple of oxen to draw us up the mountain; but when it *came to the push* his heart failed him, and his Swiss economy prevailed. . . . . The country now grew wilder, and the day gloomy. It was three o'clock before we stopped at Pietra Mala, to have our luggage examined on entering the Tuscan States; and here we resolved to breakfast, instead of proceeding four miles farther to Covigliaio.

"Our reception at Pietra Mala was frightful enough; the rooms were cold and empty; and we were met with a vacant stare or with sullen frowns, in lieu of any better welcome. I have since thought that these were probably the consequence of the contempt and ill-humour shown by other English travellers at the desolateness of the place and the apparent want of accommodation; for, as the fire of brushwood was lighted, and the eggs, bread, and coffee were brought in by degrees, and we expressed our satisfaction in them, the cloud on the brow of our reluctant entertainers vanished, and melted into thankful smiles.

"There was still an air of mystery, of bustle, and in-

attention about the house; persons of both sexes, and of every age, passed and repassed through our sitting-room to an inner chamber with looks of anxiety and importance, and we learned at length that the mistress of the inn had been, half-an-hour before, brought to bed of a fine boy!

"We had now to mount the longest and steepest ascent of the Apennines; and Jaques, who began to be alarmed at the accounts of the state of the road and at the increasing gloom of the weather, by a great effort of magnanimity had a yoke of oxen put to, and afterwards another horse, to drag us up the worst part; but as soon as he could find an excuse he dismissed both, and we crawled and stumbled on as before. . . . . We felt uncomfortable, for the increased violence of the wind or thickening of the fog would have presented serious obstacles to our farther progress, which became every moment more necessary as the evening closed in—as it was, we only saw a few yards of the road distinctly before us, which cleared as we advanced forward. . . . .

"At length, when we had arrived near the very top of the mountain, we had to cross a few yards of very slippery ice, which became a matter of considerable doubt and difficulty—the horses could hardly keep their feet in straining to move forward; and if one of them had fallen and been hurt, the accident might have detained us on the middle of the mountain, without any aid near, or made it so late that the descent on the other side would have been dangerous. Luckily, a desperate effort succeeded, and we gained the summit of the hill without accident.

"We had still some miles to go, and we descended rapidly down on the other side. . . . . About half-way down we emerged, to our great delight, from the mist . . . . that had hitherto enveloped us; and the valley opened at our feet in dim but welcome perspective. We proceeded more leisurely on to La Meschere. . . . .

"The inn at La Meschere is, like many of the inns in Italy, a set of wide dilapidated halls, without furniture, but with quantities of old and bad pictures, portraits, or histories. The people (the attendants here were women) were obliging and good-humoured, though we could procure neither eggs nor milk with our coffee, but were compelled to have it *black*.

"We were put into a sitting-room with three beds in it without curtains, as they had no other with a fireplace disengaged, and which, with the coverlids like horse-cloths, and the strong smell of the Indian corn with which they were stuffed, brought to one's mind the idea of a three-stalled stable. We were refreshed, however, for we slept securely; and we entered upon the last stage the following day, less exhausted than we had been by the first.

"After being gratified for some hours by the cultivated beauty of the scene (rendered more striking by contrast with our late perils) we came to the brow of the hill overlooking Florence, which lay under us, a scene of enchantment, a city planted in a garden, and resembling a rich and varied suburb. . . . . Florence in itself is inferior to Bologna and some other towns; but

the view of it and of the immediate neighbourhood is superior to any I have seen. . . . . From my friend Leigh Hunt's house at Moiano, you see at one view the village of Setiniam, belonging to Michael Angelo's family, the house in which Machiavel lived, and that where Boccaccio wrote . . . . and not far from this the 'Valley of Ladies' (the scene of 'The Decameron'). With a view like this, one may think one's sight 'enriched,' in Burns's phrase. . . . .

"It was Carnival time when we came, and the town presented something of the same scene that London does at Bartholomew Fair. . . . . May-day in London is a favourable version of the Carnival here. . . . . I have only heard of two masks that seemed to have any point or humour in them; and one of these was not a mask, but a person who went about with his face uncovered, but keeping it, in spite of everything he saw or heard, in the same unmoved position as if it were a mask. The other was a person so oddly disguised that you did not know what to make of him, whether he were man or woman, beast or bird, and who, pretending to be equally at a loss himself, went about asking every one if they could tell him what he was? . . . .

"We could not tell exactly what to make of the striking of the clocks at first; at eight they struck two, at twelve six. . . . . A day or two cleared up the mystery, and we found that the clocks here . . . . counted the hours by sixes, instead of going on to twelve. . . . .

"I wonder when the change in the forms of image-

worship took place in the old Roman states and what effect it had. I used formerly to wonder how or when the people in the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and who live in solitudes to which the town of Keswick is *the polite world*, and its lake 'the Leman Lake,' first passed from Popery to Protestantism, what difference it made in them at the time, or has done to the present day? . . . . .

"Customs come round. I was surprised to find, at the Hotel of the Four Nations, where we stopped the two first days, that we could have a pudding for dinner (a thing that is not to be had in all France). . . . . We might have remained at the Four Nations for eighteen francs a day, living in a very sumptuous manner; but we have removed to apartments fitted up in the highest fashion, for ten piastres (two guineas) a month, and where the whole of our expenses for boiled and roast, with English cups and saucers and steamed potatoes, does not come to thirty shillings a week. We have every English comfort, with a clearer air and a finer country. It was exceedingly cold when we first came. . . . . It is now milder (Feb. 23 [1825]), and like April weather in England. There is a balmy lightness and vernal freshness in the air. Might I once more see the coming on of spring as erst, in the spring-time of my life, it would be here! . . . .

"Among the pictures at the Palace Pitti is Titian's Hippolyto de Medici (which the late Mr. Opie pronounced the finest portrait in the world), with the spirit and breadth of history, and with the richness, finish

and glossiness of an enamel picture. I remember the first time I ever saw it, it stood on an easel which I had to pass, with the back to me; and as I turned and saw it with the boar-spear in its hand, and its keen glance bent upon me, it seemed 'a thing of life,' with supernatural force and grandeur."

[At Florence he was introduced to Mr. Walter Savage Landor; and Mr. Patmore seems to have thought that the interview was productive of benefit, in leaving behind in Mr. Hazlitt's mind a higher opinion of Mr. Landor's personal and literary qualities. The fact is, that my grandfather had always held the 'Imaginary Conversations' in considerable esteem—it was rather a favourite volume with him; and I suppose that the opportunity he now enjoyed of coming into immediate contact with the writer dislodged, at all events temporarily, the prejudices he had formed against him on account of his political tenets. But he could never have entertained the same degree of animosity on political grounds against Landor as he did against Scott, whom he refused to know when Jeffrey offered, in 1822, to bring them together.

It was during his stay here (in May, 1825) that he wrote the Paper 'On Reading New Books,' which is printed in 'Essays and Sketches,' 1839.]

CHAPTER XIII.

1825.

From Florence to Rome—Autobiography *continued* (February, March).

"THE road between Florence and Rome by Sienna is not very interesting. . . . . Shortly after you leave Florence the way becomes dreary or barren and unhealthy. Towards the close of the first day's journey, however, we had a splendid view of the country we were to travel, which lay stretched out beneath our feet to an immense distance, as we descended into the little town of Pozzo Borgo. . . . . We did not find the accommodation on the road quite so bad as we had expected. The chief want is of milk, which is to be had only in the morning; but we remedied this defect by taking a bottle of it with us. The weather was cold enough (in the middle of March) to freeze it. . . . .

"We did not meet ten carriages on our journey, a distance of a hundred and ninety-three miles, and which it took us six days to accomplish. I may add that we paid only seven louis for our two places in the voiture (which, besides, we had entirely to ourselves),

our expenses on the road included. . . . . We stopped the third morning at the wretched inn of La Scala. . . . . Over a tremendous valley to the left we saw the distant hills of Perugia, covered with snow and blackened with clouds, and a heavy sleet was falling around us. We started on being told that the post-house stood on the other side of the fort (at a height of 2400 feet above the level of the sea), and that we were to pass the night there. It was like being lodged in a cloud; it seemed the rocking-cradle of storms and tempests. . . . . It reminded me, by its preternatural strength and sullen aspect, of the castle of Giant Despair in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' . . . . Never did I see anything so rugged and so stately, apparently so formidable in a former period, so forlorn in this. . . . .

"We drove into the inn-yard, which resembled a barrack (as do most of the inns on the road), with its bedrooms like hospital-wards, and its large apartments for assemblages of armed men now empty, gloomy, and unfurnished; but we found a hospitable welcome, and, by the aid of a double fee to the waiters, everything very comfortable. The first object was to procure milk for our tea (of which last article we had brought some very good from the shop of Signor Pippini at Florence), and the next thing was to lay in a stock for the remaining half of our journey. . . . .

"Aquapendente is situated on the brow of a hill, over a running stream, and the ascent to it is up the side of a steep rugged ravine, with overhanging rocks and shrubs. The mixture of wildness and luxuriance

answered to my idea of Italian scenery, but I had seen little of it hitherto. The town is old, dirty, and disagreeable; and we were driven to an inn in one of the bye-streets, where there was but one sitting-room, which was occupied by an English family, who were going to leave it immediately, but who, I suppose, on learning that some one else was waiting for it, claimed the right of keeping it as long as they pleased.

"After waiting some time we at last breakfasted in a sort of kitchen or out-house upstairs, where we had very excellent but homely fare—a dove-house, a kid, half-skinned, hanging on the walls, a loose heap of macaroni and vegetables in one corner, plenty of smoke, a Madonna carved and painted, and a map of Constantinople. The pigeons on the floor were busy with their murmuring plaints, and often fluttered their wings as if to fly. So, thought I, the nations of the earth clap their wings, and strive in vain to be free! . . . .

"The road from Aquapendente is of a deep heavy soil, over which the horses with difficulty dragged the carriage. . . . . We passed, I think, but one habitation between Aquapendente and San Lorenzo, and met but one human being, who was a gendarme! I asked our vetturino if this dreary aspect of the country was the effect of nature or of art. He pulled a handful of earth from the hedge-side, and showed a rich black loam, capable of every improvement. I asked in whose dominions we were, and received for answer, 'In the Pope's.' . . . .

"The road between Bolsena and Monte-Fiascone,

which you see on an eminence before you, lies through a range of gloomy defiles. . . . . The house of Salvator Rosa [at Viterbo] is at present let out in lodgings. I have now lived twice in houses occupied by celebrated men; once in a house that had belonged to Milton, and now in this, and find to my mortification that imagination is entirely *a thing imaginary*. . . . .

"'As London is to the meanest country town, so is Rome to every other city in the world.'

"So said an old friend of mine; and I believed him till I saw it. This is not the Rome I expected to see. No one, from being in it, would know he was in the place that had been twice mistress of the world. I do not understand how Nicholas Poussin could tell, taking up a handful of earth, that it was 'a part of the ETERNAL CITY. . . . . No! this is not the wall that Remus leaped over: this is not the Capitol where Julius Cæsar fell: instead of standing on seven hills, it is situated in a low valley: the golden Tiber is a muddy stream: St. Peter's is not equal to St. Paul's: the Vatican falls short of the Louvre as it was in my time; but I thought that here were works immovable, immortal, inimitable on earth, and lifting the soul halfway to heaven. I find them not, or only what I had seen before in different ways. . . . .

"From the window of the house where I lodge I have a view of the whole city at once; nay, I can see St. Peter's as I lie in bed of a morning. . . . . The pleasantest walks I know are round the Via Sistina and along the Via di Quattro-Fontane.

"I was lucky enough to see the Pope here on Easter Sunday. He seems a harmless, infirm, fretful old man. . . . . I was also lucky enough to see St. Peter's illuminated to the very top (a project of Michael Angelo's) in the evening. It was finest at first, as the kindled lights blended with the fading twilight. . . . . I can easily conceive some of the wild groups that I saw in the streets the following day to have been led by delight and wonder from their mountain-haunts, or even from the bandits' cave, to worship at this new starry glory, rising from the earth.

"I did not hear the *Miserere* which is chanted by the priests and sung by a single voice (I understand like an angel's) in a dim religious light in the Sistine Chapel, nor did I see the exhibition of the relics, at which, I was told, all the beauty of Rome was present. . . . . I am no admirer of pontificals, but I am a slave to the picturesque. The priests talking together in St. Peter's, or the common people kneeling at the altars, make groups that shame all art. . . . .

"The young women that come here from Gersano and Albano, and that are known by their scarlet bodices and white head-dresses and handsome good-humoured faces, are the finest specimens I have ever seen of human nature. They are like creatures that have breathed the air of heaven till the sun has ripened them into perfect beauty, health, and goodness. They are universally admired in Rome. The English women that you see, though pretty, are pieces of dough to them.

"The picture-galleries in Rome disappointed me quite. I was told there were a dozen at least equal to the Louvre; there is not one. I shall not dwell long upon them, for they gave me little pleasure. . . . .

"I had the good fortune to meet the other day, at Paris, with my old fellow-student Dr. Edwards, after a lapse of thirty years; he is older than I by a year or two, and makes it five-and-twenty. He had not been idle since we parted. He sometimes looked in after having paid La Place a visit; and I told him it was almost as if he had called on a star in his way. It is wonderful how friendship that has long lain unused accumulates like money at compound interest. We had to settle an old account, and to compare old times and new. . . . . He was particularly mortified at the degraded state of our public press—at the systematic organization of a corps of government critics, to decry every liberal sentiment, and proscribe every liberal writer as an enemy to the person of the reigning sovereign, only because he did not avow the principles of the Stuarts. I had some difficulty in making him understand the full lengths of the malice, the lying, the hypocrisy, the sleek adulation, the meanness, equivocation, and skulking concealment of a 'Quarterly' Reviewer, the reckless blackguardism of Mr. Blackwood, and the obtuse drivelling profligacy of the *John Bull*.

"He said, 'It is worse with you than with us: here an author is obliged to sacrifice twenty mornings and twenty pair of black silk stockings in paying his court to the editors of different journals, to insure a hearing

from the public, but with you, it seems, he must give up his understanding and his character, to establish a claim to taste or learning.'

"I told him that public opinion in England was at present governed by half a dozen miscreants, who undertook to bait, hoot, and worry every man out of his country, or into an obscure grave, with lies and nicknames, who was not prepared to take the political sacrament of the day. . . . . To be a reformer, the friend of a reformer, or the friend's friend of a reformer, is as much as a man's peace, reputation, or even life is worth. Answer, if it is not so, pale shade of Keats! . . . .

"Dr. Edwards was unwilling to credit this statement, but the proofs were too flagrant. He asked me what became of that band of patriots that swarmed in *our* younger days, that were so glowing hot, desperate, and noisy in the year 1794. I said I could not tell. . . . .

"At Turin, they told me it was not wise to travel by a vetturino to Florence without arms. At Florence, I was told one could not walk out to look at an old ruin in Rome without expecting to see a Lazzaroni start from behind some part of it with a pistol in his hand. 'There's no such thing.' . . . . I am at present kept from proceeding forward to Naples by *imaginary* bands of brigands that infest the road the whole way. . . . . As to courtezans, from which one cannot separate the name of Italy even in idea, I have seen but one person answering to this description since I came, and I do not even know that this was one.

"But I saw a girl in white (an unusual thing) standing at some distance at the corner of one of the by-streets in Rome; after looking round her for a moment, she ran hastily up the street again, as if in fear of being discovered, and a countryman who was passing with a cart at the time, stopped to look and hiss after her. . . .

"We had some thoughts of taking a lodging at L'Ariccia, at the Caffé del Piazza, for a month, but the deep sandy roads, the sentinels posted every half-mile on this, which is the route for Naples (which showed that it was not very safe to leave them), the loose, straggling woods, sloping down to the dreary marshes, and the story of Hippolytus painted on the walls of the inn (who, it seems, was 'native to the manner here,') deterred us.

"L'Ariccia, besides being, after Cortona, the oldest place in Italy, is also one step towards Naples, which I had a strong desire to see—its brimming shore, its sky which glows like one entire sun, Vesuvius, the mouth of hell, and Sorrentum, like the Islands of the Blest—yet here again the reports of robbers, exaggerated alike by foreigners and natives, who wish to keep you where you are, the accounts of hogs without hair, and children without clothes to their backs, the vermin (animal as well as human), the gilded ham and legs of mutton that Forsyth speaks of, gave me a distaste to the journey, and I turned back to put an end to the question.

"I am fond of the sun, though I do not like to see him and the assassin's knife glaring over my head together. . . . . For myself, my remittances have not been very

regular even in walled towns; how I should fare in this respect upon the forked mountain I cannot tell, and certainly I have no wish to try.

"A friend of mine said that he thought it *the only romantic thing going*, this of being carried off by the banditti. . . . .

"I remember once meeting Lucien Buonaparte in the streets of Paris [he has since lived in Rome], walking arm in arm with Maria Cosway, with whom I had drunk tea the evening before. He was dressed in a light drab-coloured great-coat, and was then a spirited, dashing-looking young man. I believe I am the only person in England who ever read his 'Charlemagne.' It is as clever a poem as can be written by a man who is not a poet. It came out in two volumes quarto, and several individuals were applied to by the publishers to translate it; among others, Sir Walter Scott, who gave for answer, 'that as to Mister Buonaparte's poem, he should have nothing to do with it.'

"A young Englishman returned the other day to Italy with a horse that he had brought with him for more than two thousand miles on the other side of Grand Cairo, and poor Bowdich gave up the ghost in a second attempt to penetrate to the source of the Nile. . . . . I am myself somewhat effeminate, and would rather 'the primrose path of dalliance tread;' or the height of my ambition in this line would be to track the ancient route up the valley of the Simplon, leaving the modern road (much as I admire the work and the workman), and clambering up the ledges of rocks, and over broken

bridges, at the risk of a sprained ankle or a broken limb, to return to a late but excellent dinner at the post-house at Brigg! . . . .

"Before leaving Rome, we went to Tivoli, of which so much has been said. The morning was bright and cloudless; but a thick mist rose from the low, rank, marshy grounds of the Campagna, and enveloped a number of curious objects to the right and left, till we approached the sulphurous stream of Solfatara, which we could distinguish at some distance by its noise and smell. . . . .

"Tivoli is an enchanting, a fairy spot. . . . . As I have got so far on my way, I may as well jump the intermediate space, and proceed with my statistics here, as there was nothing on the road between this and Rome worth mentioning, except Narni (ten miles from Terni), the approach to which overlooks a fine, bold, woody, precipitous valley. We stopped at Terni for the express purpose of visiting the Fall, which is four or five miles from it. . . . . The prospect of the cold, blue mountain-tops, and other prospects which the sight of this road recalled, chilled me, and I hastened down the side-path to lose, in the roar of the Velino tumbling from its rocky height, and the wild freedom of nature, my recollection of tyranny and tyrants.

"On a green bank far below, so as to be just discernible, a shepherd boy was sleeping under the shadow of a tree, surrounded by his flock, enjoying peace and freedom, scarce knowing their names. That's something. . . . .

"We returned to the inn at Terni too late to proceed

on our journey, and were thrust, as a special favour, into a disagreeable apartment. . . . . I was foolish enough to travel twice in this manner, and pay three napoleons a day, for which I might have gone post, and fared in the most sumptuous manner. I ought to add in justice that, when I have escaped from the guardianship of Monsieur le Vetturino, and have stopped at inns on my own account, as was the case at Venice, Milan, and at Florence twice, I have no reason to complain either of the treatment or the expense. . . . .

"We proceeded next morning (in no very good humour) on our way to Spoleto. The way was brilliant, and our road lay through steep and narrow defiles for several hours. . . . . We arrived at Foligno early in the evening, and as a memorable exception to the rest of our route, found there an inn equally clean and hospitable.

"From the windows of our room we could see the young people of the town walking out in a fine open country, to breathe the clear fresh air, and the priests sauntering in groups and enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. . . . .

"We turned off at Assizi to view the triple Franciscan church and monastery. . . . . I forgot to mention, in the proper place, that I was quite delighted with the external deportment of the ecclesiastics in Rome. It was marked by a perfect propriety, decorum, and humanity, from the highest to the lowest.

"At Perugia, when looking at some panels in a church, painted by Pietro Perugino, we met with a young Irish priest, who claimed acquaintance with us

as country-folks, and recommended our staying six days, to see the ceremonies and finery attending the translation of the deceased head of his order from the church where he lay to his final resting-place. We were obliged by this proposal, but declined it. It was curious to hear English spoken by the inmate of a Benedictine monastery. . . . .

"Perugia is situated on a lofty hill, and is in apperance the most solid mass of building I ever beheld. . . . . Travelling this road from Rome to Florence is like an eagle's flight—from hill-top to hill-top, from towered city to city, and your eye devours your way before you over hill or plain. We saw Cortona on our right, looking over its wall of ancient renown, conscious of its worth, not obtruding itself on superficial notice, and passed through Arezzo, the reputed birth-place of Petrarch. All the way we were followed (hard upon) by another vetturino, with an English family, and we had a scramble, whenever we stopped, for supper, beds, or milk. At Incisa, the last stage before we arrived at Florence, an intimation was conveyed that we should give up our apartments in the inn, and seek for lodgings elsewhere. . . . . Near Perugia, we passed the celebrated Lake of Thrasymene, where Hannibal defeated the Roman consul Flaminius. It struck me as not unlike Windermere in character and scenery, but I have seen other lakes since, which have driven it out of my head. . . . ."

CHAPTER XIV.

1825.

From Rome, through Florence, to Venice—Impressions of Venice—From Venice to Milan—Autobiography *continued* (April, May).

"I HAVE already described the road between Florence and Bologna. I found it much the same on returning. . . . . We stopped the first night at Traversa, a miserable inn or almost hovel on the road-side, in the most desolate part of this track; and found, amidst scenes which the imagination and the pen of travellers have peopled with ghastly phantoms and the assassin's midnight revelry, a kind but simple reception, and the greatest sweetness of manners. . . . .

"The second morning we reached the last of the Apennines that overlook Bologna, and saw stretched out beneath our feet a different scene, the vast plain of Lombardy, and almost the whole of the North of Italy, like a rich sea of boundless verdure, with towns and villages spotting it like the sails of ships. . . . . We presently descended into this plain (which formed a perfect contrast to the country we had lately passed), and it answered fully to the promise it had given us.

We travelled for days—for weeks—through it, and found nothing but ripeness, plenty, and beauty. It may well be called the Garden of Italy, or of the world. The whole way, from Bologna to Venice, from Venice to Milan, it is literally so. . . . .

"We went to our old inn at Bologna, which we liked better the second time than the first. . . . . We set out early the next morning on our way to Venice, turning off to Ferrara.

"It was a fine spring morning. The dew was on the grass, and shone like diamonds in the sun. A refreshing breeze fanned the light-green, odorous branches of the trees, which spread their shady screen on each side the road, which lay before us as straight as an arrow for miles. Venice was at the end of it; Padua, Ferrara, mid-way.

"The prospect (both to the sense and the imagination) was exhilarating; and we enjoyed it for some hours, till we stopped to breakfast at a smart-looking detached inn at a turning of the road, called, I think, the *Albergo di Venezia*. This was one of the pleasantest places we came to during the whole of our route.

"We were shown into a long saloon, into which the sun shone at one extremity, and we looked out upon the green fields and trees at the other. There were flowers in the room. An excellent breakfast of coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and slices of Bologna sausages was served up with neatness and attention. . . . .

"At Ferrara we were put on short allowance, and as we found remonstrance vain, we submitted in silence.

We were the more mortified at this treatment as we had begun to hope for better things; but Mr. Henry Waister, our commissary on the occasion, was determined to make a good thing of his three napoleons a-day; he had strained a point in procuring us a tolerable supper and breakfast at the two last stages, which must serve for some time to come; and as he would not pay for our dinner, the landlord would not let us have one, and there the matter rested.

"We walked out in the evening, and found Ferrara enchanting. Of all the places I have seen in Italy, it is the one by far I should most covet to live in. . . . .

. "From Ferrara we proceeded through Rovigo to Padua the *Learned*, where we were more fortunate in our inn. . . . . Soon after leaving Padua, you begin to cross the canals and rivers which intersect this part of the country bordering upon the sea, and for some miles you follow the course of the Brenta, along a flat, dusty, and unprofitable road. This is a period of considerable and painful suspense, until you arrive at Fusina, where you are put into a boat and rowed down one of the *Lagunas*, where, over banks of high rank grass and reeds, and between solitary sentry-boxes at different intervals, you see Venice rising from the sea. . . . . I do not know what Lord Byron and Lady Morgan could mean by quarrelling about the question, who first called Venice 'the Rome of the sea'—since it is perfectly unique in its kind. . . . .

"I never saw palaces anywhere but at Venice. Those at Rome are dungeons compared to them. . . . . The

richest in interior decoration that I saw was the Grimani palace,* which answered to all the imaginary conditions of this sort of thing. Aladdin might have exchanged his for it, and given his lamp into the bargain. The floors are of marble, the tables of precious stones, the chairs and curtains of rich silk, the walls covered with looking-glasses, and it contains a cabinet of invaluable antique sculpture, and some of Titian's finest portraits. . . . . I saw no other mansion equal to this. The Pisani is the next to it for elegance and splendour; and from its situation on the Grand Canal, it admits a flood of bright day through glittering curtains of pea-green silk, into a noble saloon, enriched with an admirable family-picture by Paul Veronese, with heads equal to Titian in all but the character of thought.†

"Titian was ninety-nine when he died, and was at last carried off by the plague. My guide, who was enthusiastic on the subject of Venetian art, would not allow of any falling-off in these latest efforts of his mighty pencil, but represented him as prematurely cut off in the height of his career. He knew, he said, an old man, who died a year ago, at one hundred and twenty. The Venetians may still live to be old, but they do not paint like Titian! . . . . .

* The Grimani family is, I believe, extinct. The daughter of a Signor Grimani (who was teacher of languages in England for many years) married Thomas Hornby, Esq., and was the mother of my old acquaintance, Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby.

† This is the picture which is now in the National Gallery; it was bought for England a few years ago at a cost of 14,000*l.*

"I teased my *valet-de-place* (Mr. Andrew Wyche, a Tyrolese, a very pleasant, companionable, and patriotic sort of person) the whole of the first morning at every fresh landing or embarkation by asking, 'But are we going to see the St. Peter Martyr?' When we reached the church of St. John and St. Paul, the light did not serve, and we got reprimanded by the priest for turning our backs on the Host, in our anxiety to find a proper point of view. We returned to the church about five in the afternoon, when the light fell upon it through a high-arched Gothic-window. . . . . I found everything in its place, and as I expected; yet I am unwilling to say that I saw it through my former impressions. . . . . Most probably, as a picture, it is the finest in the world; or if I cannot say it is the picture which I would the soonest have painted, it is at least the one which I would the soonest have. . . . . I left this admirable performance with regret; yet I do not see why; for I have it present with me, 'in my mind's eye,' and swear, in the wildest scenes of the Alps, that the St. Peter Martyr is finer. That and the man [with the Glove] in the Louvre are my standards of perfection: my taste may be wrong, nay, even ridiculous—yet such it is.

"Daniell's Hotel, at which we were. . . . commands a superb view of the bay, and the scene (particularly by moonlight) is delicious. I heard no music at Venice, neither voice nor lute; saw no group of dancers or maskers; I saw the Rialto, which is no longer an Exchange. . . . .

"*Horas non numero nisi serenas,* is the motto of a sundial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. . . . . For myself, as I rode through the Brenta, while the sun shone hot upon its sluggish, shiny waves, my sensations were far from comfortable; but the reading this inscription on the side of a glaring wall in an instant restored me to myself; still, whenever I think of or repeat it, it has the power of wafting me into the region of pure and blissful abstraction. . . . . It (the dial) stands *sub dio,* under the marble air, and there is some connection between the image of infinity and eternity. I should also like to have a sunflower growing near it, with bees fluttering round. Is this a verbal fallacy? or in the close, retired, sheltered soul which I have imagined to myself, is not the sunflower a natural accompaniment of the sundial?

"We left Venice with mingled satisfaction and regret. We had to retrace our steps as far as Padua, on our way to Milan. For four days' journey, from Padua to Verona, to Brescia, to Treviglio, to Milan, the whole way was cultivated beauty and smiling vegetation. . . . . The Northern Italians are as fine a race of people as walk the earth; and all that they want, to be what they once were, is neither English abuse nor English assistance, but three words spoken to the other powers; 'Let them alone!'

"We reached Verona the second day: it is delightfully situated. . . . . They here show you the tomb of Juliet. . . . . The guide also points to the part of the

wall that Romeo leaped over, and takes you to the spot in the garden where he fell. This gives an air of trick and fiction to the whole. . . . .

"On returning from this spot, which is rather low and gloomy, we witnessed the most brilliant sight we had seen in Italy; the sun setting in a flood of gold behind the Alps that overlook the lake of Garda. The Adige foamed at our feet below; the bank opposite was of pure emerald; the hills which rose directly behind it in the most fantastic forms were of perfect purple, and the arches of the bridge to the left seemed plunged in ebon darkness by the flames of light that darted round them.

"We met with nothing remarkable the rest of the way to Milan, except the same rich, unvaried face of the country. . . . . I think I never saw so many well-grown, well-made, good-looking women as at Milan. I did not, however, see one face strikingly beautiful, or with a very fine expression. . . . . We saw the celebrated theatre of the Gran Scala, which is of an immense size, and of extreme beauty, but it was not full, nor was the performance striking. The manager is the proprietor of the Cobourg Theatre (Mr. Glossop), and his wife (formerly our Miss Fearon) the favourite singer of the Milanese circles.

"I inquired after the great pantomime actress, Pallarini, but found she had retired from the stage on a fortune. The name of Vigano was not known to my informant. I did not see the great picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo, nor the little Luini, two miles out

of Milan, which my friend Mr. Beyle charged me particularly to see.

"We left Milan in a calash or small open carriage, to proceed to the Isles Borronees. The first day it rained violently, and the third day the boy drove us wrong, pretending to mistake Laveno for Baveno; so I got rid of him.

"We had a delightful morning at Corno, and a fine view of the lake and surrounding hills. . . . . I had a hankering after Cadenobia; but the Simplon still lay before me. We were utterly disappointed in the Isles Borronees. Isola Bella, belonging to the Marquis Borromeo, indeed resembles 'a pyramid of sweetmeats ornamented with green festoons and flowers.' I had supposed this to be a heavy German conceit; but it is a literal description. The pictures in the palace are trash. We were accosted by a beggar in an island which contains only a palace and an inn.

"We proceeded to the inn at Baveno, situated on the high road, close to the lake, and enjoyed for some days the enchanting and varied scenery along its banks. . . . .

"We were tempted to stop here for the summer in a suite of apartments (not ill furnished) that command a panoramic view of the lake, hidden by woods and vineyards from all curious eyes, or in a similar set of rooms at Intra on the other side of the lake, with a garden and the conveniences of a market-town, for six guineas the half-year. The temptation was great. . . . . We wished, however, to pass the Simplon first. . . . .

"We proceeded to Domo d'Ossola for this purpose,

and the next day began the ascent. I have already attempted to describe the passage of Mont Cenis; this is said to be finer, and I believe it; but it impressed me less, I believe, owing to circumstances.

"We passed under one or two sounding arches, and over some lofty bridges. At length we reached the village of the Simplon, and stopped there at a most excellent inn, where we had a supper that might vie, for taste and elegance, with that with which Chiffinch entertained Peveril of the Peak and his companion at the little inn in the wilds of Derbyshire.

"The next day we proceeded onwards, and passed the commencement of the tremendous glacier of the Flech Horr. . . . . This mountain is only a few hundred feet lower than Mont Blanc, yet its name is hardly known. So a difference of a hair's-breadth in talent often makes all the difference between total obscurity and endless renown.

"We soon after passed the barrier, and found ourselves involved in fog and driving sleet upon the brink of precipices; the view was hidden, the road dangerous. On our right were drifts of snow, left there by the avalanches. Soon after the mist dispersed, or we had perhaps passed below it, and a fine sunny morning disclosed the whole amazing scene above, about, below us. . . . . We wound round the valley at the other extremity of it; the road on the opposite side, which we could plainly distinguish, seemed almost on the level ground, and when we reached it, we found it at a still greater depth below us. . . . . I think the finest part

of the descent of the Simplon is about four or five miles, before you come to Brigg. . . . .

"We left the inn at Brigg, after having stopped there above a week, and proceeded on our way to Vevey, which had always been an interesting point in the horizon, and a resting-place to the imagination. . . . Vevey is the scene of the 'New Héloise.' In spite of Mr. Burke's philippic against this performance, the contempt of the 'Lake School,' and Mr. Moore's 'Rhymes on the Road,' I had still some overmastering recollections on that subject, which I proposed to indulge at my leisure on the spot, which was supposed to give them birth, and which I accordingly did.

"I did not, on re-perusal, find my once favourite work quite so rapid, quite so void of eloquence or sentiment as some critics. . . . . would insinuate. [The writer here quotes a passage, commencing—*Mais vois la rapidité de cet astre,* &c.] What a difference between the sound of this passage and of Mr. Moore's verse or prose! Nay, there is more imagination in the single epithet *astre,* applied as it is here to this brilliant and fleeting scene of things, than in all our fashionable poet's writings! At least, I thought so, reading St. Preux's letter in the wood near Clarens, and stealing occasional glances at the lake and rocks of Meillerie. . . . .

"As we advanced farther on beyond Tortomania, the whole breadth of the valley was sometimes covered with pine-forests, which gave a relief to the eye, and afforded scope to the imagination. . . . . In this part of our

journey, however, besides the natural wildness and grandeur of the scenery, the road was rough and uneven. . . . .

"We reached Sion that evening. It is one of the dirtiest and least comfortable towns on the road. . . . . It was here that Rousseau, in one of his early peregrinations, was recommended by his landlord to an iron-foundry in the neighbourhood (the smoke of which, I believe, we saw at a little distance), where he would be likely to procure employment, mistaking the 'pauper lad' for a journeyman blacksmith. . . . . Haunted by some indistinct recollection of this adventure, I asked at the inn 'if Jean Jacques Rousseau had ever resided in the town?' The waiter himself could not tell, but soon after brought back for answer, 'that Monsieur Rousseau had never lived there, but that he had passed through about fourteen years before on his way to Italy, when he had only time to stop to take tea! Was this a mere stupid blunder, or one of the refractions of fame, founded on his mission as secretary to the Venetian ambassador a hundred years before? There is a tradition in the neighbourhood of Milton's house in York Street, Westminster, that 'one Mr. *Milford*, a celebrated poet, formerly lived there!'

"We set forward the next morning on our way to Martigny. . . . . It was a most unpleasant ride. The wind poured down from these tremendous hills, and blew with unabated fury in our faces the whole way. Nor did the accommodation at the inn (the Swan, I think) make us amends. The rooms were cold and

empty. . . . . The only picturesque objects between this and Bex are a waterfall about two hundred feet in height and the romantic bridge of St. Maurice. . . . .

"Bex itself is delicious. . . . . There is an excellent inn, a country church before it, a large ash tree, a circulating library, a rookery, everything useful and comfortable for the life of man. . . . . Our reception at the inn was every way what we could wish, and we were half disposed to stop here for some months. But something whispered me on to Vevey; this we reached the next day in a drizzling shower of rain, which prevented our seeing much of the country. . . . . The day after my arrival I found a lodging at a farm-house a mile out of Vevey, so 'lapped in luxury,' so retired, so reasonable, and in every respect convenient, that we remained here for the rest of the summer, and felt no small regret at leaving it."

CHAPTER XV.

1825.

Vevey—Stay there from June to September—Pass through part of Holland (Sept.—Oct.)—Return to England (Oct. 16, 1825).

"I WONDER Rousseau, who was a good judge and an admirable describer of romantic situations, should have fixed upon Vevey as the scene of the 'New Héloise.' You have passed the rocky and precipitous defiles at the entrance into the valley, and have not yet come into the open and more agreeable parts of it.

"The immediate vicinity of Vevey is entirely occupied with vineyards slanting to the south, and inclosed between stone walls without any kind of variety or relief. The walks are uneven and bad, and you in general see little (for the walls on each side of you) but the glassy surface of the lake, the rocky barrier of the Savoy Alps opposite, ... the green hills of an inferior class over Clarens, and the winding valley leading northward towards Berne and Fribourg.

"Here stands Gelamont (the name of the *campagna* which we took) on a bank sloping down to the brook that passes by Vevey, and so entirely embosomed in trees and 'upland swells' that it might be called, in poetical phrase, 'the peasant's nest.'

"Here everything was perfectly clean and commodious. The *fermier*, or vineyard-keeper, with his family, lived below, and we had six or seven rooms on a floor (furnished with every article or convenience that a London lodging affords) for thirty napoleons for four months, or about thirty shillings a week. This first expense we found the greatest during our stay, and nearly equal to all the rest, that of a servant included.

"The number of English settled here had made lodgings dear, and one English gentleman told me he was acquainted with not less than three-and-twenty English families in the neighbourhood. . . . . Mutton (equal to the best Welsh mutton, and fed on the high ground near Moudon) is threepence English per pound; and the beef (which is also good, though not of so fine a quality) is the same. Trout, caught in the lake, you get almost for nothing. A couple of fowls is eighteenpence. The wine of the country, which though not rich is exceedingly palatable, is threepence a bottle. You may have a basket of grapes, in the season, for one shilling or fifteenpence (the girls who work in the vineyards are paid threepence a day). The bread, butter, and milk are equally cheap and excellent.*. . . .

"Days, weeks, months, and even years might have passed on [at Gelamont] much in the same manner, with 'but the season's difference.' We breakfasted at the same hour, and the tea-kettle was always boiling (an excellent thing in housewifery)—a *lounge* in the

* I have permitted myself to admit these statistics, so that later travellers may compare notes. Besides, the passage is characteristic.

orchard for an hour or two, and twice a week we could see the steamboat creeping like a spider over the surface of the lake; a volume of the Scotch novels (to be had in every library on the Continent in English, French, German, or Italian, as the reader pleases), or M. Galignani's *Paris and London Observer*, amused us till dinner time; then tea, and a walk till the moon unveiled itself, ... or the brook, swollen with a transient shower, was heard more distinctly in the darkness, mingling with the soft, rustling breeze; and the next morning the song of peasants broke upon refreshing sleep, as the sun glanced among the clustering vine-leaves, or the shadowy hills, as the mists retired from their summits, looked in at our windows.

"The uniformity of this mode of life was only broken during the fifteen weeks that we remained in Switzerland by the civilities of Monsieur Le Vade, a doctor of medicine, and octogenarian, who had been personally acquainted with Rousseau in his younger days; by some attempts by our neighbours to *lay us under obligations* by parting with rare curiosities to Monsieur l'Anglais for half their value; and by an excursion to Chamouni."

Captain Medwin, Lord Byron's friend, called upon Mr. Hazlitt while he remained at Vevey. He describes * the house as lying low, on the banks of a stream, and about half-a-mile from the town. He says: "The house lies very low, so that it possesses no other view from the windows than a green paddock, overshadowed by some

* 'Fraser's Magazine' for March, 1839.

enormous walnut trees. Behind, and across the rivulet, rises a hill of vines, sufficiently elevated to screen out the western sun. The spot is lovely and secluded."

As the annexed portrait of my grandfather was taken down on paper immediately after the visit, when the captain's impressions were fresh and distinct, it may be thought to have its value: "He was below the common height: his dress neglected; and his chin garnished with a stubble of some days' standing. The lines of his countenance are regular, but bear distinct marks of late and intense application, and there was an habitual melancholy in the expression. . . . . His figure was emaciated; and it is evident his mind has preyed upon and consumed much of the vital energies of his frame; and this last, as was said of Shelley, seemed only a tenement for spirit."

The captain transferred to his commonplace book, when he went home from the visit, the conversation between Mr. Hazlitt and himself. I have neither space nor inclination to give more than what appear to me the characteristic and personal portions. A good deal of it is mere repetition of what Mr. Hazlitt had said in his writings about some of his contemporaries, Lord Byron included.

Captain Medwin inquired how he liked Switzerland.

H. "I prefer Italy, and France to either; not but that Florence (did not the climate disagree with me) is a pleasant place enough. . . . . At Florence one is never at a loss how to pass time. I luxuriated in the divine treasures of its churches and galleries; I lived in them. . . . , I am partial to works of art,

especially paintings; but more than all I like to study man. . . . ."

In answer to Captain Medwin's stricture on French scenery, he said:—

"Not so; I never tire of corn-plains. We have too much pasturage at home, and do not understand the economy of labour as well as in France. The cattle destroy more than they eat in England. We see, too, in every patch of cultivation, that the peasantry are something in France. This division of lands was one of the happy fruits of the Revolution. . . . ."

He asked him how he liked the society at Florence.

H. "I only knew Leigh Hunt, the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' and Lord Dillon. The latter, but for some twist in his brain, would have been a clever man. He has the *cacoethes parlandi*, like Coleridge, though he does not pump out his words. . . . . I went to dine with him—the only time I ever dined at a lord's table. He had all the talk to himself; he never waits for an answer. . . . ."

M. "Do you really think Shakspeare was an unlearned man?"

H. "Sir, he was, if not the most learned, the best read man of his age; by which I mean that he made the best use of his reading. His 'Brutus' and 'Antony' and 'Coriolanus' are real conceptions of those Romans. His 'Romeo and Juliet' have all the beautiful conceits of the time; he has steeped them all in the enthusiastic tenderness of Petrarch. . . .

"You know Kenny? Coming upon him unexpectedly

one day, I found him on the flat of his back, kicking at a prodigious rate, and apparently in strong convulsions. I ran up to him in order to assist and raise him; but his malady was an obstetrical one: he was in all the agonies of a *fausse-couche*. 'What is the matter, Kenny?' said I. 'Oh, my dear fellow, Hazlitt,' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'I have been for three hours labouring hard to get out an idea to finish a scene; but it won't—it won't come. . . . .'"

"We crossed over in a boat to St. Gingolph, a little town opposite to Vevey, and proceeded on the other side to Martigny, from which we could pass over, either on foot or by the help of mules, to Mont Blanc. It was a warm day towards the latter end of August, and the hills before us drew their clear outline, and the more distant Alps waved their snowy tops (tinged with golden sunshine) in the gently-undulating surface of the crystal lake.

"As we approached the Savoy side the mountains in front, which from Vevey look like a huge battery or flat upright wall, opened into woody recesses, or reared their crests on high; rich streaks of the most exquisite verdure gleamed at their feet, and St. Gingolph came distantly in view, with its dingy-looking houses and smoking chimneys. The contrast to Vevey was striking. . . . .

"We walked out to take a view of the situation as soon as we had bespoken our room and a supper. It was a brilliant sunset: nor do I recollect having ever beheld so majestic and rich a scene set off to such

advantage. . . . . We had no power to leave it or to admire it, till the evening shades stole in upon us, and drew the dusky veil of twilight over it.

"We had a pleasant walk the next morning along the side of the lake, under the grey cliffs, the green hills, and azure sky; now passing under the open gateway of some dilapidated watch-tower . . . . now watching the sails of a boat slowly making its way among the trees on the banks of the Rhone. . . . .

"The inn where we stopped at Vionnax is bad. There is a glass-manufactory at Vionnax, which I did not go to see: others, who have more curiosity, may. It will be there (I dare say) next year for those who choose to visit it: I liked neither its glare nor its heat. . . . . We supped at Martigny, at the Hôtel de la Poste (formerly a convent), and the next morning proceeded by the Valley of Trie and the Col de Peaume to Chamouni.

"We left the Great St. Bernard, and the road by which Buonaparte passed to Marengo, on our left, and Martigny and the Valley of the Simplon directly behind us. . . . . The road was long, rough, and steep; and from the heat of the sun, and the continual interruption of loose stones and the straggling roots of trees, I felt myself exceedingly exhausted. We had a mule, a driver, and a guide. I was advised by all means to lessen the fatigue of the ascent by taking hold of the *queue of Monsieur le Mulet*, a mode of travelling partaking as little of the sublime as possible, and to which I reluctantly acceded. We at last reached the top. . . . .

"As we mounted the steep wood on the other side of the valley, we met several mules returning, with their drivers only. . . . . The view here is precipitous, extensive, and truly appalling. . . . . The smell of the pine trees, the clear air, and the golden sunshine gleaming through the dark foliage, refreshed me; and the fatigue from which I had suffered in the morning completely wore off. I had concluded that when we got to the top of the wood that hung over our heads we should have mastered our difficulties; but they only then began.

"We emerged into a barren heath or morass of a most toilsome ascent, lengthening as we advanced, with herds of swine, sheep, and cattle feeding on it, and a bed of half-melted snow marking the summit, over which we had to pass. We turned aside, half-way up this dreary wilderness, to stop at a *chalet*, where a boy, who tended the straggling cattle, was fast asleep in the middle of the day, and being waked up, procured us a draught of most delicious water from a fountain.

"We at length reached the Col de Peaume, and saw Mont Blanc. . . . .

"As we descended the path on foot, we saw before us the shingled roofs of a hamlet, situated on a patch of verdure near inaccessible columns of granite, and could hear the tinkling bells of a number of cattle pasturing below (an image of patriarchal times!).

"We also met one or two peasants returning home with loads of fern, and still farther down found the ripe harvests of wheat and barley growing close up to the

feet of the glaciers, . . . and the violet and the gilliflower nestling in the cliffs of the hardest rocks. . . . .

"As we advanced into the plain, and before it became dusk, we could discern at a distance the dark wood that skirts the glaciers of Mont Blanc, the spire of Chamouni, and the bridges that cross the stream.

"We also discovered, a little way on before us, stragglers on mules and a cabriolet that was returning from the Valley of Trie, by taking a more circuitous route.

"As the day closed in and was followed by the moonlight, the mountains on our right hung over us like a dark pall, and the glaciers gleamed like gigantic shrouds opposite. We might have fancied ourselves inclosed in a vast tomb but for the sounding cataracts and the light clouds that flitted over our heads. We arrived at Chamouni at last, and found the three inns crowded with English. . . . . We were glad to secure a small but comfortable room [at the Hôtel de Londres] for the night.

"We had an excellent supper, the materials of which, we understood, came from Geneva. We proceeded the next morning to Saleges. . . . . We passed this part of the road in a bright morning, incessantly turning back to admire, and finding fresh cause of pleasure and wonder at every step or pause; loth to leave it, and yet urged onward by continual displays of new and endless beauties.

"The rapid and winding descent continued almost to Saleges, about twenty miles from Chamouni. Here we

dined, and proceeded that night to Bonneville, on nearly level ground.

"I have seen no country where I have been more tempted to stop and enjoy myself, where I thought the inhabitants had more reason to be satisfied, and where, if you could not find happiness, it seemed in vain to seek farther for it. . . . . Perhaps, one of these days, I may try the experiment, and turn my back on sea-coal fires, and old English friends!

"The inn at Bonneville was dirty, ill-provided, and, as it generally happens in such cases, the people were inattentive, and the charges high. We were, however, indemnified by the reception we met with at Geneva, where the living was luxurious, and the expense comparatively trifling.

"I shall not dwell on this subject, lest I should be thought an epicure, though, indeed, I rather 'live a man forbid,' being forced to deny myself almost all those good things which I recommend to others.

"Geneva is, I think, a very neat and picturesque town, not equal to some others we had seen, but very well for a Calvinistic capital. . . . . I was struck with the fine forms of many of the women here.

"Though I was pleased with my fare, I was not altogether delighted with the manners and appearance of the inhabitants. . . I here saw Rousseau's house, and also read the 'Edinburgh Review' for May. . . . .

"The next day we passed along in the diligence through scenery of exquisite beauty and perfect cultivation. . . . . We saw Lausanne by moonlight. . . . . We

arrived that night at Vevey, after a week's absence, and an exceedingly delightful tour.

"We returned down the Rhine through Holland. I was willing to see the contrast between flat and lofty, and between Venice and Amsterdam. We left Vevey on the 20th of September. . . . . It was at first exceedingly hot. We hired a *char-à-bancs* from Vevey to Basle, and it took us four days to reach this latter place; the expense of the conveyance was twenty-four francs a day, besides the driver.

"The first part of our journey, as we ascended from the lake on the way to Moudon, was like an aërial voyage, from the elevation and the clearness of the atmosphere; yet still through the most lovely country imaginable, and with glimpses of the grand objects behind us (seen over delicious pastures and through glittering foliage) that were truly magical.

"The combinations of language, however, answer but ill to the varieties of nature, and by repeating these descriptions so often I am afraid of becoming tiresome. My excuse must be that I have little to relate but what I saw.

"After mounting to a considerable height we descended to Moudon. The accommodations at the inn were by no means good. . . . . The freshness of the air the next morning, and the striking beauty and rapid changes of the scenery, soon made us forget any disappointment we had experienced in this respect.

"As we ascended a steep hill on this side of Moudon

and looked back, first at the green dewy valley under our feet, with the dusky town and the blue smoke rising from it, then at the road we had traversed the preceding evening, winding among thick groves of trees, and last at the Savoy Alps on the other side of the Lake of Geneva (with which we had been familiar for four months, and which seemed to have no mind to quit us), I perceived a bright speck close to the top of one of these [Alps]. I was delighted, and said it was Mont Blanc.

"Our driver was of a different opinion, was positive it was only a cloud; and I accordingly supposed I had mistaken a sudden fancy for a reality. I began in secret to take myself to task, and to lecture myself for my proneness to build theories on the foundation of my conjectures and wishes. On turning round occasionally, however, I observed that this cloud remained in the same place, and I noticed the circumstance to our guide, as favouring my first suggestion. We disputed the point for half an hour, and it was not till the afternoon, when we had reached the other side of the Lake of Neufchatel, that, this same cloud, rising like a canopy over the point where it had hovered . . . he acknowledged it to be Mont Blanc.

"We were then at a distance of about forty miles from Vevey, and eighty or ninety from Chamouni. . . . . We dined at Werdun (a pretty town), at the head of the lake, and passed on to Neufchatel, along its enchanting and almost unrivalled borders, having the long unaspiring range of the Jura on our left (from the top of which St. Preux [in the 'New Héloise'], on his return from his

wanderings round the world, first greeted that country where 'torrents of delight had poured into his heart;' and indeed we could distinguish the 'Dent de Jamant' right over Clarens almost the whole way); and on our right was the rippling lake, its low cultivated banks on the other side, then a brown rocky ridge of mountains, and the calm golden peaks of the snowy passes of the Simplon, the Great St. Bernard, and (as I was fain to believe) of Monteroso, rising into the evening sky at intervals beyond.

"Meanwhile we rode on. This kind of retreat, where there is nothing to surprise, nothing to disgust, nothing to draw the attention out of itself, uniting the advantages of society and solitude, of simplicity and elegance, and where the mind can indulge in a sort of habitual and self-centred satisfaction, is the only one which I should never feel a wish to quit. The *golden mean* is, indeed, an exact description of the mode of life I should like to lead, of the style I should like to write; but alas! I am afraid I shall never succeed in either object of my ambition.

"The next day being cloudy, we lost sight entirely of the last range of Alpine hills, and saw them no more afterwards. The road lay for some miles through an open and somewhat dreary country. . . . . We had, however, the Lake of Bienne and Isle of St. Pierre in prospect before us, which are so admirably described by Rousseau in his 'Reveries of a Solitary Walker,' and to which he gives the preference over the Lake of Geneva.

"The effect from the town of Bienne, where we

stopped to dine, was not much; but in climbing to the top of a steep sandy hill beyond it we saw the whole to great advantage. Evening was just closing in, and the sky was cloudy, with a few red streaks near the horizon. . . . .

"The inn at ——, where we stopped for the night, (the Rose and Crown) though almost a solitary house in a solitary valley, is a very good one, and the cheapest we met with abroad. Our bill for supper, lodging, and breakfast amounted to only seven francs.

"Our route the following morning lay up a broad, steep valley, with a fine gravelly road through it, and forests of pine and other trees raised like an amphitheatre on either side. The sun had just risen, and the drops of rain still hung upon the branches.

"We stopped at the Three Kings at Basle, and were shown into a long, narrow room, which did not promise well at first; but the waiter threw up the window at the further end, and we all at once saw the full breadth of the Rhine, rolling rapidly. . . . . It was clear moonlight, and the effect was fine and unexpected. The broad mass of water rushed by with clamorous sound and stately impetuosity, as if it were carrying a message from the mountains to the ocean. The next morning we perceived that it was of a muddy colour.

"We thought of passing down it in a small boat, but the covering was so low as to make the posture uncomfortable, or, if raised higher, there was a danger of

its being overset by any sudden gust of wind. We therefore went by the diligence to Colmar and Strasburg. I regretted afterwards that we did not take the right-hand road by Freybourg and the Black Forest—the woods, hills, and mouldering castles of which, as far as I could judge from a distance, are the most romantic and beautiful possible. . . . .

"We crossed the Rhine at Strasburg, and proceeded through Rastadt and Manheim to Mayence. We stopped the first night at the Golden Cross, at Rastadt, which is the very best inn I was at during the whole time I was abroad. Among other things, we had *chiffrons* for supper, which I found on inquiry were wood-partridges, which are much more highly esteemed than the field ones. . . . .

"We half missed the scenery between Mayence and Coblentz, the only part of the Rhine worth seeing. We saw it, however, by moonlight. . . . . It was like a brilliant dream.

"From Neuss to Cleves we went in the royal Prussian diligence, and from thence to Nimeguen, the first town in Holland. . . . . It was a fine, clear afternoon. . . . . We proceeded from Nimeguen to Utrecht and Amsterdam by the stage. . . . .

"All the way from Utrecht to Amsterdam, to the Hague, to Rotterdam, you might fancy yourself on Clapham Common. The canals are lined with farms and summer-houses, with orchards and gardens of the utmost beauty, and in excellent taste. The exterior of their buildings is as clean as the interior of ours; their

public houses look as nice and well-ordered as our private ones. If you are up betimes in a morning, you see a servant-wench (the domestic Naiad) with a leathern pipe, like that attached to fire-engine, drenching the walls and windows with pailfuls of water. With all this, they suffocate you with tobacco-smoke in their stage-coaches and canal-boats; and you do not see a set of clean teeth from one end of Holland to the other. . . . .

"I was assured at Amsterdam that Rembrandt was the greatest painter in the world, and at Antwerp that Rubens was. The inn at Amsterdam (the Rousland) is one of the best I have been at; and an inn is no bad test of the civilization and diffusion of comfort in a country. We saw a play at the theatre here, and the action was exceedingly graceful and natural. . . . .

"Holland is perhaps the only country which you gain nothing by seeing. It is exactly the same as the Dutch landscapes of it. I was shown the plain and village of Ryswick, close to the Hague. It struck me I had seen something very like it before. It is the back-ground of Paul Potter's Bull.

"Delft is a very model of comfort and polished neatness. We met with a gentleman belonging to this place in the *trackschuyt*, who, with other civilities, showed us his house (a perfect picture in its kind), and invited us in to rest and refresh ourselves, while the other boat was getting ready. These things are an extension of one's idea of humanity. I would not wish to lower any one's idea of England, but let him enlarge his notions of existence and enjoyment beyond it. He

will not think the worse of his own country for thinking better of human nature.

"The inconveniences of travelling in Holland are that you make little way, and are forced to get out and have your luggage taken into another boat at every town you come to, which happens two or three times in the course of the day. Let no one go to the Washington Arms at Rotterdam; it is fit only for American sea-captains. . . . .

"On inquiring our way, we were accosted by a Dutch servant-girl, who had lived in an English family for a year, and who spoke English better, and with less of a foreign accent, than any Frenchwoman I ever heard. . . . .

"There was a steam-boat here which set sail for London the next day; but we preferred passing through Ghent, Lille, and Antwerp. . . . We saw the Rubenses in the great church at the last. . . . . The person who showed us the Taking Down from the Cross said 'it was the finest picture in the world.' I said 'One of the finest,' an answer with which he appeared by no means satisfied.

"We returned by way of St. Omer and Calais. I wished to see Calais once more, for it was here that I landed in France twenty years ago. [We arrived in England on the 16th of October, 1825.]

"I confess London looked to me on my return like a long, straggling, dirty country town. . . . . I am not sorry, however, that I have got back. There is an old saying, *Home is home, be it never so homely*. . . . .

"The pictures that most delighted me in Italy were those I had before seen in the Louvre 'with eyes of youth.' I could revive this feeling of enthusiasm, but not transfer it. . . . .

"Since my return I have put myself on a regimen of brown bread, beef, and tea, and have thus defeated the systematic conspiracy carried on against weak digestions. To those accustomed to, and who can indulge in foreign luxuries, this list will seem far from satisfactory."

Mr. Hazlitt and his son returned home alone. Mrs. Hazlitt had stopped behind. At the end of a fortnight he wrote to her, asking her when he should come to fetch her; and the answer which he got was that she had proceeded on to Switzerland with her sister, and that they had parted for ever!

It appears that my father was excessively hurt and indignant at the whole affair from the first outset, and considered that his own mother had been ill-used—in which there was a considerable share of truth, no doubt; and when he joined his father and stepmother abroad, he, mere child as he was, seems to have been very pointed and severe in his remarks upon the matter. This probably gave Mrs. Hazlitt a foretaste of what she might have to expect on her return to England, and led to the determination referred to.

At any rate, they never met again. Their union had been short enough. It amounted scarcely to more than an episode.

CHAPTER XVI.

1825–1827.

The 'Elegant Extracts'—'Boswell Redivivus.'

In 1825 Mr. Hazlitt, assisted by his son, Mr. Procter, Mr. Lamb,* and somebody else, whose name I do not recall, prepared for publication a volume of Elegant Extracts from the English Poets. The selections were made from Chalmers' large collection; and Leigh Hunt's copy of that work was had for the purpose. Altogether it was a somewhat corporate undertaking—a book, as it were, brought out by a Limited Company. It passes commonly, however, under Mr. Hazlitt's name, as if he had been the sole person concerned in it; whereas, I believe that his share was by no means very considerable. It was not a task to his taste, to begin with.

It happened, unluckily, that some copyright authors were included by one or other of the Co.; an injunction was procured by those interested, or at least threatened; and the copies were sent to America, or otherwise smuggled. A few had got into circulation, and may still be met with, though rarely; and the volume was reissued the same year by Mr. Tegg, with a new title

* Lamb corrected the proofs, I have heard it stated, during his friend's absence abroad.

and a frontispiece, the name of "W. Hazlitt, Esq.," remaining in the forefront as the editor. The legend is that Mr. Hunt's copy of Chalmers's 'Poets' was returned to him in an indifferent plight.

An edition of John Buncle, which appeared in 1825, in three duodecimo volumes, has been given to him in some of the catalogues—I believe, without any authority. He was abroad from August, 1824, to October, 1825, and his name appears nowhere in the book. On the other hand, I have heard it stated, not as a fact, but as an impression, that his friend Lamb had to do with it. Perhaps *he* merely recommended it to the publisher as a work not unlikely to sell.

So far back as 1802, Mr. Hazlitt had become acquainted, through his brother John, with Mr. Northcote the artist. Northcote had seen a great deal, heard a great deal, read a great deal; he was a shrewd observer, and a person of average conversational powers; and Mr. Hazlitt and he found many common topics.

Northcote was an ill-conditioned, malevolent, mean-spirited person, for whom nobody probably ever entertained any real regard. My grandfather had a strong relish for his society, and a sort of liking for the man himself, which he would have found it rather hard to explain on any ordinary principle. It was, no doubt, Northcote's rare vivacity, abundance of anecdote, and recollections of bygone people which drew Mr. Hazlitt to his studio so frequently, apart from any advantage in any shape which he derived from this source.

Fuseli said of Northcote's portrait, "By Cot, he's

looking sharp for a rat!" and here he hit off the old artist's character to a nicety. Colburn published his 'Life of Titian,' and he used to say, "That little wretch Colburn wants to rob me of ALL my money!" I suppose Colburn did not think the life would pay, and suggested a subsidy in aid.

It is Northcote who is pointed at, where Mr. Hazlitt says:—

"The person whose doors I enter with most pleasure, and quit with the most regret, never did me the smallest favour. I once did him an uncalled-for service, and we nearly quarrelled about it. If I were in the utmost distress, I should just as soon think of asking his assistance as of stopping a person on the highway. Practical benevolence is not his *forte*. He leaves the profession of that to others. His habits, his theory are against it as idle and vulgar. His hand is closed; but what of that? His eye is ever open, and reflects the universe: his silver accents, beautiful, venerable as his silver hairs, but not scanted, flow as a river. I never ate or drank in his house; nor do I know or care how the flies or spiders fare in it, or whether a mouse can get a living. But I know that I can get there what I can get nowhere else—a welcome, as if one was expected to drop in just at that moment, a total absence of all respect of persons, and of airs of self-consequence, endless topics of discourse, refined thoughts, made more striking by ease and simplicity of manner—the husk, the shell of humanity is left at the door, and the spirit, mellowed by time, resides within!

"I asked leave," says my grandfather, "to write down one or two of these conversations; he [Northcote] said I might, if I thought it worth while; 'but,' he said, 'I do assure you that you overrate them. You have not lived enough in society to be a judge. What is new to you you think will seem so to others. To be sure, there is one thing, I have had the advantage of having lived in good society myself. I not only passed a great deal of my younger days in the company of Reynolds, Johnson, and that circle, but I was brought up among the Modges, of whom Sir Joshua (who was certainly used to the most brilliant society of the metropolis) thought so highly that he had them at his house for weeks, and even sometimes gave up his own bedroom to receive them. Yet they were not thought superior to several other persons at Plymouth, who were distinguished, some for their satirical wit, others for their delightful fancy, others for their information or sound sense, and with all of whom my father was familiar, when I was a boy.'

"My friend Mr. Northcote is a determined Whig. I have, however, generally taken him as my lay-figure, or model, and worked upon it, *selon mon gré*, by fancying how he would express himself on any occasion, and making up a conversation according to this preconception in my mind. I have also introduced little incidental details that never happened; thus, by lying, giving a greater air of truth to the scene—an art understood by most historians! In a word, Mr. Northcote is only answerable for the wit, sense, and spirit there may

be in these papers: I take all the dulness, impertinence, and malice upon myself. He has furnished the text—I fear I have often spoiled it by the commentary. Or (to give it a more favourable turn) I have expanded him into a book, as another friend* has continued the history of the Honeycombs down to the present period. My 'Dialogues' are done much upon the same principle as the 'Family Journal:' I shall be more than satisfied if they are thought to possess but half the spirit and verisimilitude.

"[I told him that] when Godwin wrote his 'Life of Chaucer,'† he was said to have turned Papist from his having made use of something I had said to him about confession.

"Northcote asked if I had sent my son to school? I said I thought of the Charter House, if I could compass it. I liked those old-established places, where learning grew for hundreds of years, better than any new-fangled experiments or modern seminaries. He inquired if I had ever thought of putting him to school on the Continent; to which I answered, No, for I wished him to have an idea of home before I took him abroad; by beginning in the contrary method, I thought, I deprived him both of the habitual attachment to the one and of the romantic pleasure in the other.

"Northcote spoke in raptures of the power in Cobbett's writings, and asked me if I had ever seen

* Leigh Hunt.

† See a droll account of this book in a letter from Sir W. Scott to George Ellis (Lockhart, ii. 177).

him. I said I had for a short time; that he called *rogue* and *scoundrel* at every second word in the coolest way imaginable, and went on just the same in a room as on paper.

"I had once, I said, given great offence to a knot of persons by contending that Jacob's Dream was finer than anything in Shakspeare; and that Hamlet would bear no comparison with at least one character in the New Testament. A young poet had said on this occasion that he did not like the Bible, because there was nothing about flowers in it; and I asked him if he had forgot that passage, 'Behold the lilies of the field,' &c.

"I mentioned to Northcote the pleasure I had formerly taken in a little print of Gadshill from a sketch of his own, which I used at one time to pass a certain shop-window on purpose to look at. He said 'it was impossible to tell beforehand what would hit the public. You might as well pretend to say what ticket would turn up a prize in the lottery.'

"I remarked that I believed corporations of art or letters might meet with a certain attention, but it was the stragglers and candidates that were knocked about with very little ceremony. . . . . Those of my own way of thinking were 'bitter bad judges' on this point. A Tory scribe, who treated mankind as rabble and *canaille*, was regarded by them in return as a fine gentleman: a reformer like myself, who stood up for liberty and equality, was taken at his word by the very journeyman that set up his paragraphs, and could not get a civil answer from the meanest shop-boy in the

employ of those on his own side of the question. Northcote laughed, and said I irritated myself too much about such things. He said it was one of Sir Joshua's maxims that the art of life consisted in not being overset by trifles.

"I inquired if he had read 'Woodstock?' He answered, 'No, he had not been able to get it.' I said I had been obliged to pay five shillings for the loan of it at a regular bookseller's shop (I could not procure it at the circulating libraries); and that, from the understood feeling about Sir Walter, no objection was made to this proposal, which would in ordinary cases have been construed into an affront. I had well nigh repented my bargain, but there were one or two scenes that repaid me (though none equal to his best), and in general it was very indifferent.

"I mentioned having once had a vary smart debate with Godwin about a young lady, of whom I had been speaking as very much like her aunt, a celebrated authoress, and as what the latter, I conceived, might have been at her time of life. Godwin said, when Miss—— did anything like Evelina or Cecilia, he should then believe she was as clever as Madame D'Arblay. I asked him whether he did not think Miss Burney was as clever before she wrote those novels as she was after; or whether in general an author wrote a successful work for being clever, or was clever because he wrote a successful work?

"I said, 'I am glad to hear you speak so of Guido. I was beginning, before I went abroad, to have

a "sneaking contempt" for him as insipid and monotonous, from seeing the same everlasting repetitions of Cleopatras and Madonnas; but I returned a convert to his merits. I saw many indifferent pictures attributed to great masters; but wherever I saw a Guido, I found eloquence and beauty that answered to the "silver" sound of his name.'

"On my excusing myself to Northcote for some blunder in history by saying 'I really had not time to read,' he said, 'no, but you have time to write.' And once a celebrated critic taking me to task as to the subject of my pursuits, and receiving regularly the same answer to his queries, that I knew nothing of chemistry, nothing of astronomy, of botany, of law, of politics, &c., at last exclaimed, somewhat impatiently, 'What the devil is it then you *do* know?' I laughed, and was not very much disconcerted at the reproof, as it was just."

"I said [to Northcote] authors alone were privileged to suppose that all excellence was confined to words. Till I was twenty, I thought there was nothing in the world but books. When I began to paint, I found there were two things both difficult to do and worth doing; and I concluded from that there might be fifty. At least I was willing to allow every one his own choice. I recollect a certain poet * saying 'he should like to *hamstring* those fellows at the Opera.' I suppose, because the great would rather see them dance than read 'Kehama.'

"Mr. Northcote enlarges with enthusiasm on the old painters, and tells good things of the new. The only

* Southey.

thing he ever vexed me in was his liking the 'Catalogue Raissonnée.' I had almost as soon hear him talk of Titian's pictures (which he does with tears in his eyes, and looking just like them) as see the originals; and I had rather hear him talk of Sir Joshua's than see them. He is the last of that school who knew Goldsmith and Johnson. How finely he describes Pope! . . . . I never ate or drank with Mr. Northcote, but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember; and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time."

Northcote was afraid that what my grandfather had said about Sir Walter Scott might give offence; but my grandfather assured him that authors like to be talked about, and that if Sir Walter objected to having his name mentioned, he was singularly unlucky. My grandfather remarked to Northcote on this occasion: "Enough was said in his praise; and I do not believe he is captious. I fancy he *takes the rough with the smooth.* I did not well know what to do. You seemed to express a wish that the conversations should proceed, and yet you are startled at particular phrases; or I would have brought you what I had done to show you. I thought it best to take my chance of the general impression."

Northcote answered that, if the conversations had been published posthumously, there would have been no harm done, for people would not care to ask ques-

tions about them. He did not see much in them himself, but he thought that might be, because they were not new to him. He expressed surprise that my grandfather, who knew so many celebrated authors, should not find anything of theirs worth recording, which gave the other occasion to observe that Godwin was very angry at the liberty he had taken, but that Godwin was quite safe from having such freedom used with *him*. He [Mr. H.] should never think of repeating any of Godwin's conversations.

Mr. Hazlitt said to Northcote that he recollected, when he was formerly trying to paint, nothing gave him the horrors so much as passing the old battered portraits at the doors of brokers' shops, with the morning sun flaring full upon them. He was generally inclined to prolong his walk and put off painting for that day; but the sight of a fine picture had a contrary effect, and he went back and set to work with redoubled ardour.

One day, when Mr. Hazlitt went into Northcote's, Northcote said to him, "Sir, there's been such a *beautiful* murder." The old painter was very fond of reading, and hearing, and talking of all the atrocities of this kind that occurred in his day. He regarded them, like De Quincey, from an artistic point of view.

Speaking of Lord Byron's opinions, especially his notions about Shakspeare, Mr. Hazlitt once observed to Northcote, "I do not care much about his opinions." Northcote remarked that they were evidently capricious, and taken up in the spirit of contradiction. Mr. Hazlitt continued, "Not only so (as far as I can judge),

but without any better founded ones in his own mind. They appear to me conclusions without premises or any previous process of thought or inquiry. I like old opinions with new reasons, not new opinions without any; not mere *ipse dixits*. He was too arrogant to assign a reason to others or to need one for himself. It was quite enough that he subscribed to any assertion to make it clear to the world, as well as binding on his valet."

Mr. Hazlitt asked Northcote if he remembered the name of Stringer at the Academy, when he first came up to town. Northcote said he did, and that he drew very well, and once put the figure for him in a better position to catch the foreshortening. Northcote then inquired if Mr. Hazlitt knew anything about him; and Mr. H. said he had once vainly tried to copy a head of a youth by him, admirably drawn and coloured, and in which he had attempted to give the effect of double vision by a second outline accompanying the contour of the face and features. Though the design might not be in good taste, it was executed in a way that made it next to impossible to imitate.

Mr. Hazlitt was grateful to Northcote for admiring 'No Song, no Supper,' which was the first play he (Mr. H.) had ever seen. Northcote remarked that it was very delightful, but that the players had cut a good deal out.

Mr. Hazlitt once said to Northcote, in answer to a question, that he liked Sir Walter Scott "on this side of idolatry and Toryism." Scott reminded him of Cobbett, with his florid face and scarlet gown, like the other's red face and scarlet waistcoat.

When Mr. Hazlitt was at Calais in 1825, he was offended at a waiter who had misbehaved; and while the fellow was out of the room he tried to "call up a look" against the time he returned. But he found this sort of "previous rehearsal" of no use. When the waiter came back Mr. H. assumed an expression involuntarily or spontaneously, which made it unnecessary to say anything; and he mentioned afterwards to Northcote that it seemed to him this was just the difference between good acting and bad, between face-making and genuine passion. For, "to give the last," he remarked, "an actor must possess the highest truth of imagination, and must undergo an entire revolution of feeling."

Mr. Hazlitt says:—

"He asked me if I had seen anything of Haydon? I said yes, and that he had vexed me; for I had shown him some fine heads from the cartoons done about a hundred years ago (which appeared to me to prove that since that period those noble remains have fallen into a state of considerable decay), and when I went out of the room for a moment, I found the prints thrown carelessly on the table, and that he had got out a volume of Tasso."

Some of the conversations possess even now considerable interest. My grandfather has been thought unjust to Wordsworth. Now, in his lectures, he spoke handsomely enough of him, at a time when he was only just rising into notice; in his 'Spirit of the Age,' 1825, he does the same; and in the last place where he had an

opportunity of giving expression to such criticisms—these conversations—he has set down for us the arguments which Northcote used against Wordsworth, and his own remarks in vindication of that poet. Mr. Hazlitt, however, certainly feared that the want of popularity which Wordsworth suffered in his lifetime, would militate against his future fame; and he gave his reasons; which were these:

"Few persons," he said, "made much noise after their deaths, who did not do so while they were living. Posterity could not be supposed to rake into the records of past times for the illustrious Obscure; and only ratified or annulled the lists of great names handed down to them by the voice of common fame. Few people recovered from the neglect or obloquy of their contemporaries. The public would hardly be at the pains to try the same cause twice over, or did not like to reverse its own sentence, at least when on the unfavourable side."

Northcote was of opinion that my grandfather abandoned too hastily the profession of a painter. He said to him, at an early stage of their acquaintance, "I wanted to ask you about a speech you made the other day; you said you thought you could have made something of portrait, but that you never could have painted history. What did you mean by that?"

Whereupon Mr. Hazlitt observed: "Oh, all I meant was, that sometimes when I see a Titian or Rembrandt, I feel as if I could have done something of the same kind with proper pains, but I have never the same

feeling with respect to Raphael. My admiration there is utterly unmixed with emulation or regret. In fact, I see what is before me, but I have no invention."

But Northcote thought differently, and considered that his companion might have succeeded, if he had tried.

My grandfather, having received permission from Mr. Northcote, printed in Colburn's 'New Monthly Magazine,' at intervals, notes of these conversations, under the title of 'Boswell Redivivus.' Four sections appeared in the course of 1826.

"Hazlitt's mode," observes Mr. Patmore, "of turning Northcote's conversation to a *business* account, while the 'Boswell Redivivus' was appearing in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' was sufficiently curious and characteristic. . . . When the time was at hand for preparing a number of the papers, he used to ask me, 'Have you seen Northcote lately? Is he in talking cue? for I must go in a day or two, and get an article out of him.' . . . . The simple truth in this matter is, that it was the astonishing acuteness and sagacity of Hazlitt's remarks that called into active being, if they did not actually create, much of what was noticeable in Northcote's conversation."

"He was sure to be unusually entertaining after a morning in Argyll Street," says the same writer, and I know that he would go round to Broad Street on these occasions, and retail to the Reynells all that he had heard—all that Northcote had said to him, and what he said to Northcote back.

"In regard to the facts and anecdotes," Mr. Patmore

continues, "related in these conversations, I believe Hazlitt to have been scrupulously exact in his reports." But it so happened that in 'Boswell Redivivus,' No. 6, the reporter carried his exactitude and portrait-painting propensity too far, and published some disparaging remarks of Northcote's upon Dr. Mudge and his family —the same Mudges who had been so intimate with Reynolds.

"The crime of Hazlitt," as Mr. Patmore puts it very well, "was not to have known, as if by instinct, what Hazlitt, so far from being bound to know, could not possibly have been acquainted with, except through the direct information of Northcote himself—namely, that he (Northcote) had particular and personal reasons for desiring not to be suspected of being the expositor of these obnoxious truths. . . . ."

The old painter, however, was furious, and almost hysterical with indignation against the *diabolical* Hazlitt. He sent over for Mr. Colburn, the publisher of the magazine, and Mr. Colburn would not come. He called upon Mr. Colburn, and Mr. Colburn would not see him. He wrote to Mr. Campbell, the editor, a letter expressing his amazement and disgust at the conduct of the *diabolical* Hazlitt, and Mr. Campbell wrote back to say, yes, it was disgusting, and *he* was amazed too; and "the *infernal* Hazlitt should never write another line in the magazine during his management of it."*

* He does not seem to have been aware of Campbell's state of feeling respecting him, or to have made light of it, for see his handsome tribute to that writer's genius in the 'Spirit of

Mr. Northcote returned an answer to say he was greatly relieved, adding, "I have only to beg of you that my name, as having interfered in those, to me, awful papers, may never be mentioned in your magazine, because it would be avowing a connection with them which I wish to avoid."

The soul of the jest is in the threefold fact, *that Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Northcote saw just as much of each other as before; that Mr. Hazlitt took notes of Mr. Northcote's conversations, with the artist's perfect privity, as before*; *and that these conversations were printed, as Mr. Hazlitt chose to send them in, in Colburn's New 'Monthly,' as before!**

It appears that Northcote consulted my grandfather about his 'Fables,' of which there were two series published. Northcote once showed Mr. Hazlitt a note he had received from his bookseller about them, which pleased him (Mr. H.), but when Northcote afterwards showed it to Godwin, Godwin did not see it in the same light.†

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the Age.' Certainly Campbell does not come very creditably out of these editorial combats. A letter, signed *Veritas*, appeared in the *Examiner* of May 4, 1833, stating that "all the ill nature in the book is Northcote's, and all, or almost all, the talent, Hazlitt's."

* Anybody desirous of gaining a more perfect insight into Northcote's share in this business, may consult A. Cunningham's 'Lives of the Painters,' vii. 107-16. Mr. Northcote's behaviour was characteristically hypocritical and paltry throughout.

† It may be here just mentioned that my grandfather helped Northcote with what is called 'The Life of Titian,' a strange

jumble, which was printed in 1830, in two volumes octavo, and of which N. did some, my grandfather some, and my father the rest! The total result is not, it must be confessed, highly sactisfactory; but the appendices contain, *inter alia*, a reprint of the article originally printed in the *Champion* of 1814: 'Whether the Fine Arts are promoted by Academies?' With this, however, should have been given the letter of Mr. H. to the *Champion* of October 2, 1814, in vindication of what he had written.

CHAPTER XVII.

1826-1828.

Still hard at work — The 'Spirit of the Age' — The 'Plain Speaker' — Contributions to periodicals — 'The Life of Napoleon' — Autobiographical passages.

DURING these years, the strange controversy respecting the 'Boswell Redivivus' was almost, I think, the sole incident which disturbed the comparatively tranquil tenor of Mr. Hazlitt's life. His health was not very good, but he contrived to get through an astonishing quantity of "copy." In 1825, was published 'The Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits,' which had originally come out in numbers in the 'New Monthly;' and it reached a second edition in 1826. His name was not on the title-page; but it was soon generally known whose the book was.

In 1826, Mr. Colburn published 'The Plain Speaker; Opinions on Men, Books, and Things,' in two volumes octavo, also anonymously; and Galignani produced a single octavo which *he* called 'Table-Talk,' this year, but which was merely a selection from the book properly bearing that title, and from the 'Plain Speaker.'

The negotiations for the 'Notes of a Journey through

France and Italy,' resulted in their collective publication by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke; in a copy before me, the author's name is printed on the title-page, but in all others which I have examined, the book is anonymous.

He continued, though at long intervals, to write for the *Examiner*, and in the number for November 18, 1827, was inserted a paper entitled 'The Dandy School,' being a criticism on 'Vivian Grey,' and books of that calibre and tendency.

He also had a new channel opened to him in Mr. (since Major) D. L. Richardson's 'London Weekly Review,' and here, during 1826 and the two following years, he obtained the insertion of several of not the least agreeable effusions of his prolific and versatile pen. Many of these have never been reprinted, and yet are deserving of preservation in a permanent shape.

His handwriting was always welcome, too, at New Burlington Street; and besides the serial 'Boswell Redivivus' in Colburn's 'New Monthly,' he had there the rather well-known essay 'On Persons one would wish to have seen,'—founded on an incident of twenty years' standing.

Nor were these more than collateral employments entered into to supply the necessities of the hour: for he was fully engaged, from the beginning of 1827 onward, upon the work which was to crown the edifice, and to keep his name green, when nothing else of his doing perhaps could, among Englishmen. His 'Life of Napoleon Buonaparte' was already on the stocks.

He seems to have had his 'Life of Napoleon' in view as early as the summer of 1825, when he was at Vevey. In a conversation with Captain Medwin, who called on him twice while he stayed there, he observed, "I will write a Life of Napoleon, though it is yet too early: some have a film before their eyes, some want magnifying-glasses—none see him as he is, in his true proportions."

He worked upon this grateful task a good deal during 1827 down at Winterslow Hut. The first volume, and the greater part of the second, were ready for the printer, when he was overtaken by indisposition, and came up to London for advice. He had probably overtaxed his powers, for in the country it was frequently his custom (the evenings hanging heavily on his hands) to work what he called "double tides."

Among the authorities which he employed were Bourrienne, Las Cases, the Abbé Sieyes, and Antommarchi. I do not think that he resorted much to the writers on the other side of the question.

There was to have been a preface, and one was actually set up, but eventually suppressed by the advice of the publishers, I believe. The proof-sheet, as the author finally revised it, is still preserved, and no more remarkable illustration could be desired or furnished of the deep root which the subject had taken in his heart, and the absorbing interest which he felt in its completion, as *the one* thing to be accomplished before his death, than a note in his own handwriting which accompanied the proof on its return to the publishers:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I thought all the world agreed with me at present that Buonaparte was better than the Bourbons, or that a tyrant was better than tyranny. In my opinion, no one of an understanding above the rank of a lady's waiting-maid could ever have doubted this, though I alone said it ten years ago. It might be impolicy then and now for what I know, for the world stick to an opinion in appearance long after they have given it up in reality. I should like to know whether the preface is thought impolitic by some one who agrees with me in the main point, or by some one who differs with me and makes this excuse not to have his opinion contradicted? In Paris (jubes regina renovare dolorem) the preface was thought a masterpiece, the best and only possible defence of Buonaparte, and quite new *there*! It would be an impertinence in me to write a Life of Buonaparte after Sir W.* without some such object as that expressed in the preface. After all, I do not care a *damn* about the preface. It will get me on four pages somewhere else. Shall I retract my opinion altogether, and foreswear my own book? Rayner is right to cry out; I think I have tipped him fair and foul copy, a lean rabbit and a fat one. The remainder of vol. ii. will be ready to go on with, but not the beginning of the third. The appendixes had better be at the end of second vol. Pray get them if you can: you have my Sieyes, have you not? One of them is there. I have been nearly in the other world. My regret was 'to die and leave the world "rough" copy.' Otherwise I had thought of an epitaph

* Sir Walter Scott.

and a good end. Hic jacent reliquiæ mortales Gulielmi Hazlitt, auctoris non intelligibilis: natus Maidstoniæ in comi[ta]tu Cantiœ, Apr. 10, 1778. Obiit Winterslowe, Dec., 1827. I think of writing an epistle to C. Lamb, Esq., to say that I have passed near the shadowy world, and have had new impressions of the vanity of this, with hopes of a better. Don't you think this would be good policy? Don't mention it to the severe author of the 'Press,' a poem,* but methinks the idea *arridet* Hone. He would give sixpence to see me floating, upon a pair of borrowed wings, half way between heaven and earth, and edifying the good people at my departure, whom I shall only scandalize by remaining. At present my study and contemplation is the leg of a stewed fowl. I have behaved like a saint, and been obedient to orders.

"*Non fit pugil*, &c., I got a violent spasm by walking fifteen miles in the mud, and getting into a coach with an old lady who would have the window open. Delicacy, moderation, complaisance, the *suaviter in modo*, whisper it about, my dear Clarke, these are my faults and have been my ruin.

"Yours ever, W. H.

"December 7, [1827].

"I can't go to work before Sunday or Monday. By then the doctor says he shall have made a new man of me.

"Pray how's your sister?"

[C. Cowden Clarke, Esq.]

* Mr. McCleery, the printer.

There are few salient points or striking passages of his life which he has omitted to touch upon, or glance at. There is even a little sketch, from his own hand, of his feelings and thoughts as he lay stretched (an unwilling prisoner) on this bed of sickness in the winter of 1827; and these are his words:—

"I see (as I awake from a short, uneasy doze) a golden light shine through my white window curtains on the opposite wall. Is it the dawn of a new day, or the departing light of evening? I do not well know, for the opium 'they have drugged my posset with' has made strange havoc with my brain, and I am uncertain whether time has stood still, or advanced, or gone backward."

The second volume of the 'Life of Napoleon' was finished in time to enable Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, who had undertaken the publication, to issue volumes I. and II. in 1828. Volumes III. and IV. were, as the booksellers phrase it, "in active preparation;" and the author had determined to bring in the rejected preface as an ordinary paragraph at the commencement of the former.

He had gone back to Winterslow Hut, and there, in the February of 1828, "in the intervals of business," he committed to writing these Recollections,* which are autobiography, if I err not, of a very pleasant description. But I must, by way of preface, introduce his account of the sensations he experienced on his recovery from this very serious indisposition.

"Returning back to life with half-strung nerves and

* They constitute the essay called 'A Farewell to Essay Writing,' printed in Winterslow, 1850, but written in February, 1828.

shattered strength, we seem as when we first entered it with uncertain purposes and faltering aims. . . . . Everything is seen through a medium of reflection and contrast. We hear the sound of merry voices in the street; and this carries us back to the recollections of some country-town or village group—

> We see the children sporting on the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters roaring evermore.

A cricket chirps on the hearth, and we are reminded of Christmas gambols long ago. The very cries in the street seem to be of a former date, and the dry toast eats very much as it did twenty years ago. A rose smells doubly sweet after being stifled with tinctures and essences, and we enjoy the idea of a journey and an inn the more for having been bed-rid. But a book is the secret and sure charm to bring all these implied associations to a focus. I should prefer an old one, Mr. Lamb's favourite, the 'Journey to Lisbon;' or the 'Decameron,' if I could get it; but if a new one, let it be 'Paul Clifford.'

"Food, warmth, sleep, and a book: these are all I at present ask—the *Ultima Thule* of my wandering desires. Do you not then wish for

> A friend in your retreat,
> Whom you may whisper, solitude is sweet?

Expected, well enough:—gone, still better. Such attractions are strengthened by distance. Nor a mistress? 'Beautiful mask! I know thee!' When I can judge of the heart from the face, of the thoughts from the lips, I may again trust myself. Instead of these, give

me the robin red-breast, pecking the crumbs at the door, or warbling on the leafless spray, the same glancing form that has followed me wherever I have been and 'done its spiriting gently:' or the rich notes of the thrush that startle the ear of winter, and seem to have drunk up the full draught of joy from the very sense of contrast. To these I adhere, and am faithful, for they are true to me; and, dear in themselves, are dearer for the sake of what is departed, leading me back (by the hand) to that dreaming world, in the innocence of which they sat and made sweet music, waking the promise of future years, and answered by the eager throbbings of my own breast.

"But now 'the credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,' and I turn back from the world that has deceived me, to nature that lent it a false beauty, and that keeps up the illusion of the past. As I quaff my libations of tea in a morning, I love to watch the clouds sailing from the west, and fancy that 'the spring comes slowly up this way.' In this hope, while 'fields are dank and ways are mire,' I follow the same direction to a neighbouring wood,* where, having gained the dry, level greensward, I can see my way for a mile before, closed in on each side by copse-wood, and ending in a point of light more or less brilliant, as the day is bright or cloudy. What a walk is this to me! I have no need of book or companion; the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side, and blend with the air that fans my cheek.

"Here I can saunter for hours, bending my eye for-

* He must allude to Clarendon Wood, near Winterslow.

ward, stopping and turning to look back, thinking to strike off into some less trodden path, yet hesitating to quit the one I am in, afraid to snap the brittle threads of memory. I remark the shining trunks and slender branches of the birch-trees, waving in the idle breeze; or a pheasant springs up on whirring wing: or I recall the spot where I once found a wood-pigeon at the foot of a tree, weltering in its gore, and think how many seasons have flown since 'it left its little life in air.' Dates, names, faces, come back—to what purpose? or why think of them now? or rather, why not think of them oftener? We walk through life as through a narrow path, with a thin curtain drawn round it; behind are ranged rich portraits, airy harps are strung —yet we will not stretch forth our hands and lift aside the veil, to catch glimpses of the one, or sweep the chords of the other.

"As in a theatre, when the old-fashioned green curtain drew up, groups of figures, fantastic dresses, laughing faces, rich banquets, stately columns, gleaming vistas appeared beyond; so we have only at any time to 'peep through the blanket of the past,' to possess ourselves at once of all that has regaled our senses, that is stored up in our memory, that has struck our fancy, that has pierced our hearts: yet to all this we are indifferent, insensible, and seem intent only on the present vexation, the future disappointment. If there is a Titian hanging up in the room with me, I scarcely regard it; how then should I be expected to strain the mental eye so far, or to

throw down, by the magic spells of the will, the stone walls that enclose it in the Louvre?

"There is one head there of which I have often thought, when looking at it, that nothing should ever disturb me again, and I would become the character it represents—such perfect calm and self-possession reigns in it! Why do I not hang an image of this in some dusky corner of my brain, and turn an eye upon it ever and anon, as I have need of some such talisman to calm my troubled thoughts? The attempt is fruitless, if not natural; or, like that of the French, to hang garlands on the grave, and to conjure back the dead by miniature-pictures of them while living! It is only some actual coincidence, or local association, that tends, without violence, to 'open all the cells where memory slept.' I can easily, by stooping over the long-sprent grass and clay-cold clod, recall the tufts and primroses, or purple hyacinths, that formerly grew on the same spot, and cover the bushes with leaves and singing-birds as they were eighteen summers ago: or, prolonging my walk, and hearing the sighing gale rustle through a tall, straight wood at the end of it, can fancy that I distinguish the cry of hounds, and the fatal group issuing from it as in the tale of 'Theodore and Honoria.' A moaning gust of wind aids the belief; I look once more to see whether the trees before me answer to the idea of the horror-stricken grove, and an air-built city towers over their grey tops—

> Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
> The chief and most renown'd, Ravenna, stands.

"I return home resolved to read the entire poem through, and, after dinner drawing my chair to the fire, and holding a small print close to my eyes, launch into the full tide of Dryden's couplets (a stream of sound), comparing his didactic and descriptive pomp with the simple pathos and picturesque truth of Boccacio's story, and tasting with a pleasure, which none but an habitual reader can feel, some quaint examples of pronunciation in this accomplished versifier—

> Which, when Honoria viewed,
> The fresh *impulse* her former fright renew'd.
> *Theodore and Honoria.*
> And made th' *insult* which in his grief appears,
> The means to mourn thee with my pious tears.
> *Sigismonda and Guiscardo.*

These trifling instances of the wavering and unsettled state of the language give double effect to the firm and stately march of the verse, and make me dwell with a sort of tender interest on the difficulties and doubts of an earlier period of literature. They pronounced words then in a manner which we should laugh at now; and they wrote verse in a manner which we can do anything but laugh at. The pride of a new acquisition seems to give fresh confidence to it; to impel the rolling syllables through the moulds provided for them, and to overflow the envious bounds of rhyme into time-honoured triplets.

"What sometimes surprises me in looking back to the past is, with the exception already stated, to find myself so little changed in the time. The same images and trains of thought stick by me: I have the same tastes, likings, sentiments, and wishes that I had then.

"One great ground of confidence and support has, indeed, been struck from under my feet; but I have made it up to myself by proportionable pertinacity of opinion. The success of the great cause, to which I had vowed myself, was to me more than all the world. I had a strength in its strength, a resource which I knew not of, till it failed me for the second time:

> Fall'n was Glenartney's stately tree!
> Oh, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

"It was not till I saw the axe laid to the root, that I found the full extent of what I had to lose and suffer. But my conviction of the right was only established by the triumph of the wrong; and my earliest hopes will be my last regrets. One source of this unbendingness (which some may call obstinacy) is that, though living much alone, I have never worshipped the echo. I see plainly enough that black is not white, that the grass is green, that kings are not their subjects; and, in such self-evident cases, do not think it necessary to collate my opinions with the received prejudices. In subtler questions, and matters that admit of doubt, as I do not impose my opinion on others without a reason, so I will not give up mine to them without a better reason; and a person calling me names, or giving himself airs of authority, does not convince me of his having taken more pains to find out the truth than I have, but the contrary.

"Mr. Gifford once said, 'that while I was sitting over my gin and tobacco-pipes I fancied myself a Leibnitz.'

He did not so much as know that I had ever read a metaphysical book: was I, therefore, out of complaisance or deference to him, to forget whether I had or not? Leigh Hunt is puzzled to reconcile the shyness of my pretensions with the inveteracy and sturdiness of my principles. I should have thought they were nearly the same thing. Both from disposition and habit, I can *assume* nothing in word, look, or manner. I cannot steal a march upon public opinion in any way. My standing upright, speaking loud, entering a room gracefully, proves nothing; therefore I neglect these ordinary means of recommending myself to the good graces and admiration of strangers, and, as it appears, even of philosophers and friends.

"Why? Because I have other resources, or, at least, I am absorbed in other studies and pursuits. Suppose this absorption to be extreme, and even morbid—that I have brooded over an idea till it has become a kind of substance in my brain; that I have reasons for a thing which I have found out with much labour and pains, and to which I can scarcely do justice without the utmost violence of exertion (and that only to a few persons): is this a reason for my playing off my out-of-the-way notions in all companies, wearing a prim and self-complacent air, as if I were 'the admired of all observers?' or is it not rather an argument (together with a want of animal spirits) why I should retire into myself, and perhaps acquire a nervous and uneasy look, from a consciousness of the disproportion between the interest and conviction I feel on certain subjects, and my ability to

communicate what weighs upon my own mind to others? If my ideas, which I do not avouch, but suppose, lie below the surface, why am I to be always attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or, smiling, delighted at my own want of success?

"In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty, is the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same favourite books, pictures, passages, that I ever had; I may therefore presume that they will last me my life—nay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive. This continuity of impression is the only thing on which I pride myself. Even Lamb, whose relish of certain things is as keen and earnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afraid to ask about his select authors or particular friends after a lapse of ten years.

"As to myself, any one knows where to have me. What I have once made up my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve 'the other eleven obstinate fellows' out. I remember Mr. Godwin writing to Mr. Wordsworth, that 'his tragedy of Antonio could not fail of success.' It was damned past all redemption. I said to Mr. Wordsworth that I thought this a natural consequence; for how could any one have a dramatic turn of mind who judged of others entirely from himself? Mr. Godwin

might be convinced of the excellence of his work; but how could he know that others would be convinced of it, unless by supposing that they were as wise as himself, and as infallible critics of dramatic poetry—so many Aristotles sitting in judgment on Euripides!

"This shows why pride is connected with shyness and reserve: for the really proud have not so high an opinion of the generality as to suppose that they can understand them, or that there is any common measure between them. So Dryden exclaims of his opponents with bitter disdain—

> Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.

I have not sought to make partizans, still less did I dream of making enemies; and have therefore kept my opinions myself, whether they were currently adopted or not.

"To get others to come into our way of thinking we must go over to theirs; and it is necessary to follow in order to lead. At the time I lived here formerly, I had no suspicion that I should ever become a voluminous writer; yet I had the same confidence in my feelings before I had ventured to air them in public as I have now. Neither the outcry *for* or *against* moves me a jot: I do not say that the one is not more agreeable than the other.

"Not far from the spot where I write I first read Chaucer's 'Flower and Leaf,' and was charmed with that young beauty, shrouded in her bower, and listening with ever fresh delight to the repeated song of the

nightingale close by her. The impression of the scene, the vernal landscape, the cool of the morning, the gushing notes of the songstress—

And ayen methought she sang close by mine ear—

is as vivid as if it had been of yesterday, and nothing can persuade me that that is not a fine poem. I do not find this impression conveyed in Dryden's version, and therefore nothing can persuade me that that is as fine. I used to walk out at this time with Mr. and Miss Lamb of an evening, to look at the Claude Lorraine skies over our heads, melting from azure into purple and gold; and to gather mushrooms, that sprung up at our feet, to throw into our hashed mutton at supper.

"I was at that time an enthusiastic admirer of Claude, and could dwell for ever on one or two of the finest prints from him hung around my little room—the fleecy flocks, the bending trees, the winding streams, the groves, the nodding temples, the air-wove hills, and distant sunny vales—and tried to translate them into their lovely living hues. People then told me that Wilson was much superior to Claude: I did not believe them. Their pictures have since been seen together at the British Institution, and all the world have come into my opinion. I have not, on that account, given it up. I will not compare our hashed mutton with Amelia's;* but it put us in mind of it, and led to a discussion, sharply seasoned and well sustained, till midnight, the result of which appeared some years after in the 'Edinburgh

* In Fielding's novel. He refers to the visit which Mr. and Miss Lamb paid to Winterslow in 1809.

Review.'* Have I a better opinion of these criticisms on that account, or should I therefore maintain them with greater vehemence and tenaciousness? Oh, no; but both rather with less, now that they are before the public, and it is for them to make their election.

"It is in looking back to such scenes that I draw my best consolation for the future. Later impressions come and go, and serve to fill up the intervals; but these are my standing resource, my true classics. If I had few real pleasures or advantages, my ideas, from their sinewy texture, have been to me in the nature of realities; and if I should not be able to add to the stock, I can live by husbanding the interest. As to my speculations, there is little to admire in them but my admiration of others; and whether they have an echo in time to come or not, I have learned to set a grateful value on the past, and am content to wind up the account of what is personal only to myself and the immediate circle of objects in which I have moved, with an act of easy oblivion,

> And curtain-close such scene from every future view.

"For myself I do not complain of the greater thickness of the atmosphere as I approach the narrow house. I felt it more formerly, when the idea alone seemed to suppress a thousand rising hopes, and weighed upon the pulses of the blood. I remember once, in particular, having this feeling in reading Schiller's 'Don

* In the Paper 'On Madame D'Arblay's *Wanderer*,' in the Review for 1815.

Carlos,' where there is a description of death, in a degree that almost stifled me. At present I rather feel a thinness and want of support; I stretch out my hand to some object, and find none; I am too much in a world of abstraction; the naked map of life is spread out before me, and in the emptiness and desolation I see Death coming to meet me.

"In my youth, I could not behold him for the crowd of objects and feelings, and Hope stood always between us, saying, 'Never mind that old fellow!' If I had lived, indeed, I should not care to die. But I do not like a contract of pleasure broken off unfulfilled, a marriage with joy unconsummated, a promise of happiness rescinded.

"My public and private hopes have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me. I would wish them to be re-edified. I should like to see some prospect of good to mankind, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand to consign me to the grave.

"On these conditions I am ready, if not willing, to depart. I shall then write on my tomb—GRATEFUL AND CONTENTED.

"But I have thought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain. . . . ."

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1829-1830).

The last essays of William Hazlitt—'Life of Napoleon,' vols. iii. and iv.—Pecuniary difficulties connected with the work —Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'New Monthly Magazine,' and 'Atlas'—Τέλος.

Mr. Hazlitt removed, about 1827, from Down Street to 40, Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly; and here he lodged, when in town, during a couple of years.

It happened, when the MS. of the second volume of 'Napoleon' was almost ready for the printer, some burglars, who had got at the back of the premises through Shepherd's Market, tried to break in, and put Mr. Hazlitt into a great state of terror. He posted off the next morning to the *Atlas* office with his MS., and begged that it might be taken care of till the printer wanted it; and he had not even then, when the danger or alarm was all over, and his treasure was secure, quite overcome his excitement. I owe this anecdote to a gentleman who became acquainted with Mr. Hazlitt towards the close of his life, and who was an eye-witness of his arrival, MS. in hand, at the newspaper-office.

To another friend, whom he met with the adventure fresh in his mind, he said, "You know, sir, I had no

watch, and they wouldn't have believed I had no watch and no money; and, by G—, sir, they'd have cut my throat."

His industry never flagged. He was unceasingly occupied. His health was by no means re-established, and his spirits were sadly indifferent; but he went on, in spite of every obstacle, with the activity and continuity of a beginner.

In 1829, he shifted his quarters from 40, Half-Moon Street, to 3, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where he occupied (with his son) a first floor.

There was an alarm of fire while he was here, and the business was to get their pictures away—the copies of Titian and the 'Death of Clorinda.' He was cross with my father (ill-health improves nobody's temper) for being so cool; but he himself did nothing but act the bystander with great success. They were temporarily deposited, till the danger was over, at the Sussex Coffee-House over the way.

At Bouverie Street he wrote numerous papers in the *Atlas*, two or three in the 'New Monthly,' one or more in the *Examiner*, and two in the 'Edinburgh Review'—Flaxman's 'Lectures on Sculpture' and Wilson's 'Life of Defoe.' The latter is in the 'Review' for January, 1830.

Lamb, in the postscript of a letter to Wilson, Nov. 15, 1829, says:—"Hazlitt is going to make your book a basis for a review of De Foe's novels in the 'Edinbro'.' I wish I had health and spirits to do it."

It seems that it was his greatest wish to make a paper

on Bulwer's novels in the 'Review,' and he spoke upon the subject to Jeffrey, and, after his retirement from the editorship, to his successor, Mr. Napier. But there was a difficulty felt and intimated, in connection with the proposal, both by Jeffrey and Napier. Mr. Hazlitt could never learn what it was; but he had to give up the notion. He regretted this the more, inasmuch as he had read 'Paul Clifford,' and been pleased with it; and he was anxious, as Mr. Patmore has it, to "get the job," if it was only to furnish him with a motive for going through the others.

He was now bringing to completion his Magnum Opus, which, since his strength had begun visibly to decline, after that telling illness of 1827, he was fondly solicitous of seeing off his hands and in type. The finishing touches were put to the third and fourth volumes at the latter end of 1829, under the roof of Mr. Whiting the printer, of Beaufort House, in the Strand;* and the second and concluding portion of the 'Life' was at length launched safely in 1830. The sale of the former volumes had been very inconsiderable, and the publication of the remainder did not greatly help it on, I am afraid. It came after Sir Walter's, and did not go off at all well.

But the author's chief aim was not present gain so much as posthumous identification with a subject, which he considered, as time went on, would grow in interest, and would be judged, as it deserved.

* Perhaps, after the alarm of fire at Bouverie Street, he thought the MS. safer at Mr. Whiting's.

I have understood, however, that he was to have had for the copyright a considerable sum (500*l.*), of which he received only a portion (140*l.*) in a bill, which, when the affairs of Messrs. Hunt and Clarke became hopelessly involved, was mere waste paper.

Mr. Hazlitt was dreadfully harassed by this disappointment. To him, as to most literary men, especially where there is sickness and growing incapacity for application, a sum of some hundreds of pounds was of the utmost moment, and the loss of it entailed the greatest possible inconvenience and personal worry.

I have no inclination to go into the painful details, and I shall merely mention that the pecuniary crisis, which Mr. Hazlitt had hoped to avert, was accelerated by a knavish accountant, introduced to him (in ignorance of his real character, doubtless) by Mr. Hone. Mr. Hazlitt's strength and spirits were completely shattered by this deplorable and shameful affair. He removed in the beginning of 1830 to 6, Frith Street, Soho, and there he was now threatened with a return of his old enemies, dyspepsia and gastric inflammation.

His early friends, the Reynells, took leave of him to go over to Havre, where they had arranged to settle; and he was then poorly, and under the care of a M. Sannier. This was in June. There is a letter from Lamb to the first Mrs. Hazlitt, dated June 3, 1830, respecting a suggestion she wished made to my grandfather through Lamb, on a point in which the unhappy circumstances inspired her with the deepest motherly interest and anxiety—her son's establishment in life.

It has never been printed, and I may therefore insert it:—

[June 3, 1830.]

"DEAR SARAH,

"I named your thought about William to his father, who expressed such horror and aversion to the idea of his singing in public, that I cannot meddle in it directly or indirectly. Ayrton is a kind fellow, and if you choose to consult him, by letter or otherwise, he will give you the best advice, I am sure, very readily. *I have no doubt that Mr. Burney's objection to interfering was the same with mine.* With thanks for your pleasant long letter, which is not that of an invalid, and sympathy for your sad sufferings,* I remain,

"In haste,

"Yours truly,

[CHARLES LAMB.]

"Mary's kindest love.

"Mrs. Hazlitt,

"At Mr. Broomhead's,

"St. Anne's Square, Buxton."

The "thought" was that William should go with Mr. Braham the singer, and that he should adopt the profession. But his father's insuperable repugnance to the choice of any line of life lingered with him till the last; he wanted to see him a gentleman, and to be able to leave him independent of the world.

In the course of the summer, my grandfather grew

* Mrs. H. was beginning to labour under frequent and severe attacks of rheumatism.

weaker and worse, and the services of Dr. Darling and Mr. Lawrence were volunteered. Still he was able to think and write a little. He composed a paper on 'Personal Politics,' in view of the then recent deposition of Charles X. and the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in France. It was something, he thought, to have been spared to witness *that*. The possibility of their recal occurred to him.

"Even then," he wrote, "I should not despair. The Revolution of the Three Days was like a resurrection from the dead, and showed plainly that liberty too has a spirit of life in it; and that the hatred of oppression is 'the unquenchable flame, the worm that dies not.'"

The end was near. He had struggled with death through August and a part of September, and seemed to live on by a pure act of volition. But he was sinking. He asked those who were with him to fetch his mother to him, that he might see her once more. He knew that he was going fast. But his mother could not come to him; she was in Devonshire, and heavily stricken in years.

As he lay there, on his dying bed, he mentioned to Lamb, who was by, that William was engaged to Kitty,* and said that the idea gave him pleasure.

One Saturday afternoon in September, when Charles Lamb was in the room, the scene closed. He died so quietly that his son, who was sitting by his bedside, did not know that he was gone till the vital breath had been extinct a moment or two.

* Miss Catherine Reynell. They were married June 8, 1833.

His last words were: "Well, I've had a happy life."

In my grandmother's handwriting I find this contemporary memorandum:—

"Saturday, 18th September, 1830, at about half-past four in the afternoon, died at his lodgings, No. 6, Frith Street, Soho, William Hazlitt, aged 52 years, five months, and eight days.

"Mr. Lamb, Mr. White, Mr. Hessey, and his own son were with him at the time."

In a letter written by a friend to his sister in Havre, on the following Tuesday, there is a reference to the loss which his acquaintance, his son, and literature had sustained on that 18th of September, 1830.

"Of the events which have occurred here since your departure," Mr. W. H. Reynell writes, "none will astonish you more, or at least affect you more, than the death of poor Hazlitt; though the uncertain state in which he has been for the last two months ought to have prepared his friends for the worst. It appears, however, from all accounts, that his son has entertained a very different opinion, or at least caused a very different opinion to be entertained. His father died on Saturday, and on Friday William told me that he was much better; and even on the following day (the day he died) gave out that he was in no danger, but that he had *something in his mind*, which would kill him if he did not dispel it. I hear that Mr. Lawrence and another medical man were present, besides Dr. Darling, who had been attending him throughout, and who, they think, had not treated him judiciously. Mr. Hone

called in Broad Street on Saturday afternoon to inform me of the melancholy event. My father will be very much shocked to hear of the departure of his old friend so suddenly."

Talfourd observes:—

"Hazlitt's death did not so much shock Lamb at the time, as it weighed down his spirits afterwards, when he felt the want of those essays which he had used periodically to look for with eagerness in the magazines and reviews, which they alone made tolerable to him; and when he realised the dismal certainty that he should never again enjoy that rich discourse of old poets and painters with which so many a long winter's night had been gladdened, or taste life with an additional relish in the keen sense of enjoyment which endeared it to his companion."

So, two years before the Reform Bill his spirit ascended. If such things might be, would that it had been vouchsafed to him to see the forced concession of the first instalment of that claim, of which the second is overdue as I lay the pen down!

CHAPTER XIX.

His friends and acquaintances—The Lambs, the Hunts, the Reynells, the Montagus, the Procters, &c.—Personal recollections.

THE main thread of my narrative has comprehended occasional allusions to the persons with whom my grandfather, in his time, was intimate, or at least acquainted. I have referred already to his early knowledge of Coleridge and Wordsworth, of Fawcett and Northcote, of the Lambs, the Stoddarts, and the Hunts. I heartily wish that I had more to tell of one of these, of Fawcett, the "friend of his youth;" but all that I have been able to collect respecting his relations with that excellent and accomplished man I have brought together in another place.

The character of some of Mr. Hazlitt's opinions on politics, art, and letters, and his stanchness in them, was unfavourable to the formation of many life friendships. He was accustomed "to think as he felt, and to speak as he thought;" and he therefore could not expect to get on very well in a world, which subsists a good deal by *paraphrase*.

But then, taking in 1823 a retrospective view of the circle in which he had moved, he found that he did not stand alone in the severance of such ties, for he says :—

"I have observed that few of those whom I have formerly known most intimately continue on the same friendly footing, or combine the steadiness with the warmth of attachment. I have been acquainted with two or three knots of inseparable companions, who saw each other 'six days in the week,' that have broken up and dispersed. I have quarrelled with almost all my old friends (they might say this is owing to my bad temper, but they have also quarrelled with one another). What is become of that 'set of whist-players,' celebrated by ELIA in his notable 'Epistle to Robert Southey, Esq.' (and now I think of it—that I myself have celebrated), 'that for so many years called Admiral Burney friend?' They are scattered, like last year's snow. Some of them are dead—or gone to live at a distance—or pass one another in the street like strangers; or if they stop to speak, do it coolly, and try to *cut* one another as soon as possible. Some of us have grown rich—others poor. Some have got places under government—others a *niche* in the 'Quarterly Review.' Some of us have dearly earned a name in the world, whilst others remain in their original privacy. . . . . I think I must be friends with Lamb again, since he has written that magnanimous letter to Southey, and told him a piece of his mind!

"I don't know what it is that attaches me to Hone so much, except that he and I, whenever we meet, sit

in judgment on another set of old friends, and 'carve them as a dish fit for the gods!' There was Leigh Hunt, John Scott, Mrs. Novello, whose dark raven locks make a picturesque background to our discourse; Barnes, who is grown fat, and is they say married; Rickman—these had all separated long ago, and their foibles are the common link that holds us together. . . . . For my own part, as I once said, I like a friend the better for having faults that one can talk about. 'Then,' said Mrs. Novello, 'you will never cease to be a philanthropist.' . . . .

"I sometimes go up to Montagu's, and as often as I do, resolve never to go again. I do not find the old homely welcome. The ghost of friendship meets me at the door, and sits with me all dinner-time. They have got a set of fine notions and new acquaintance. Allusions to past occurrences are thought trivial, nor is it always safe to touch upon more general subjects. Montagu does not begin, as he formerly did every five minutes, 'Fawcett used to say'—&c.

"That topic is something worn. The girls are grown up, and have a thousand accomplishments. I perceive there is a jealousy on both sides. They think I give myself airs, and I fancy the same of them. Every time I am asked 'If I do not think Mr. Washington Irving a very fine writer?' I shall not go again till I receive an invitation for Christmas Day, in company with Mr. Liston.

"I once met Thomas Taylor the Platonist at George Dyer's chambers, in Clifford's Inn, where there was no

exclusion of persons or opinions. I remember he showed with some triumph two of his fingers, which had been bent so that he had lost the use of them, in copying out the manuscripts of Proclus and Plotinus in a fair Greek hand! Such are the trophies of human pride! . . . . . I endeavoured (but in vain) to learn something from the heathen philosopher as to Plato's doctrine of abstract ideas being the foundation of particular ones, which I suspect has more truth in it than we moderns are willing to admit.

"I saw Porson once at the London Institution, with a large patch of coarse brown paper on his nose, the skirts of his rusty black coat hung with cobwebs, and talking in a tone of suavity, approaching to condescension, to one of the managers.

"We had a pleasant party one evening at Barry Cornwall's. A young literary bookseller [Ollier?] who was present went away delighted with the elegance of the repast, and spoke in raptures of a servant in green livery and a patent lamp. I thought myself that the charm of the evening consisted in some talk about Beaumont and Fletcher, and the old poets, in which every one took part or interest; and in a consciousness that we could not pay our host a better compliment than in thus alluding to studies in which he excelled, and in praising authors whom he had imitated with feeling and sweetness.

"It was at Godwin's that I met with Lamb, with Holcroft, and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best—man as he *was*, or man as

he *is to be.* 'Give me,' said Lamb, 'man as *he is not to be!*' This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us which I believe still continues."

So he wrote in 1823, before he had seen Elia's letter to the Laureate, which so pleased him.

He thought Lamb "the worst company in the world out of doors, for this reason, that he was *the best within.*"

Of Lamb's circle, the Wednesday-evening men, Martin Burney (a nephew of Madame D'Arblay) was nearly the only one with whom he associated on any intimate footing. Burney, who had stood sponsor to his son in 1814, had rooms at one time in Fetter Lane. Colonel Phillips was among Martin's visiting set, and my grandfather, too, to a limited extent. My grandfather disliked Phillips latterly, for he fancied he was some sort of spy or agent of the government. There are a few allusions to him in Lamb's correspondence. He was in the Marines in his younger days, and was present when Captain Cook fell. His capacity for disposing of pots of porter and glasses of spirits and water was prodigious; but he lived to be ninety.

Mr. Hazlitt said of the Burney family: "There is no end of it or its pretensions. It produces wits, scholars, novelists, musicians, artists, in 'numbers numberless.' The name is alone a passport to the Temple of Fame. Those who bear it are free of Parnassus by birthright. The founder of it was himself an historian and a musician, but more of a courtier and man of the world than either. . . . ."

At one time Godwin and he were pretty intimate, and some letters (which can no longer be found) passed between them. Yet he had a very indifferent opinion of Godwin, and spoke of him slightingly to others as a *mere* author. Godwin thought that his 'Answers to Vetus' were the best things he had written, and that he "failed altogether when he wrote an essay, or anything in a short compass."

He first made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt on visiting him at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, in 1813. He had seen him before, but this circumstance brought them together.

In his 'Autobiography,' Leigh Hunt says: "Even William Hazlitt, who there first did me the honour of a visit, would stand interchanging amenities at the threshold, which I had great difficulty in making him pass. I know not which kept his hat off with the greater pertinacity of deference—I to the diffident cutter-up of Tory dukes and kings, or he to the amazing prisoner and invalid who issued out of a bower of roses."

My grandfather observes somewhere :—

"I prefer [Leigh] Hunt's conversation almost to any other person's, because, with a familiar range of subjects, he colours it with a totally new and sparkling light, reflected from his own character. Elia, the grave and witty, says things not to be surpassed in essence; but the manner is more painful, and less a relief to my own thoughts.

"Leigh Hunt once said to me—'I wonder I never heard you speak upon this subject before, which you

seem to have studied a good deal.' I answered, 'Why, we were not reduced to that, that I know of.'

"He (Mr. Hunt) once breakfasted with Mr. Dyer (the most amiable and absent of hosts), when there was no butter, no knife to cut the loaf with, and the teapot was without a spout. My friend, after a few immaterial ceremonies, adjourned to Peel's Coffee-House, close by, where he regaled himself on buttered toast, coffee, and the newspaper of the day (a newspaper possessed some interest when we were young); and the only interruption to his satisfaction was the fear that his host might suddenly enter, and be shocked at his impertinent hospitality."*

At one time of his life, while Mr. John Hunt, Leigh's elder brother, lived in London, Mr. Hazlitt was at his house at Maida Hill night after night. There was a solidity and thoroughness about John Hunt which was peculiarly congenial to him; and perhaps in Leigh Hunt himself he saw and resented a superiority of deportment, better *company* manners—accomplishments of which he happened, from accidents of education, to possess a rather indifferent share.

John Hunt and William Hone were very intimate, and Mr. Hazlitt often met him there. Hone became a great admirer of Hunt, who was a capital talker, and both in mind and person was quite a man of the old school. There is a portrait of Hunt, as the Centurion, in West's picture of the *Centurion and his*

* This incident was enlarged by Mr. Leigh Hunt in his 'Jack Abbot's Breakfast.'

Family. The Hunts were related by marriage to West.

There is also, or was, a small drawing in pencil of Hunt, as a child, taken by West, it is believed, in America, before his settlement in this country. Hunt is represented in this dressed in the costume of the time. I do not know whether the picture is still preserved.

Another house at which he visited (more sparingly in later years) was Basil Montagu's, in Bedford Square. Montagu was a son of Lord Sandwich, and enjoyed a lucrative post in the Court of Bankruptcy.

Mr. Hazlitt admired Mrs. Montagu's conversation, and used to repeat what he heard at that house elsewhere, particularly at the Reynells', in Broad Street, where he often went after leaving the Montagus'.

He lived at one time in a house in Gloucester Street, Queen Square, where Mrs. Skipper and her daughter (afterwards Mrs. Basil Montagu and Mrs. P——) used to reside formerly; Mr. Montagu and Mr. P—— lodged under her roof. Mr. Hazlitt entertained an unfeigned respect for Mrs. Montagu, and I believe that he thoroughly relished and enjoyed the society of Mrs. P——, then Miss Skipper, who inherited a fair portion of her mother's talents and conversational powers.

The friendship of Lamb and his sister, Procter and the Montagus, the Reynells and the Hunts, had its value and use, without question, in contributing very importantly to strengthen Mr. Hazlitt's interest in life latterly; but if I were to name the person whose intimacy, in my own opinion, was of the greatest service

to him from 1820 to 1830, I should name Mr. Patmore.

There was a striking intellectual inequality between the two, and it was this very inequality which cemented the union—an union which, after all, it is not so difficult to understand. Mr. Hazlitt tolerated Mr. Patmore, till he liked him. The episode which is related in the 'Liber Amoris' brought them more closely together than before; and I cannot help feeling and saying, that I believe Mr. Patmore to have entertained at bottom an honest respect and regard for one whose familiar relations with himself were assuredly something not to be looked back upon with regret.

I have heard it remarked that he seldom appeared to such great advantage as when he was dressed to go somewhere, where he thought it necessary to stand upon a little punctilio; as, for instance, when he dined at Mr. Curran's.

He had not a very favourable opinion of Curran, however. He says of him: "he was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument; nay, averse to anything like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favourite critical topics were to abuse Milton's 'Paradise Lost' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' . . . . He and Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's, with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Wolstonecraft, when the discourse almost wholly turned on love. . . . . What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis (?) and may one day make a 'Table-Talk' of it."

Of Keats my grandfather was a strong admirer, and he thought highly of his 'Endymion' and his 'Isabella.' As for the persecution with which he was hunted to so early a grave, it was characterized by Mr. Hazlitt as it deserved to be, and ever since has been.

He was severe upon Byron on account of the sources of his poetry being (in his estimation) traceable to Byron's passionate nature—his being in a rage with everybody. And he censured Lamb, because Lamb evinced an undue sympathy with the low classes. Yet in both these respects he was himself peculiarly vulnerable and open to criticism.

He always spoke with admiration and respect of the author of 'Waverley.' He said he feared that Galt's 'Sir Andrew Wylie' would sicken people of him; and he mentioned to Northcote that some one had been proposing to form a society for not reading the 'Scotch Novels.'

He discriminated between Scott as an author and as a man. "Who is there," he once asked, "that admires the author of 'Waverley' more than I do? Who is there* that despises Sir Walter Scott more? . . . . . The only thing that renders this *mésalliance* between first-rate intellect and want of principle endurable is, that such an extreme instance of it teaches us that great moral lesson of moderating our expectations of

* No wonder that he should shun contact with one of the originators of the *Quarterly*, with the friend of *Blackwood*, and with the projector of that highly respectable and temperate organ, the *Beacon!*

human perfection and enlarging our indulgence for human infirmity."

Northcote told him plainly that it was because Scott had made a fortune by his writings that he was angry at his poverty of spirit. Northcote said to him: "*Mister* Hazlitt, you are more angry at Sir Walter Scott's success than at his servility."

But Mr. Hazlitt stoutly repudiated this imputation. He said that he hated the sight of the Duke of Wellington "for his foolish face;" but there was something to be admired in Lord Castlereagh, instancing his *gallant spirit* and his *fine bust.*

He often alludes to Scott, and has a character of him in the 'Spirit of the Age.' He says somewhere:—

"We met with a young lady who kept a circulating-library and milliner's shop in a watering-place in the country, who, when we inquired for the 'Scotch Novels,' spoke indifferently about them, said they were so dry she could hardly get through them, and recommended us to read 'Agnes.' We never thought of it before, but we would venture to lay a wager that there are many other young ladies in the same situation, and who think 'Old Mortality' dry.

"Those who see completely into the world begin to play tricks with it, and overreach themselves by being too knowing. . . . . Fielding knew something of the world, yet he did not make a fortune. Sir Walter Scott has twice made a fortune by descriptions of nature and character, and has twice lost it by the fondness for speculative gains. . . . . A bookseller to succeed in his

business should have no knowledge of books except as marketable commodities. . . : . In like manner a picture-dealer should know nothing of pictures but the catalogue price, the cant of the day. Should a general then know nothing of war, a physician of medicine? No; because this is an art, and not a trick.

"If put to the vote of all the milliners' girls in London, 'Old Mortality,' or even the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' would not carry the day (or at least not very triumphantly) over a common Minerva Press novel; and I will even hazard another opinion, that no woman liked Burke. Mr. Pratt, on the contrary, said that he had to 'boast of many learned and beautiful suffrages.'"

He frequently dined at Haydon's, in Lisson Grove North, on Sundays, and took his little boy with him, generally speaking. It was a resource, if he did not happen to be going to the Reynells' at Bayswater, or to the Hunts', at Maida Hill. He would say to his little boy, after breakfast, as a way of introducing his intentions, "Well, sir; shall we go and eat Haydon's mutton?" and his little boy, ten chances to one chance, would say, "Yes, father;" and so they would go.

Mr. Hazlitt was not intimate with Cobbett. "The only time I ever saw him," he says, "he seemed to me a very pleasant man, easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in his manner, deliberate and unruffled in his speech, though some of his expressions were not very qualified. His figure is tall and portly. He has a good, sensible face, rather full, with little

grey eyes, a hard square forehead, a ruddy complexion, with hair grey, or powdered; and had on a scarlet broad cloth waistcoat, with the flaps of the pockets hanging down, as was the custom for gentlemen-farmers in the last century, or as we see it in the pictures of members of parliament in the reign of George I. I certainly did not think less favourably of him for seeing him."

My grandfather met Mr. Nollekens the sculptor only once, and then at Mr. Northcote's. "He sat down on a low stool (from being rather fatigued), rested with both hands on a stick, as if he clung to the solid and tangible, had an habitual twitch in his limbs and motions, as if catching himself in the act of going too far in chiselling a lip or a dimple in a chin; was *bolt*-upright, with features hard and square, but finely cut, a hooked nose, thin lips, an indented forehead; and the defect in his sight completed the resemblance to one of his own masterly busts. He seemed, by time and labour, to have '*wrought* himself to stone.' Northcote stood by his side—all air and spirit—stooping down to speak to him. The painter was in a loose morning-gown, with his back to the light; his face was like a pale fine piece of colouring, and his eye came out and glanced through the twilight of the past, like an old eagle from its eyrie in the clouds."

Once he met Elphinstone, who wrote the mottoes to the 'Rambler,' first published eight-and-twenty years before he was born. He says: "We saw this gentleman, since the commencement of the present

century, looking over a clipped hedge in the country, with a broad flapped hat, a venerable countenance, and his dress cut out with the same formality as his evergreens. His name had not only survived half a century, in conjunction with that of Johnson, but he had survived with it. . . . ."

He knew Mrs. Colebrooke, Colonel Colebrooke's widow, slightly—who did not at that time?—and interested himself in her unfortunate case. He wrote to Mr. F——, who was then editor of the 'Examiner,' and asked him to insert a statement in that paper. I do not know what F.'s reply was, but Mr. Hazlitt was much vexed at it, and remarked that Mr. F—— was the sort of man, he thought, who would take you at a disadvantage if he could. He wrote back to him, coming to Broad Street to do so, and Miss Reynell was deputed to seal the letter for him. My mother was by at the moment, and she heard him say of F——, that he was the best political paragraph-writer we had, meaning to imply that he was nothing better. But this was forty years ago. Mr. F. will forgive this allusion, I hope.

Among his acquaintances was Mr. McCleery, the printer, who preceded Thomas Davison in Whitefriars, where Messrs. Bradbury and Evans now are. McCleery lived in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, and had hot suppers, which partly formed my grandfather's inducement for favouring the house with his society. I will not be positive that McCleery's two daughters, who were handsome girls, and accomplished, did not con-

tribute something to the attraction. My father recollects very well accompanying Mr. Hazlitt thither.

Another was Mr. Joseph Hume, of the Pipe Office, who, like the Reynells, resided at Bayswater. Mr. Hume had a daughter or two, who were handsome and musical. I think that my grandfather came to a knowledge of the family through Lamb. Hume is the H—— of the 'Essay on Coffee-House Politicians.'

CHAPTER XX.

Illustrations of his method of composition, and notices of the origin of some of his writings.

SPEAKING of his writings in 1821, the subject of these memoirs remarks as follows: "I have not much pleasure in writing these Essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I own I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page or even a sentence beforehand; and when I have as by a miracle escaped, I trouble myself little more about them. I sometimes have to write them twice over; then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, sidelong glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish.

"I will venture to say that no one but a pedant ever read his own works regularly through. They are not *his*—they are become mere words, waste-paper, and

have none of the glow, the creative enthusiasm, the vehemence, and natural spirit with which he wrote them. When we have once committed our thoughts to paper, written them fairly out, and seen that they are right in the printing, if we are in our right wits we have done with them for ever.

"I sometimes try to read an article I have written in some magazine or review—(for when they are bound up in a volume I dread the very sight of them)—but stop after a sentence or two, and never return to the task. I know pretty well what I have to say on the subject, and do not want to go to school to myself. . . .

"I can easily understand how the old divines and controversialists produced their folios. I could write folios myself if I rose early and sat up late at this kind of occupation. But I confess I should be soon tired of it.

"If what I write at present is worth nothing, at least it costs me nothing. But it cost me a good deal twenty years ago. I have added little to my stock since then, and taken little from it. I 'unfold the book and volume of the brain,' and transcribe the characters I see there as mechanically as any one might copy the letters in a sampler. I do not say they came there mechanically.

"If I am assured that I never wrote a sentence of common English in my life, how can I know that this is not the case? If I am told at one time that my writings are as heavy as lead, and at another that they are more light and flimsy than the gossamer—what resource have I but to choose between the two? I

could say, if this were the place, what these writings are. 'Make it the place, and never stand upon punctilio!'

"They are not, then, so properly the works of an author by profession, as the thoughts of a metaphysician expressed by a painter. They are subtle and difficult problems translated into hieroglyphics. I thought for several years on the hardest subjects, on Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge Absolute, without ever making use of words or images at all; and that has made them come in such throngs and confused heaps, when I burst from that void of abstraction. In proportion to the tenuity to which my ideas had been drawn, and my abstinence from ornament and sensible objects, was the tenaciousness with which actual circumstances and picturesque imagery laid hold of my mind, when I turned my attention to them, and had to look round for illustrations.

"Till I began to paint, or till I became acquainted with the author of 'The Ancient Mariner,' I could neither write nor speak. He encouraged me to write a book, which I did according to the original bent of my mind, making it as dry and meagre as I could, so that it fell still-born from the press; and none of those who abuse me for a shallow *catch-penny* writer have so much as heard of it. Yet, let me say, that work contains an important metaphysical discovery, supported by a continuous and severe train of reasoning, nearly as subtle and original as anything in Hume or Berkeley.

"I am not accustomed to speak of myself in this

manner; but impudence may provoke modesty to justify itself.

"Finding this method did not answer, I despaired for a time: but some trifle I wrote in the *Morning Chronicle* meeting the approbation of the editor and the town, I resolved to turn over a new leaf—to take the public at its word, to master all the tropes and figures I could lay my hands on; and, though I am a plain man, never to appear abroad but in an embroidered dress.

"Still, old habits will prevail; and I hardly ever set about a paragraph or a criticism but there was an undercurrent of thought or some generic distinction on which the whole turned. Having got my clue, I had no difficulty in stringing pearls upon it; and the more recondite the point the more I laboured to bring it out and set it off by a variety of ornaments and allusions. This puzzled the scribes whose business it was to crush me. They could not see the meaning: they would not see the colouring, for it hurt their eyes. One cried out, it was dull; another, that it was too fine by half. My friends took up this last alternative as the most favourable; and since then it has been agreed that I am a florid writer, somewhat flighty and paradoxical. Yet, when I wished to unburthen my mind in the 'Edinburgh' by an article on English metaphysics, the editor, who echoes this *florid* charge, said he preferred what I wrote for effect, and was afraid of its being thought heavy.

"I have accounted for the flowers—the paradoxes may be accounted for in the same way. All abstract reasoning is in extremes, or only takes up one view of a ques-

tion, or what is called the principle of the thing; and if you want to give this popularity and effect you are in danger of running into extravagance and hyperbole.

"I have had to bring out some obscure distinction, or to combat some strong prejudice, and in doing this with all my might may have often overshot the mark. It was easy to correct the excess of truth afterwards. . . . . The personalities I have fallen into have never been gratuitous. If I have sacrificed my friends it has always been to a theory.

"I have been found fault with for repeating myself, and for a narrow range of ideas. To a want of general reading I plead guilty, and am sorry for it; but perhaps if I had read more I should have thought less.

"As to my barrenness of invention, I have at least glanced over a number of subjects—painting, poetry, prose, plays, politics, parliamentary speakers, metaphysical lore, books, men, and things. There is some point, some fancy, some feeling, some taste, shown in treating of these. Which of my conclusions has been reversed? Is it what I said of the Bourbons, ten years ago, that raised the war-whoop against me? Surely all the world are of that opinion now. . . . . If the editor of the *Atlas* will do me the favour to look over my 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action,' will dip into any essay I ever wrote, and will take a sponge and clear the dust from the face of my 'Old Woman,' I hope he will, upon second thoughts, acquit me of an absolute dearth of resources and want of versatility in the direction of my studies.

"I have come to this determination in my own mind, that a work is as good as *manuscript*, and is invested with all the same privileges, till it appears in a second edition—a rule which leaves me at liberty to make what use I please of what I have hitherto written, with the single exception of the CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS."

He is constantly mixing up personal matter with the matter of the essay. In his paper on the 'Conversation of Authors' he furnishes us with a glimpse of him writing:

"In the field opposite the window where I write this," he says, "there is a country girl picking stones; in the one next it there are several poor women weeding the blue and red flowers from the corn; farther on are two boys tending a flock of sheep. What do they know or care about what I am writing about them, or ever will—or what would they be the better for it if they did? . . . . . And though we have cried our eyes out over the 'New Héloise,' a poor shepherd-lad, who hardly knows how to spell his own name, may 'tell his tale under the hawthorn in the dale,' and prove a more thriving wooer."

In another case the scene was different:—

"I look out of my window and see that a shower has just fallen: the fields look green after it, and a rosy cloud hangs over the brow of the hill; a lily expands its petals in the moisture, dressed in its lovely green and white; a shepherd-boy has just brought some pieces of turf, with daisies and grass, for his young mistress

to make a bed for her sky-lark, not doomed to dip his wings in the dappled dawn—my cloudy thoughts draw off—the storm of angry politics has blown over—I am alive and well. Really it is wonderful how little the worse I am for fifteen years' wear and tear. . . . ."

Again :—

"There is a spider crawling along the matted floor of the room where I sit (not the one which has been so well allegorized in the admirable 'Lines to a Spider,' but another of the same edifying breed). He runs with heedless, hurried haste, he hobbles awkwardly towards me, he stops—he sees the giant shadow before him, and, at a loss whether to retreat or proceed, meditates his huge foe—but as I do not start up and seize upon the straggling caitiff, as he would upon a hapless fly within his toils, he takes heart, and ventures on with mingled cunning, impatience, and fear. As he passes me I lift up the matting to assist his escape, am glad to get rid of the unwelcome intruder, and shudder at the recollection after he is gone. A child, a woman, a clown, or a moralist a century ago, would have crushed the little reptile to death—my philosophy has got beyond that—I bear the creature no ill-will, but still I hate the very sight of it."

And, once more, take this :—

"As I write this, the letter-bell passes : it has a lively, pleasant sound with it, and not only fills the street with its importunate clamour, but rings clear through the length of many half-forgotten years. It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the

dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse . . . . and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud, tinkling, interrupted sound, the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the horizon; a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf-oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening breeze, and the road from Wem to Shrewsbury, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain—but from time and change not less visionary and mysterious than the pictures in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Or if the letter-bell does not lead me a dance into the country, it fixes me in the thick of my town recollections, I know not how long ago. It was a kind of alarm to break off from my work when there happened to be company to dinner, or when I was going to the play. *That* was going to the play, indeed, when I went twice a year, and had not been more than half-a-dozen times in my life. Even the idea that any one else in the house was going was a sort of reflected enjoyment, and conjured up a lively anticipation of the scene. I remember a Miss D——, a maiden lady from Wales (who in her youth was to have been married to an earl), tantalized me greatly in this way, by talking all day of going to see Mrs. Siddons' 'airs and graces' at night in

some favourite part; and when the letter-bell announced that the time was approaching, and its last receding sound lingered on the ear, or was lost in silence, how anxious and uneasy I became, lest she and her companion should not be in time to get good places—lest the curtain should draw up before they arrived—and lest I should lose one line or look in the intelligent report, which I should hear the next morning."

He got into disfavour with some of his landladies for writing out heads of contemplated essays on 'Men and Manners' over the mantelpiece in lead-pencil. Every scrap of paper that came to hand was turned to a similar purpose, and backs of letters, too, if any happened to have been lately received—and kept. A sample of this rather peculiar mode of "keeping tables" is given in the endorsement of a letter from Henry Leigh Hunt to my grandfather, while in Paris, in 1824. The original address is almost lost to sight.

Much depended on the humour. It was in an excellent one that he wrote the essay 'On Living to One's Self,' at Winterslow Hut, on the 18th January, 1821, finishing it the next day. According to the principle I have laid down in writing the present memoirs, I shall prefer to use his own words:

"I never was in a better humour than I am at present for writing on this subject. I have a partridge getting ready for supper, my fire is blazing on the hearth, the air is mild for the season of the year, I have had but a slight fit of indigestion to-day (the

only thing that makes me abhor myself). I have three hours good before me, and therefore I will attempt it. It is as well to do it at once as to have to do it for a week to come.

"If the writing on this subject is no easy task, the thing itself is a harder one. It asks a troublesome effort to ensure the admiration of others: it is a still greater one to be satisfied with one's own thoughts. As I look from the window at the wide bare heath before me, and through the misty moonlight see the woods that wave over the top of Winterslow—

> While Heaven's chancel-vault is blind with sleet—

my mind takes its flight through too long a series of years, supported only by the patience of thought and secret yearnings after truth and good, for me to be at a loss to understand the feeling I intend to write about. . . . ."

The germs of some of Mr. Hazlitt's later essays may be found in those conversations with Northcote. His two papers in the 'Plain Speaker,' 1826, 'On the Conversation of Authors,' seem to have arisen out of some remarks which were made one day upon the Ireland Forgeries. Mr. Hazlitt was led by what had gone before to observe that that was what made him dislike the conversation of learned and literary men. He got nothing from them but what he already knew, and hardly that; they poured the same ideas, and phrases, and cant of knowledge out of books into his ears, as

apothecaries' apprentices made prescriptions out of the same bottles; but there were no new drugs or simples in their *materia medica.* In an article 'Upon the Ignorance of the Learned' the same idea is developed. What we find in the 'Seventh Conversation,' about Lord Grosvenor's wealth, Mr. Hazlitt has put into Northcote's mouth: it was one of his own favourite arguments.

Somebody has said that my grandfather only looked to the price his essays would bring. True; but my grandfather, let it be borne in mind, was a thinker by liking and intellectual bent, a writer *under protest.* He grudged "coining his brain for drachmæ,' and if it was to be so, if there was no escape from this task-work, then he naturally looked with some sort of business-like keenness after what now goes under the name of *honorarium.*

At the back of one of his 'Table-Talks,' where he has come to an end—the always to him welcome *Finis*—he has written in his most *majestic* hand—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The desire to unhinge, "to lie fallow," was very strong upon him. He mentions being pestered at dinner once by a stranger, who wanted to know what he had written in the 'Edinburgh Review.' A gentleman came to him one day, and told him that a lady had objected to his use of *learneder* instead of *more learned,* and had observed what a pity it was he was not more careful in his grammar! Mr. Hazlitt showed him that Butler had the word—at least, in a motto.

One of the 'Winterslow' essays was that entitled

'Whether Genius is Conscious of its Powers?' The latter portion has very little to do with the ostensible subject-matter, and the reason is plainly stated by the writer:

"I am not in the humour to pursue this argument any farther at present, but to write a digression. If the reader is not already apprized of it, he will please to take notice that I write this at Winterslow. My style there is apt to be redundant and excursive. At other times it may be cramped, dry, abrupt; but here it flows like a river, and overspreads its banks. I have not to seek for thoughts or hunt for images—they come of themselves. I inhale them with the breeze, and the silent groves are vocal with a thousand recollections.

"Here I came fifteen years ago, a willing exile; and as I trod the lengthened greensward by the low wood-side, repeated the old line—

My mind to me a kingdom is.

I found it so then, before, and since; and shall I faint now that I have poured out the spirit of that mind to the world, and treated many subjects with truth, with freedom, and power, because I have been followed by one cry of abuse ever since, *for not being a government-tool?*

"Here I returned a few years after to finish some works I had undertaken—doubtful of the event, but determined to do my best—and wrote that character of Millimant, which was once transcribed by fingers fairer than Aurora's; but no notice was taken of it, because I

was not a government-tool, and must be supposed devoid of taste and elegance by all who aspired to these qualities in their own persons.

"Here I sketched my account of that old honest Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, which, with its fine, racy, acrid tone, that old crab-apple, Gifford, would have relished, or pretended to relish, had I been a government-tool!

"Here too I have written 'Table Talks' without number, and as yet without a falling off, till now that they are done, or I should not make this boast. I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts in many of them are founded as the rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture. What then? Had the style been like polished steel, as firm and as bright, it would have availed me nothing, for I am not a government-tool.

"I had attempted to guide the taste of the English people to the best old English writers; but I had said that English kings did not reign by right divine, and that his present Majesty was descended from an Elector of Hanover in a right line; and no loyal subject would after this look into Webster and Decker, because I had pointed them out."

Speaking of his 'Essay on the Beggar's Opera,' in the ROUND TABLE, he says:—

"We have begun this essay on a very coarse sheet of damaged foolscap, and we find that we are going to write it, whether for the sake of contrast, or from having a very fine pen, in a remarkably nice hand."

He usually, indeed, employed foolscap paper, and wrote in what Leigh Hunt once called a *majestic* hand. He reckoned a page of his MS. as equal to the page of an ordinary octavo printed book, and he therefore knew at any time, to a remarkable nicety, what progress he had made in his work. It was not an uncommon thing when he saw his way clearly, and the subject was well mapped out, to get through fifteen sides of foolscap in a day; but, on the other hand, if he was in indifferent health, or, worse than that, in bad *cue*, he occupied two or three weeks upon a single essay. His MSS. are unequal in respect to alterations and erasures. Some are scored through and through, while in others there is not a blot, and the whole is as clear as copper-plate. The theme, and the mood in which he happened to approach it, and other surroundings, had a great deal to do with this part of the matter.

Captain Medwin says: "Hazlitt's MSS. were the most beautiful I ever saw. He told me there was a rivalry between himself and Leigh Hunt on this score; that he would not allow of an erasure or interlineation; nor in running my eye over the MS. of the 'Plain Speaker,' did I perceive a single one."

Mr. Hazlitt left extracts very commonly to his wife (the first Mrs. H.), who wrote, as has been said, a capital hand, and had an astonishing memory. She could repeat, upon invitation, a good deal of Scott's poetry, and the same of Byron's and of Wordsworth's. She made a commonplace 'Book of Extracts' from poets and prose-writers, and among the former are Charlotte

Smith, Lord Lyttelton, Southey, Dr. Johnson, Bowles, Thomson, Akenside: among earlier writers, Cartwright and Quarles, Cotton and Ford, Chapman and Wither. Some of the prose authors to whom she resorted, and of whom her book contains specimens, are Bacon, Burton, Jeremy Taylor, and Sterne. She was a person, indeed, of extraordinary reading, and what she read, she kept.

I have before me the copy of Flaxman's 'Lectures,' which Mr. Hazlitt employed for his article on the work in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and some of his preparatory marginalia may be worth transcribing, and printing side by side with the paragraphs of the original work to which they refer.

Flaxman's Text.	Hazlitt's Notes.
P. 72. "From the style of extreme antiquity in these statues [some bronzes in the Brit. Mus.], we shall find reason to believe they are copied from the above-mentioned statue [by Dædalus]."	"Faith."
P. 75. "Dipœnis, and Scyllis the Cretan, were celebrated for their marble statues, about 776 years before Christ, still retaining much of the ancient manner in the advancing position of the legs," &c.	"Scientific abstract."
Pp. 80-1. "But the battles of Marathon and Salamis, which destroyed the Persian army, whose myriads, like locusts," &c.	"The Rev. Mr. Flaxman."

Flaxman's Text.	Hazlitt's Notes.
P. 83. [He is speaking of Phidias.] "the character of whose figures were stiff rather than dignified . . . the folds of drapery parallel, poor, and resembling geometrical lines," &c.	"Mem."
P. 91. "The Discobolus of Naucides is universally admired for its form and momentary balance."	"'Minutes, not hours.'"
P. 99. "From this little island [Rhodes] the Roman conquerors brought away 3000 statues!"	"Mem."
P. 107. "The writings of Hippocrates and Galen instruct us in the science of anatomy among the Greeks, from the time of Phidias to the age of Antoninus Pius, when sculpture had sensibly declined," &c.	"Had anatomy declined? Warped bias. Grain in wood."
P. 111. "As a natural and certain consequence of the sculptor's intelligence being formed on the physician's instructions, the system was the simplest and boldest division of parts," &c.	"Against evidence."
—— "A line divides the front of the body from the gullet to the navel. This is intersected at right angles by curve lines," &c.	"Is not all this visible to the eye?"
Pp. 115–6. "These comparative observations are introduced as a further confirmation that the excellence of the Grecian theory was the real foundation of excellent practice."	"How?"
P. 138. "Their view is *downwards*." [The Italic is marked by Mr. H.]	"How so? Their body is downwards."

FLAXMAN'S TEXT.	HAZLITT'S NOTES.
P. 139. "The preparation, secretion, and fermentation of the juices are chemical," &c.	"Quackery."
—— "But we *must remember* [the Italics are the reviewer's] that man, even in the structure of his body," &c.	"Orthodoxy."
P. 155. "The character and actions of these goddesses [the Graces] have given the epithet *graceful* to easy, undulating motion."	"*Quid pro quo.*"
P. 167. "The Roman compositions . . . . are the mere paragraphs of military gazettes!" &c.	"Antigallican."
P. 179. "The sublime represents all supernatural acts and appearances," &c.	"A *gratis dictum.*"
P. 189. "To these graces of benevolence we owe those lovely groups — the Holy Families of Raphael and Correggio," &c.	"The cart before the horse."
P. 190. "All those monuments of the later Italian school, in which entire figures are mingled with those of low relief," &c.	"Good."
P. 193. "Sentiment is the life and soul of fine art! without, it is all a dead letter!" &c.	"Now you speak like a sensible man."
—— "But it [the scaffolding] is the workman's indispensable help in erecting the walls which enclose the apartments, and which may afterwards be enriched with the most splendid ornaments."	"Great, dry, good sense."

Flaxman's Text.	Hazlitt's Notes.
P. 207. "We partake in the culture of their fields, and the abundance of their harvests, and the still, clear evening," &c.	"Pretty."
P. 288. "The study of these [compositions from the great poets of antiquity] will give the young artist the true principles of composition . . . . by carefully observing them he will accustom himself to a noble habit of thinking, and consequently choose whatever is beautiful, elegant, and grand, rejecting all that is mean and vulgar——"	"Query: what is mean and vulgar?"
P. 336. "Shall we not say with Dr. Young, in his 'Essay on Composition,' . . . . that we are properly the ancients, because these our mental riches are more abundant than have ever been enjoyed before?" &c.	"I dare say."

There is also a copy of Milman's 'Fazio,' and one of Holcroft's 'Road to Ruin,' in both of which he has made some remarks;* and with these, and two or three other exceptions, the few books which belonged to him have completely disappeared. Where is his copy of Keats's 'Endymion?' Where is the 'Liber Amoris' in crimson velvet, which he took with him to Italy? Where is his 'Essay on Human Action,' enriched, as he left it, with his own notes in his own hand?

* The notes in the *Holcroft* have been printed in an edition of the drama which I have met with.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAZLITTIANA, Part the First—Autobiographical Memoranda.

"COULD I have had my will, I should have been born a lord; but one would not be a booby lord, neither. I am haunted by an odd fancy of driving down the great North Road in a chaise and four, about fifty years ago, and coming to the inn at Ferry-bridge, with outriders, white favours, and a coronet on the panels; and then, too, I choose my companion in the coach. . . . . Perhaps I should incline to draw lots with Pope, but that he was deformed, and did not sufficiently relish Milton and Shakespeare. As it is, we can enjoy his verses and theirs too. . . . . Goldsmith is a person whom I considerably affect, notwithstanding his blunders and his misfortunes. . . . . But then I could never make up my mind to his preferring Rowe and Dryden to the worthies of the Elizabethan age; nor could I, in like manner, forgive Sir Joshua—whom I number among those whose existence was marked with a *white stone*—his treating Nicholas Poussin with contempt.

"Who would have missed the sight of the Louvre in

all its glory to have been one of those, whose works enriched it? Would it not have been giving a certain good for an uncertain advantage? No: I am as sure (if it is not presumption to say so) of what passed through Raphael's mind as of what passes through my own; and I know the difference between seeing (though that is a rare privilege) and producing such perfection.

"At one time I was so devoted to Rembrandt, that I think if the Prince of Darkness had made me the offer in some rash mood, I should have been tempted to close with it, and should have become (in happy hour and in downright earnest) the great master of light and shade.

"As I look at my long-neglected copy of the 'Death of Clorinda,' golden gleams play upon the canvas, as they used when I painted it. . . . . The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. The rainbow is in the sky again. I see the skirts of the departed years. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain.

"It is now seventeen years* since I was studying in the Louvre; but long after I returned, and even still, I sometimes dream of being there again.

"I have in my own mind made the excuse for ——, that he could only make a first sketch, and was obliged to lose the greatest part of his time in waiting for *wind-falls* of heads and studies. I have sat to him twice, and each time I offered to come again; and he said he would let me know, but I heard no more of it. The

* This was written in 1821.—W. C. H.

sketch went as it was—of course in a very unfinished state.

"Taking one thing with another, I have no great cause to complain. If I had been a merchant, a bookseller, or the proprietor of a newspaper, instead of what I am, I might have had more money, or possessed a town and country house, instead of lodging in a first or second floor, as it may happen. But what then? I see how the man of fortune and business passes his time. He is up and in the City by eight, swallows his breakfast in haste, attends a meeting of creditors, must read Lloyd's lists, consult the price of consols, study the markets, look into his accounts, pay his workmen, and superintend his clerks.

"He has hardly a minute of the day to himself, and perhaps in the four-and-twenty hours does not do a single thing that he would do, if he could help it. Surely this sacrifice of time and inclination requires some compensation; which it meets with.

"But how am I entitled to make my fortune (which cannot be done without all this anxiety and drudgery) who do hardly anything at all, and never anything but what I like to do? I rise when I please, breakfast *at length*, write what comes into my head, and after taking a mutton chop and a dish of strong tea, go to the play, and thus my time passes. . . . . It was but the other day that I had to get up a little earlier than usual, to go into the City about some money transactions, which appeared to me a prodigious hardship. If so, it was

plain that I must lead a tolerably easy life: nor should I object to passing mine over again.

"I am (or used some time ago to be) a sleep-walker, and know how the thing is. In this sort of disturbed, unsound sleep, the eyes are not closed, and are attracted by the light. I used to get up and go towards the window, and make violent efforts to throw it open. The air in some measure revived me, or I might have tried to fling myself out. I saw objects indistinctly—the houses, for instance, facing me on the opposite side of the street—but still it was some time before I could recognize them, or recollect where I was: that is, I was still asleep, and the dimness of my senses (as far as it prevailed) was occasioned by the greater numbness of my memory. . . . . I have observed that whenever I have been waked up suddenly, and not left to myself to recover from this state of mental torpor, I have been always dreaming of something, *i. e.*, thinking, according to the tenour of the question. . . . . I never dream of the face of any one I am particularly attached to. I have thought almost to agony of the same person for years, nearly without ceasing, so as to have her face always before me, and to be haunted by a perpetual consciousness of disappointed passion; and yet I never in all that time dreamt of this person more than once or twice, and then not vividly.

"I should have made a very bad Endymion, in this sense; for all the time the heavenly goddess was shining over my head, I should never have had a

thought about her. If I had waked and found her gone, I might have been in a considerable *taking*.

"Coleridge used to laugh at me for my want of the faculty of dreaming; and once, on my saying that I did not like the preternatural stories in the 'Arabian Nights' (for the comic parts I love dearly), he said, 'that must be because you never dream. There is a class of poetry built on this foundation, which is surely no inconsiderable part of our nature, since we are asleep, and building up imaginations of this sort half our time.' I had nothing to say against it: it was one of his conjectural subtleties, in which he excels all the persons I ever knew; but I had some satisfaction in finding afterwards that I had Bishop Atterbury expressly on my side in this question, who has recorded his detestation of 'Sinbad the Sailor' in an interesting letter to Pope. Perhaps he, too, did not dream.

"Yet I dream sometimes: I dream of the Louvre—*intus et in cute*. I dreamt I was there a few weeks ago, and that the old scene returned—that I looked for my favourite pictures, and found them gone or erased. The dream of my youth came upon me; a glory and a vision unutterable, that comes no more but in darkness and in sleep; my heart rose up, and I fell on my knees, and lifted up my voice and wept; and I awoke.

"I also dreamt a little while ago, that I was reading the 'New Héloise' to an old friend, and came to the concluding passage in Julia's farewell letter, which had much the same effect upon me. The words are, '*Trop heureuse d'acheter au prix de ma vie le droit de t'aimer*

toujours sans crime, et de te le dire encore une fois, avant que je meurs.'

"I used to sob over this passage twenty years ago; and in this dream about it lately I seemed to live these twenty years over again in one short moment. I do not dream ordinarily; and there are people who never could see anything in the 'New Héloise.' Are we not quits?

"I have a sneaking kindness for a popish priest in this country; and to a Catholic peer I would willingly bow in passing. What are national antipathies, individual attachments, but so many expressions of the *moral* principle in forming our opinions?

"Once asking a friend why he did not bring forward an explanation of a circumstance in which his conduct had been called in question, he said, 'His friends were satisfied on the subject, and he cared very little about the opinion of the world.' I made answer that I did not consider this a good ground to rest his defence upon, for that a man's friends seldom thought better of him than the world did. I see no reason to alter this opinion.

"One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey, but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room, but out of doors nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone. . . . . I cannot see the wit of walking and talk-

ing at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer incumbrances. . . . . Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore.

"Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sunless treasuries,' burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart, which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. . . . . I like to be either entirely to myself or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. . . . I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. . . . . I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant

to talk on a journey; and that is, what we shall have for supper when we get to an inn at night.

"The sight of the setting sun does not affect me so much from the beauty of the object itself, as from the glory kindled through the glowing skies, the rich broken columns of light, or the dying streaks of day, as that it indistinctly recalls to me numberless thoughts and feelings with which, through many a year and season, I have watched his bright descent in the warm summer evenings, or beheld him struggling to cast a 'farewell sweet' through the thick clouds of winter. I love to see the trees first covered with leaves in the spring, the primroses peeping out from some sheltered bank, and the innocent lambs running races on the soft green turf; because, at that birth-time of nature, I have always felt sweet hopes and happy wishes—which have not been fulfilled.

"I remember, when I was abroad, the trees, and grass, and wet leaves, rustling in the walks of the Tuileries, seemed to be as much English, to be as much the same trees and grass that I had always been used to—as the sun shining over my head was the same sun which I saw in England; the faces only were foreign to me.

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight;

when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and hildren.

"I remember finding Dr. Chalmers' 'Sermons on Astronomy' in the orchard at Burford-bridge, near Boxhill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading them, without quitting the shade of an apple-tree.

"Civility is with me a jewel. I like a little comfortable cheer, and careless, indolent chat. I hate to be always wise, or aiming at wisdom. I have enough to do with literary cabals, questions, critics, actors, essay-writing, without taking them out with me for recreation and into all companies. I wish at these times to pass for a good-humoured fellow; and good-will is all I ask in return to make good company. I do not desire to be always posing myself or others with the questions of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, &c. I must unbend sometimes. I must occasionally lie fallow. The kind of conversation that I affect most is what sort of day it is, and whether it is likely to rain or hold up fine for to-morrow. This I consider as enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*—as the end and privilege of a life of study.

"It vexes me beyond all bearing to see children kill flies for sport; for the principle is the same in the most deliberate and profligate acts of cruelty they can afterwards exercise upon their fellow-creatures. And yet I

let moths burn themselves to death in the candle, for it makes me mad; and I say it is in vain to prevent fools from rushing upon destruction.

"The author of the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' (who sees farther into such things than most people) could not understand why I should bring a charge of *wickedness* against an infant before it could speak, merely for squalling and straining its lungs a little.

"Mr. Coleridge once asked me if I had ever known a child of a naturally wicked disposition? and I answered, 'Yes; that there was one in the house with me, that cried from morning to night, *for spite*.' I was laughed at for this answer, but still I do not repent it. It appeared to me that the child took a delight in tormenting itself and others; that the love of tyrannizing over others and subjecting them to its caprices was a full compensation for the beating it received. . . . . I was supposed to magnify and overrate the symptoms of the disease, and to make a childish humour into a bugbear; but indeed I have no other idea of what is commonly understood by wickedness than that perversion of the will, or love of mischief for its own sake, which constantly displays itself (though in trifles and on a ludicrously small scale) in early childhood. I have often been reproached with extravagance for considering things only in their abstract principles, and with heat and ill-temper, for getting into a passion about what no ways concerned me.

"If any one wishes to see me quite calm, they may cheat me in a bargain, or tread upon my toes; but a

truth repelled, a sophism repeated, totally disconcerts me, and I lose all patience. I am not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a *good-natured man;* that is, many things annoy me besides what interferes with my own ease and interest. I hate a lie; a piece of injustice wounds me to the quick, though nothing but the report of it reach me. Therefore I have made many enemies and few friends; for the public know nothing of well-wishers, and keep a wary eye on those who would reform them.

"Coleridge used to complain of my irascibility in this respect, and not without reason. Would that he had possessed a little of my tenaciousness and jealousy of temper; and then, with his eloquence to paint the wrong, and acuteness to detect it, his country and the cause of liberty might not have fallen without a struggle.

"I care little what any one says of me, particularly behind my back, and in the way of critical and analytical discussion; it is looks of dislike and scorn that I answer with the worst venom of my pen.

"The expression of the face wounds me more than the expressions of the tongue. If I have in one instance mistaken this expression, or resorted to this remedy where I ought not, I am sorry for it. But the face was too fine over which it mantled, and I am too old to have misunderstood it.

"The craniologists give me the organ of *local memory*, of which faculty I have not a particle; though they

say that my frequent allusions to conversations that occurred many years ago prove the contrary. I once spent a whole evening with Dr. Spurzheim, and I utterly forget all that passed, except that the doctor *waltzed,* before we parted!

"The only faculty I do possess is that of a certain morbid interest in things, which makes me equally remember or anticipate by nervous analogy whatever touches it; and for this our nostrum-mongers have no specific organ, so that I am quite left out of their system. No wonder that I should pick a quarrel with it.

"I have never had a plaster cast * taken of myself. In truth, I rather shrink from the experiment; for I know I should be very much mortified if it did not turn out well, and should never forgive the unfortunate artist who had lent his assistance to prove that I looked like a blockhead.

"After a certain period we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Bonaparte was yet beaten, 'with wine of Attic taste,' when wit, beauty, friendship, presided at the board! But no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled can be recalled.

"I have made this capital mistake all my life, in imagining that those objects which lay open to all, and excited an interest merely from the *idea* of them, spoke

* One was taken, however, after death.

a common language to all; and that nature was a kind of universal home, where all ages, sexes, classes, meet Not so.

"The vital air, the sky, the woods, the streams—all these go for nothing, except with a favoured pen. . . . . I can understand the Irish character better than the Scotch. I hate the formal crust of circumstances and the mechanism of society. I have been recommended, indeed, to settle down into some respectable profession for life:—

> Ah! why so soon the blossom tear?
> I am 'in no haste to be venerable.'

"I do not think there is anything deserving the name of society to be found out of London; and that for the two following reasons. First, there is *neighbourhood* elsewhere, accidental or unavoidable acquaintance; people are thrown together by chance, or grow together like trees: you can pick your society nowhere but in London. Secondly, London is the only place in which each individual in company is treated according to his value in company, and to that only. . . . . It is known in Manchester or Liverpool what every man in the room is worth in land or money. . . . .

"When I was young, I spent a good deal of my time at Manchester and Liverpool, and I confess I give the preference to the former. There you were oppressed only by the aristocracy of wealth; in the latter by the aristocracy of wealth and letters by turns. . . . .

"For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I

am for none of these *bonnes fortunes;* but for a list of humble beauties, servant-maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings, and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well.

"I have been sometimes accused of a fondness for paradoxes, but I cannot in my own mind plead guilty to the charge. I do not indeed swear by an opinion because it is old; but neither do I fall in love with every extravagance at first sight, because it is new. I conceive that a thing may have been repeated a thousand times without being a bit more reasonable than it was the first time; and I also conceive that an argument or an observation may be very just, though it may so happen that it was never stated before. But I do not take it for granted that every prejudice is ill-founded, nor that every paradox is self-evident, merely because it contradicts the vulgar opinion. . . . .

"I do not see much use in dwelling on a common-place, however fashionable or well-established; nor am I very ambitious of starting the most specious novelty, unless I imagine I have reason on my side. Originality implies independence of opinion; but differs as widely from mere singularity as from the tritest truism."

"He who can truly say *nihil humani a me alienum futo*, has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody knows anything of but himself. This is not one of the

least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns, but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgate; they mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure, the paleness of study for the languor of sickness, the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks, not his books; have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind; and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary share of stupidity.

"'Mr. Hazlitt never seems to take the slightest interest in anything,' is a remark I have often heard made in a whisper.

"I protest (if required) against having a grain of wit."

CHAPTER XXII.

HAZLITTIANA, Part the Second—Literary Reminiscences.

"THE greatest pleasure in life is that of reading, while we are young. I have had as much of this pleasure as perhaps any one. As I grow older, it fades; or else the stronger stimulus of writing takes off the edge of it.

"At present I have neither time nor inclination for it; yet I should like to devote a year's entire leisure to a course of the English novelists; and perhaps clap on that old sly knave, Sir Walter, to the end of the list.

"It is astonishing how I used formerly to relish the style of certain authors, at a time when I myself despaired of ever writing a single line. Probably this was the reason. . . . . My three favourite writers about the time I speak of were Burke, Junius, and Rousseau. I was never weary of admiring and wondering at the felicities of the style, the turns of expression, the refinements of thought and sentiment. I laid the book down to find out the secret of so much strength and beauty, and took it up again in despair, to read on and admire.

"So I passed whole days, months, and I may add, years.

"For my own part I started in life with the French Revolution, and I have lived, alas! to see the end of it. But I did not foresee this result. My sun arose with the first dawn of liberty, and I did not think how soon both must set. The new impulse to ardour given to men's minds imparted a congenial warmth and glow to mine; we were strong to run a race together, and I little dreamed that long before mine was set, the sun of liberty would turn to blood, or set once more in the night of despotism. Since then, I confess, I have no longer felt myself young, for with that my hopes fell.

"I have since turned my thoughts to gathering up some of the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into a form to which I might occasionally revert. The future was barred to my progress, and I turned for consolation and encouragement to the past. It is thus that while we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and vicarious one in our thoughts: we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names, at least, to posterity. As long as we can make our cherished thoughts and nearest interests live in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage.

"Many people are wretched, because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this. If I can *live to think, and think to live,* I am satisfied. Some want to

possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes to see the one and read the other.

"I happen to have Edwards's 'Inquiry Concerning Free-will' and Dr. Priestley's 'Illustrations of Philosophical Necessity' bound up in the same volume; and I confess that the difference in the manner of these two writers is rather striking. The plodding, persevering, scrupulous accuracy of the one, and the easy, cavalier, verbal fluency of the other, form a complete contrast. Dr. Priestley's whole aim seems to be to evade the difficulties of his subject, Edwards's to answer them. The one is employed, according to Berkeley's allegory, in flinging dust in the eyes of his adversaries, while the other is taking true pains in digging into the mine of knowledge. All Dr. Priestley's arguments on this subject are mere hackneyed commonplaces. He had in reality no opinions of his own, and truth, I conceive, never takes very deep root in those minds on which it is merely engrafted.

"I was much surprised at Lord Byron's haste to return a volume of Spenser, which was lent him by Mr. Hunt, and at his apparent indifference to the progress and (if he pleased) *advancement* of poetry up to the present day.

"I many years ago looked into the Duke of Newcastle's 'Treatise on Horsemanship:' all I remember of it is some quaint cuts of the Duke and his riding-master introduced to illustrate the lessons. Had I myself possessed a stud of Arabian coursers, with grooms and a master of the horse to assist me in reducing these

precepts to practice, they would have made a stronger impression on my mind; and what interested myself from vanity or habit I could have made interesting to others. I am sure that I could have learnt to *ride the Great Horse*, and do twenty other things, in the time I have employed in endeavouring to make something out of nothing, or in conning the same problem fifty times over, as monks count over their beads. I have occasionally in my life bought a few prints, and hung them up in my room with great satisfaction.

"Each person should do that, not which is best in itself, even supposing this could be known, but that which he can do best, which he will find out, if left to himself. Spenser could not have written 'Paradise Lost,' nor Milton 'The Faerie Queene.'

"It always struck me as a singular proof of good taste, good sense, and liberal thinking in an old friend,* who had Paine's 'Rights of Man' and Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution' bound up in one volume; and who said that, both together, they made a very good book.

"Some years ago a periodical paper was published in London under the title of the 'Pic-Nic.' It was got up under the auspices of a Mr. Fulke Greville, and several writers of that day contributed to it, among whom were Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Prince

* The Rev. Joseph Fawcett.

Hoare, Mr. Cumberland, and others. On some question arising between the proprietor and the gentlemen contributors on the subject of an advance in the remuneration for articles, Mr. Fulke Greville grew heroic, and said: 'I have got a young fellow just come from Ireland, who will undertake to do the whole, verse and prose, politics and scandal, for two guineas a week; and if you will come and sup with me to-morrow night you shall see him, and judge whether I am not right in closing with him.' Accordingly, they met the next evening, and the WRITER OF ALL WORK was introduced. He began to make a display of his native ignorance and impudence on all subjects immediately, and no one else had occasion to say anything. When he was gone Mr. Cumberland exclaimed, 'A talking potato, by God!' The talking potato was Mr. Croker of the Admiralty.

"When I told Jeffrey that I had composed a work in which I had 'in some sort handled' about a score of leading characters,* he said, 'Then you will have one man against you and the remaining nineteen for you.' I have not found it so.

"Poets do not approve of what I have said (in the 'Essay on the Prose Style of Poets') of their turning prose-writers; nor do the politicians approve of my tolerating the fooleries of the fanciful tribe at all; so they make common cause to *damn* me between them. . . . . Mr. Wordsworth is not satisfied with the praise

* This was the 'Spirit of the Age,' published in 1825, 8vo. A third edition was printed in 1858.

I have heaped on himself, and still less, that I have allowed Mr. Moore to be a poet at all. I do not think that I have ever set my face against the popular idols of the day. I have been foremost in crying up Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Pasta, and others. . . . . I have been more to blame in trying to push certain Illustrious Obscure into notice: they have not forgiven the obligation, nor the world the tacit reproach.

"I remember Mr. Wordsworth saying that he thought we had pleasanter days in the outset of life, but that our years glid on pretty even one with another; as we gained in variety and richness what we lost in intensity.

"I remember my old friend Peter Finnerty laughing very heartily at something I had written about the Scotch; but it was followed up by a sketch of the Irish, on which he closed the book, looked grave, and said he disapproved entirely of all national reflections.

"I had done something (more than any one except Schlegel) to vindicate the 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays' from the stigma of French criticism; but our Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican writers soon found out that I had said and written that Frenchmen, Englishmen, men, were not slaves by birthright.

"This was enough to *damn* the work. Such has been the head and front of my offending.

"While my friend Leigh Hunt was writing the 'Descent of Liberty,' and strewing the march of the allied sovereigns with flowers, I sat by the waters of

Babylon, and hung my harp upon the willows. I knew all along there was but one alternative—the cause of kings or of mankind. This I foresaw, this I feared; the world see it now, when it is too late. . . . . There is but one question in the hearts of monarchs, whether mankind are their property or not. There was but this one question in mine.

"I had made an abstract metaphysical principle of this question. I was not the dupe of the voice of the charmers. By my hatred of tyrants I knew what their hatred of the freeborn spirit of man must be, of the semblance of the very name of Liberty and Humanity. . . . .

"Two half-friends of mine, who would not make a whole one between them, agreed the other day that the indiscriminate, incessant abuse of what I write, was mere prejudice and party-spirit; and that what I do in periodicals without a name does well, pays well, and is 'cried out upon in the top of the compass.'

"It is this, indeed, that has saved my shallow skiff from quite foundering on Tory spite and rancour; for when people have been reading and approving an article in a miscellaneous journal, it does not do to say, when they discover the author afterwards (whatever might have been the case before), it is written by a blockhead; and even Mr. Jerdan recommends the volume of 'Characteristics' as an excellent little work, because there is no cabalistic name in the title-page; and swears 'there is a first-rate article of forty pages in the last number

of the "Edinburgh," from Jeffrey's own hand;' though when he learns, against his will, that it is mine, he devotes three successive numbers of the 'Literary Gazette' to abuse 'that *strange* article in the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review.'. . . . .

"I happened, in 1815, to be suggesting a new translation of 'Don Quixote' to an enterprising bookseller, and his answer was, 'We want new "Don Quixotes."' I believe that I deprived the same active-minded person of a night's rest by telling him there was the beginning of a new novel by Goldsmith in existence.

"I know an admirer of 'Don Quixote' who can see no merit in 'Gil Blas,' and an admirer of 'Gil Blas' who could never get through 'Don Quixote.' I myself have great pleasure in reading both these works, and in that respect think I have an advantage over both these critics.

"We begin to measure Shakespeare's height from the superstructure of passion and fancy he has raised out of his subject and story, on which, too, rests the triumphal arch of his fame. If we were to take away the subject and story, the portrait and history from the 'Scotch Novels,' no great deal would be left worth talking about. No one admires or delights in the 'Scotch Novels' more than I do; but at the same time, when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare's, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different. Sir Walter is an imitator of nature,

and nothing more; but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than this.

"Have I not seen a household where love was not?" says the author of the 'Betrothed;' "where, although there was worth and good-will, and enough of the means of life, all was embittered by regrets, which were not only vain, but criminal? I would take the *Ghost's* word for a thousand pound, or in preference to that of any man living, though I was told in the streets of Edinburgh that Dr. Jamieson, the author of the 'Dictionary,' was quite as great a man.

"It is Gray who cries out: 'Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!' I could say the same of those of Madame la Fayette and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. 'The Princess of Cleves' is a most charming work of this kind; and 'The Duke de Nemours' is a great favourite with me. . . . . I prefer him, I own, vastly to Richardson's 'Sir Charles Grandison,' whom I look upon as the prince of coxcombs.

"Mr. Lamb has lately taken it into his head to read St. Evremont, and works of that stamp. I neither praise nor blame him for it. He observed that St. Evremont was a writer half way between Montaigne and Voltaire, with a spice of the wit of the one and the sense of the other. I said I was always of opinion that there had been a great many clever people in the world, both in France and England, but I had been sometimes rebuked for it. Lamb took this as a slight reproach, for he has been a little exclusive and national in his tastes. He

said that Coleridge had lately given up all his opinions respecting German literature; that all their high-flown pretensions were in his present estimate sheer cant and affectation; and that none of their works were worth anything but Schiller's and the early ones of Goethe. 'What!' I said; 'my old friend "Werter?" How many battles have I had in my own mind, and compunctious visitings of criticism to stick to my old favourite, because Coleridge thought nothing of it. It is hard to find one's self right at last.'

"For myself, I should like to browse on folios, and have to deal chiefly with authors that I have scarcely strength to lift, that are as solid as they are heavy, and if dull, are full of matter. It is delightful to repose on the wisdom of the ancients; to have some great name at hand, besides one's own initials always staring one in the face; to travel out of one's self into the Chaldee, Hebrew, and Egyptian characters; to have the palm-trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the camels moving slowly on in the distance of three thousand years.

"It is a good remark in 'Vivian Grey,' that a bankrupt walks the streets the day before his name is in the 'Gazette' with the same erect and confident brow as ever, and only feels the mortification of his situation after it becomes known to others.

"Mr. Britton * once offered me 2*l.* 2*s.* for a 'Life and

* The late Mr. John Britton, co-author of the 'History of Surrey,' and writer or editor of many other publications.

Character of Shakespeare,' with an admission to his *conversazioni*. I went once. There was a collection of antiquaries, lexicographers, and other illustrious Obscure, and I had given up the day for lost, when in dropped Jack Taylor of the *Sun*, and I had nothing now to do but to hear and laugh. Mr. T. knows most of the good things that have been said in the metropolis for the last thirty years, and is in particular an excellent retailer of the humours and extravagances of his old friend Peter Pindar."

He admired Burke, whose speeches and pamphlets were among his earliest studies, but neither trusted nor liked him. He thought him a mere brilliant sophist, a "half-bred reasoner," and a dishonest man.

"It so happens that I myself," he observes, referring to the great influence of this writer's voice and pen, "have played all my life with his forked shafts unhurt; because I had a metaphysical clue to carry off the noxious particles, and let them sink into the earth like drops of water."

He complained of the style of criticism adopted in the 'Monthly Review,' of which Mr. Rose and Dr. Kippis were the chief supporters for many years. Mrs. Rose, as Mr. H. was told by his father, contributed the monthly catalogue. It was in this publication that Gray's 'Elegy' was spoken of as "a little poem, however humble its pretensions," which was "not without elegance or merit."

He said of Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford' that "it had the

singular advantage of being written by a gentleman, and not about his own class."

Mr. Barry Cornwall was once pleased to say of his 'Effigies Poeticæ' that the best thing he knew of them was, that they had been spoken well of by Mr. Hazlitt.

Mr. Hazlitt thought a periodical might be started to be called 'The Bystander,' with this motto: *Bystanders see most of the game.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAZLITTIANA, Part the Third—Personal Characteristics.

LIKE Dr. Johnson, Mr. Hazlitt addressed everybody as *Sir*. The youngest and most intimate of his friends was not exempt from this rule, unless Mr. Hazlitt happened to be in an unusually happy and cordial humour. Mr. C. H. Reynell's sons, whom he knew as well as his own child, were almost invariably saluted in what would now appear a ludicrously formal manner; but indeed this mode of allocution had not gone out then so entirely as it has in our day.

He was accustomed to speak low, like Coleridge, with his chin bent in and his eyes widely expanded; and his voice and manner, as a rule, were apt to communicate an impression of querulousness. His was the tone of a person who related to you a succession of grievances.

But when he entered on a theme which pleased or animated him, or when he was in the presence of those whom he knew well, and *trusted*, he cast off a good deal of this air, and his demeanour was easy, yet impassioned.

"In person," writes the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, "Mr. Hazlitt was of the middle size, with a handsome and eager countenance, worn by sickness and thought; and dark hair, which had curled stiffly over the temples, and was only of late years sprinkled with grey. His gait was slouching and awkward, and his dress neglected; but when he began to talk he could not be mistaken for a common man. In the company of persons with whom he was not familiar his bashfulness was painful; but when he became entirely at ease, and entered on a favourite topic, no one's conversation was ever more delightful. He did not talk for effect, to dazzle, or surprise, or annoy; but with the most simple and honest desire to make his view of the subject entirely apprehended by his hearer. There was sometimes an obvious struggle to do this to his own satisfaction: he seemed labouring to drag his thought to light from its deep lurking-place; and, with modest distrust of that power of expression which he had found so late in life, he often betrayed a fear that he had failed to make himself understood, and recurred to the subject again and again, that he might be assured he had succeeded."

Where Talfourd speaks of his "intense sense of his individual being," he intends, however, I should think, an euphuism for what somebody else more candidly terms "ingrained selfishness." In some people egotism is simply delightful. In children it is not unpleasant very often. We rather like it in diarists. But in the main it is an unamiable quality, there is no doubt; and where a great man is discovered to be

an egotist, and to love himself best, society takes all the worse offence. It is a surprising frailty.

Some admirer of his was astonished to find that his conversation was so ordinary. Could this be the author of 'Table Talk?' It was a gentleman who evidently expected Hazlitt to speak essays. Enough for him to have to write them! He considered himself off duty when he was not at work on something he had thought of.

Haydon the painter was scandalized at surprising him once looking at himself in the glass. Did Mr. Haydon never look at himself in the glass?

Southey, in the 'Doctor,' takes occasion to observe, as something which had come to him upon report, "that Mr. Hazlitt saw his likeness in one of Michael Angelo's devils." The writer evidently meant mischief or wit; but was not very successful, if so, in attaining either.

My grandfather, it is well known to all who understood him, often said things half in jest (did the author of the 'Doctor' never do so?); and this, if said by him at all, was in one of these semi-serious moods. But it was Mr. Southey's cue to interpret him literally. The injustice done to a person on the other side of the question was of course scarcely worth considering: a fling at a Jacobin and a friend of Mr. Leigh Hunt was no harm, even if the joke was not very good or very true.

Mr. Patmore has fallen rather wide of the mark here. What he chooses to characterize as *demoniacal* in my grandfather's expression, was, in the main, assuredly

nothing more than grimace and wilfulness. I do not pretend to dispute that bitter, gloomy recollections did not haunt his brain upon occasion, and darken his brow, producing a lowering passionate expression; but I am convinced, from all that I have learned and understood from those who were as good judges as Mr. Patmore, that the latter has seriously, nay grossly, misconceived the truth here; and that these physiognomical phenomena were, oftener than not, mere tricks to mislead people, as they must have misled Mr. Patmore, into the persuasion that some satanic train of thought was going on within.

But he has anticipated these strictures and touched this point himself in a passage already cited. Besides, he gives us plainly to understand that he used to cultivate this intensity of expression; for he thought that when people were no longer young, it was a good thing to have. The truth is, that my grandfather's expression, as a rule, was thoughtful, and that his strongly-marked eyebrows communicated to his habitual look an air of sternness. But I have heard those who knew him better than Mr. Southey or Mr. Patmore declare that his smile was particularly sweet and agreeable.*

Leigh Hunt used to describe my grandfather's shake of the hand as something like a fish tendering you his

* Mr. De Quincey, in his 'Speculations, Literary and Philosophic' (Works, xii.), enters upon this topic rather largely and confidently. But Mr. De Quincey, by his own confession, saw very little of him, and, moreover, was a Conservative in politics.

fin. The same gentleman, on meeting him abroad, was surprised at the change in his appearance. He used to wear his hair long and curly, and then he had had it cropped, finding that it was beginning to turn grey.

When Leigh Hunt was in Italy, my grandfather, then newly married to his second wife, paid him a visit and dined with him. It seems that Mr. Hunt had been piqued by the manner in which my grandfather on one or two occasions, in those fits of spleen which sometimes came over him, retorted on him; and L. H. became anxious to prove to Mr. Hazlitt that he could do the same if he chose. He selected the present opportunity to do so, and before dinner was served, L. H. said to Mrs. Hazlitt, "I have something to show Hazlitt, but I will not let him see it till after dinner, as it might spoil his appetite." "Oh!" said Mrs. H., "it will do him good." Thereupon Hunt gave Hazlitt a paper, in which he had spoken his mind pretty freely on the sore subject, and Hazlitt sat down in a chair and read it through. When he had done, he observed, "By God, sir, there's a good deal of truth in it."

He used to visit Leigh Hunt, when the latter resided at Hampstead, in the Vale of Health. The country thereabout was much more lonely than now, and he used to be so nervous of meeting with some dangerous adventure, that Mr. Hunt was generally obliged to send some one to see him as far as the London Road.

When Leigh Hunt was forced to discontinue the 'Chat of the Week,' which did not extend beyond an octavo volume, he happened to meet the printer of the

Examiner newspaper, Mr. C. W. Reynell, to whom he mentioned his dilemma. The Stamp Office had required Mr. Whiting, printer of the 'Chat of the Week,' to have a stamp, on the plea that it was a *newspaper*.

Mr. Reynell suggested, that as the old names of the *Spectator* and *Examiner* had been revived in modern times, it would be a good idea to have a new *Tatler*; and Mr. Hunt liked the idea so well, that he acted upon it. Mr. Reynell, unluckily for him, undertook the speculation, and the first number appeared on September 4, 1830. It was continued till December, 1832, and forms four folio volumes. The publisher went on with it some little time longer, and completed a fifth volume. But Mr. Hunt had nothing to do with this.

The title was 'The Tatler: a Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage—*Veritas et Varietas*. Price Twopence.' The price was afterwards altered to a penny, and the title was amplified.

Mr. Hazlitt called at Broad Street shortly before the first launch of the new *Tatler*, and heard from Mr. Reynell what was taking place. He drew Mr. Reynell into a window, and said, roguishly, "What do you think, sir, of the ESOTERIC—or the EXOTERIC?"

He was untidy in his dress as a rule, and with this untidiness went, as is mostly the case, a prodigality. He never enjoyed the credit of having new clothes. He appeared to best advantage when he was attired for some special occasion. A gentleman (since dead) who knew him well during the last thirteen years of

his life, said that he was never more astonished than when he saw Mr. Hazlitt accoutred in readiness to go to dinner at Mr. Curran's. He wore a blue coat and gilt buttons, black smalls, silk stockings, and a white cravat, and he looked the gentleman. But he did not often do himself this justice; the processes of the toilet proved irksome. His second wife coaxed him for a time into conforming to the gentilities, but it was not for long, I fear. She abandoned the attempt in despair. An indifference to conventionalities had set in ever since his one great disappointment in life.

Montaigne the essayist had a cloak which he prized as having belonged to his father. He used to say that when he put it on he felt as if he was wrapping himself up in his father. There is still to this day preserved in our family just such a cloak as that of Montaigne; it is the one in which Mr. Hazlitt went habitually to the play. His son values it, though he may not go so far as Montaigne went in his fine and fanciful enthusiasm.

I have understood that this cloak (of blue cloth with a red lining and a cape) was made on the supposed model of one worn by Mr. Patmore. Mr. Hazlitt found however, to his surprise and chagrin, that although Patmore's garment passed unquestioned at the doors of the opera, his own, on some technical ground, was refused admittance.

His abstinence from stimulants, he said, was the reason why Blackwood's people called him "pimpled Hazlitt,"—thus holding him up to the world as a dram-

drinker. Had they told nothing but the truth of him, they would not have made him out to the world as anything worse than he really was; and he did not desire to pass for anything better. Whereas, by ascribing to him that vice which was the farthest removed from his actual habits, they gained a great point against him. "Had I really been a gin-drinker and a sot," a friend has heard him say, "they would have sworn I was a milksop."*

His diet was usually spare and plain. I have before me one of the bills of Mr. Carter, his landlord at Winterslow Hut. It is for the month of August, 1821; and among the items *tea* and *rice* are conspicuous. His breakfast seems to have cost him eighteen pence, his supper the same, and his dinner from eighteen pence to four shillings. There is one entry of wine, "twelve shillings:" he must have had company on the 25th of the month, for he did not take wine.

He met my mother one day in Piccadilly, and as he looked more out of spirits than usual, she asked him if anything was the matter. He said, "Well, you know, I've been having some hot boiled beef for my dinner, Kitty—a most *uncomfortable* dish."

He had had a pheasant for dinner one day when my mother saw him, and it turned out that he had been at a total loss to know what to order, and so had ordered this—pheasants that day being ten shillings a-piece in the market. "Don't you think it was a good deal to give?" she asked. "Well, I don't know but what it

* Patmore, ii. 314.

was, Kitty," he replied, opening his eyes in his way, and tucking his chin into his shirt-collar.

He would eat nobody's apple-pies but my mother's, and no puddings but Mrs. Armstead's, of Winterslow. Mrs. A. contrived to persuade him that she had the art of making egg puddings *without eggs*.

His natural gastric weakness, which is hereditary in the family, was a constant torment to him; and his love of all good things in the eatable way, and abstinence (during a long term of years) from every description of liquid, except tea and water, tended to aggravate the constitutional tendency to this class of disorder.

But it was a way of his to complain of indisposition sometimes, when he called anywhere, and the people of the house were not as pleasant as usual, or something was said which put him out of temper with them and himself. It did not signify very much which side was in fault, so long as matters went amiss, and he did not happen to be in the best cue.

A great deal depended on the humour he was in. He saw things with a different eye, he judged people from a different light. He was two different men in his own person—the Mr. Hazlitt of Mr. Southey's 'Doctor' and the 'Liber Amoris,' and the Mr. Hazlitt, metaphysician, philosopher, philanthropist, who desired to see some prospect of good to mankind—according to the condition of his mental equilibrium and his immediate *frame* of liver.

On such occasions as I have alluded to, he would get up, say he was very ill, with his chin in and his eyes

wide open, and make the move to go, with a "Well, good-morning."

Mr. Hazlitt was to be seen to best advantage where he was least seen—at Winterslow. There, in the maturity of his genius and fame, he spent many a happy month, living his youth over again in spirit and memory.

My grandfather was an enthusiastic admirer of the game of fives, and regularly, at one time of his life, attended the fives-court, St. Martin's Street. In one of his essays he alludes to the death of John Cavanagh, the celebrated fives-player, in 1819, at his house in Burbage Street, St. Giles's. Mr. Hazlitt had often seen him play, and was much struck with his skill.

"There was Jack Spines," the racket-player, he tells us, "excelled in what is called the *half-volley*. Some amateurs of the game were one day disputing what this term of art meant. Spines was appealed to. 'Why, gentlemen,' says he, 'I really can't say exactly; but I should think the half-volley is something between the volley and the half-volley.' This definition was not quite the thing.

"The celebrated John Davies, the finest player in the world, could give no account of his proficiency that way. It is a game which no one thinks of playing without putting on a flannel jacket, and after you have been engaged in it for ten minutes you are just as if you had been dipped in a mill-pond. John Davies never pulled off his coat; and merely buttoning it that it

might not be in his way, would go down into the fives-court and play two of the best players of the day, and at the end of the match you could not perceive that a hair of his head was wet. Powell, the keeper of the court, said he never seemed to follow the ball, but that it came to him—he did everything with such ease."

In one of the essays there is an interesting sketch of a game at cribbage between my grandfather and a Mr. *Dunster*, whose real name was Fisher. Mr. H. describes Fisher winning three half-crown rubbers of him, and putting them in a canvas pouch, out of which he had produced, just before, first a few half-pence, then half-a-dozen pieces of silver, then a handful of guineas, and lastly, lying *perdu* at the bottom, a fifty pound bank-note.

Mr. Fisher was a poulterer in Duke Street, and Mr. Hazlitt met him at some Christmas party or Twelfth-Night celebration. There is a story too long to tell, and not sufficiently relevant either, to have a place in these pages, but it arose out of Mr. H. saying to Mr. Fisher, when they had done playing at cribbage, "I'll tell you what; I should like to play you a game at marbles;" whereupon Fisher's eyes sparkled with childish glee. Fisher was a man of some literary taste, and an admirer of Sterne and Le Sage. He was a true Cockney.

A visit to the theatre in Mr. Hazlitt's company was not always the most comfortable thing in the world. He had a slow way of moving on such occasions, which, to less habitual playgoers, was highly trying. He took

my mother to the play one evening, when he was in Half-Moon Street—it must have been in 1828: there was a great crowd, but he was totally unmoved by that circumstance. At the head of the staircase he had to sign the Free Admission Book, and perfectly unconscious that he was creating a blockade, he looked up at the attendant in the middle of the operation—a rather lengthy one with him—and said, "What sort of a house is there to-night, sir?" It was a vast relief to his two companions, my mother and her elder sister, when they had run the gauntlet of all this, and were safe in their places.

Mr. Hazlitt objected to be teased with such questions as, "Which do you think, Mr. Hazlitt, was the greater man, Sir Isaac Newton or Mr. Sarratt the chess-player?" Yet he did not dislike to be pointed out in the street, or to overhear people in the fives-court asking, *Which is Mr. Hazlitt?* for this, he considered, was "an extension of one's personal identity."

Mr. Huntly Gordon recollects an evening he spent with him, and the "long, eloquent, and enthusiastic" dissertation on Salisbury Plain and Stonehenge with which he indulged him. This was not long before his death.

But it was not invariably that he became very fluent or ready of speech, even where, as at the Reynells' and the Hunts', he felt at home and among friends; and he often helped himself out of a dilemma with "You know what I mean, sir;" though it might not in every case be the fact that the person addressed did.

He told Kenney that, whereas formerly he thought women silly, unamusing toys, and people with whose society he delighted to dispense, he was now only happy where they were, and given up to the admiration of their interesting foibles and amiable weaknesses.

The author of the 'Every-Day Book' used to speak of him as one of the most candid of men, and as wanting in that natural tenderness which we are all apt to have for our own deficiences and frailties.

THE END.

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